LITERARY ETHICS

by

H. M. PAULL

the Library

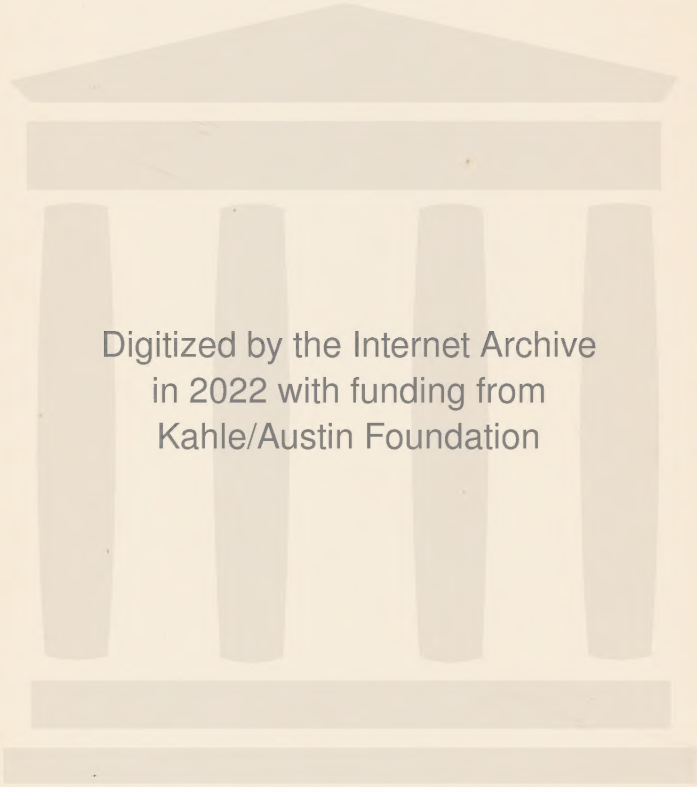
University
of Windsor

Presented by

Mrs. George Rogers

in memory of
her husband

1967


Digitized by the Internet Archive
in 2022 with funding from
Kahle/Austin Foundation

https://archive.org/details/literaryethics0000hmpa

LITERARY ETHICS

LITERARY ETHICS

A STUDY IN THE GROWTH OF
THE LITERARY CONSCIENCE

By
H. M. PAULL

E. P. DUTTON & CO., Inc.
Publishers :: :: :: :: New York

LITERARY ETHICS, BY H. M. PAULL, PUBLISHED
1929, BY E. P. DUTTON & CO., INC. :: ALL
RIGHTS RESERVED :: PRINTED IN U. S. A.

PN
154
.P3
c.2

To
MY WIFE

282845

PREFACE

IN the following study I have confined myself almost entirely to English literature; partly for reasons of space, partly because so far as my knowledge of foreign literature has enabled me to judge, the course of the development of the literary ethic has followed the same, or similar, lines as in England. The occasional references to ancient and medieval literature I have compressed as far as possible.

The plan of the work is roughly as follows. I have first treated of what may be termed literary crimes,—theft, forgery, etc., then of misdemeanours such as plagiarism, literary hoaxes, etc., after which I have endeavoured to discuss with more or less completeness the various forms of literary effort in regard to the ethical questions arising in each case.

Amongst the difficulties encountered in writing the book the chief, perhaps, has been the question of notes. From the very nature of the subject numerous quotations have been inevitable, the authority for which has to be stated. Notes, as Dr. Johnson wrote, are an evil, but a necessary evil. They break the continuity of the text, and even if confined to a reference they are annoying interruptions. I have at all events avoided such abuses as were indulged in by de Quincey, who would sometimes have pages of footnotes and even sub-notes to a few lines of text. Where statements made can be confirmed by turning to well-known reference books I have often refrained from giving my authority: in most other cases I have done so, especially when the source of the statement is obscure or little known.

In order to illustrate the theory and practice of writers in vogue at any given period, it is of course necessary to give examples in proof. It is difficult to decide when sufficient have been given. To quote too many involves the danger of satiety: too few would give an inadequate idea of the conditions existing. In a few cases I have placed in an

Appendix examples which might have appeared superfluous in the body of the work.

In the division of the book into chapters it has often been difficult to avoid a certain amount of repetition, as the subjects sometimes overlap. In these cases I have given cross references in order to avoid duplication.

Some of the chapters originally appeared in the *Fortnightly*, the *Nineteenth Century*, the *Contemporary Review*, *John o' London*, etc., but they have been re-written and enlarged. My acknowledgements are due to the Editors for permission to republish.

Perhaps I should add a word of warning. I am quite aware that it may be objected that throughout this book I have mixed up two separate things: the moral and the literary conscience. There is no doubt that an immoral book may be admirably written: that the author as an artist would not admit a word or submit to an omission that would impair the perfection of form for which he strove. He may have his strictly literary conscience highly developed though his morals may be lamentable. This is perfectly true, and I plead guilty to having extended the term "the literary conscience" beyond its strictest definition. There would, however, scarcely seem a necessity for a dissertation on the desirability of an author producing the best work he can, and trying to attain the ideal which he has set before him. The course I have chosen has a larger scope, and raises questions which bring literature more into relation with life, and occasionally inevitably raises points belonging to ethics generally.

CONTENTS

PREFACE 7

PART I—LITERARY CRIMES

CHAPTER		PAGE
I.	THE LITERARY THIEF	13
II.	THE LITERARY FORGER	19
III.	THE LITERARY FORGER—BALLADS . . .	40
IV.	PIRACY—BOOKS	45
V.	PIRACY—ABRIDGMENTS	62
VI.	PIRACY—SEQUELS.	67
VII.	PIRACY—THEATRICAL	71
VIII.	PIRACY—SERMONS	91
IX.	PLAGIARISM	102

PART II—LITERARY MISDEMEANOURS, ETC.

X.	PARODY AND BURLESQUE	133
XI.	THE LITERARY HOAX	141
XII.	A DUBIOUS LICENCE IN FICTION . . .	153
XIII.	PUBLISHERS	160
XIV.	COPYRIGHT	166
XV.	CENSORSHIP	171
XVI.	THE LITERARY "GHOST"	184
XVII.	ANONYMOUS AND PSEUDONYMOUS LITERATURE.	189
XVIII.	EDITORS—BOOKS	203
XIX.	EDITORS—REVIEWS, ETC.	216
XX.	EDITORS—NEWSPAPERS AND JOURNALISM. .	222
XXI.	HYMNOLOGY	236
XXII.	ACTUAL PERSONS IN FICTION AND DRAMA .	244

PART III—LITERARY FORMS AND ETHICAL QUESTIONS

CHAPTER		PAGE
XXIII.	Historical Fiction and Drama	257
XXIV.	History	262
XXV.	Biography, Memoirs, Etc.	269
XXVI.	Criticism and Controversy	288
XXVII.	Translations	299
XXVIII.	The Cinema	313
XXIX.	Authors and Patrons	316
XXX.	Literature and Money	328

APPENDIX

Appendix	A	Plagiarism	337
„	B	The Literary Hoax	340
„	C	A Dubious Licence in Fiction	342
„	D	Newspapers, Etc.	343
„	E	Biography	343
Index			354

PART ONE

LITERARY CRIMES

LITERARY ETHICS

CHAPTER I

The Literary Thief

IT is a commonplace in ethics that practices once deemed innocent become gradually to be regarded as crimes as civilisation advances. Infanticide, polygamy and slavery may be cited as examples. The standard of morality changes with the ages. In no branch of human activity is the change more marked than in that of literature, which is, after all, a reflection of life. To trace to some extent the development of what may be termed the literary conscience is the object of the following pages.

It will be convenient in the first place to consider certain literary misdemeanours which are now deemed criminal; reserving till later those more venial departures from strict morality which still obtain to some extent. Literary crimes are of various kinds, and in apportioning their degrees of guilt it seemed natural to place forgery first as the most heinous. But on consideration I am not sure whether there is not a crime of deeper dye. The forger certainly deceives the public and injures the reputation of the author whose name he had appropriated; but the man who steals a whole book and claims it as his must be placed a degree lower on the criminal scale. Such thieves are not so rare as might be expected.

Naturally, the thief finds his best opportunity in the book which is published anonymously. The author probably rarely considers the danger of some impudent rascal claiming the book as his. The impostor relies on the probability that the writer may hesitate to come forward and claim his own, as the very fact that he concealed his name implies a wish to keep his identity secret.

In former centuries, when communication was restricted, it was comparatively easy for the unscrupulous to take advantage of the opportunity for literary theft. A writer in *Notes and Queries* gives several instances, of which I will mention only one. In 1627 was published *Il Dotissimo Passatempo di Eugenio Raimondi Bresciano*, which had a considerable success, as further editions appeared in 1630, 1639, 1669, and later. But the second part of the book is simply a reprint of an anonymous work of 1550, the author of which is now known to be Ortensio Lando.

In the seventeenth century the thief was not so often the literary man as the bookseller (publisher). Many a writer would steal passages or plots from another writer without hesitation, but the theft of a whole book was a feat generally reserved for the tradesman. As Geo. Wither states in *The Scholler's Purgatory* (1625): "the Dishonest or Mere Stationer makes no scruple to put out the right Author's name and insert another. . . . If he can get any written Coppy . . . whether the Author be willing or no, he will publish it."

But these are commercial rather than literary crimes: (see *Publishers'* Chap. 13); and I will turn to those committed by men of letters.

In Boswell's *Life of Johnson* allusion is made to a case which caused some comment. Dr. Hugh Blair and his cousin wrote a poem, *Redemption*, copies of which were handed about to friends in accordance with the custom of the time. What was their surprise to see their poem published in a superb folio dedicated to the Princess Dowager of Wales with the name of Dr. Douglas as author! Another instance mentioned by Boswell was that of the more celebrated *Pleasures of the Imagination*, by Mark Akenside, published anonymously. Soon afterwards, a writer named Rolt went to Dublin and published an edition of the poem with his own name as author. Upon this he lived for several months, according to Boswell, whose indignation probably led him into exaggeration, as no copy of the Irish edition has been traced; though there is no doubt of Rolt's claiming the credit of the work.

Boswell also refers to the case of Mackenzie's *Man of Feeling*, published anonymously in 1771. The Rev. C. S. Eccles, Rector of Birt's Norton, wrote out the whole book

with various corrections and claimed to be the author; producing his MS. copy in proof. Although the publisher publicly stated the facts, Eccles was widely believed to be the actual author, even after his death in 1777. Mackenzie had the greatest difficulty in proving the truth.*

The eighteenth century seems to have been prolific in such cases. The Rev. A. Campbell, a Scotch clergyman, entrusted to his friend, the Rev. Wm. Innes, the MS. of a treatise on *Moral Virtue*. Unknown to the author, Innes published it as his own in 1728, and on the strength of it was appointed Rector of Wrabness. Oddly enough, Campbell remained unaware of the fraud for two years, whereupon he published the book under his own name; but, possibly to avoid scandal, he seems to have let the thief down lightly. This Innes was the man who brought Psalmanazar to London, and backed up his notorious imposture.

The story of the once celebrated *Vathek* is a strange one. About 1784 Beckford wrote the book in French and gave the MS. to the Rev. S. Henley to translate into English whilst he himself was abroad. After various delays Henley took the extraordinary step of publishing his translation anonymously and surreptitiously, stating in his preface that "The original of the following story, together with some others of a similar kind, was communicated to the editor above three years ago." Beckford placed the matter in the hands of his solicitor, and at once published the work in French with his name as author.

An amusing instance is that of Tom Gent, the Falstaff of the Regency. He persuaded Joseph Davis, the painter, to write a *Monody on the Death of the Princess Charlotte*, which he promptly appropriated. On the strength of his supposed authorship he was presented to the Regent, and the poem was published with a portrait of Gent in 1817. Some time after he and Davis quarrelled, and the latter reminded him that he was the real author of the *Monody*, which had brought so much glory to the putative author. Gent was indignant; claimed it as his, and assured Davis that if he even protested he would be taken to be an arrant impostor. Poor Davis was so overwhelmed and browbeaten that he took no steps to enforce his claim. Mr. Macfarlane, who relates this story in his *Reminiscences*, also

* See also W. P. Courtney: *Secrets of our National Literature:* p. 218.

states that of the *Poems by Thos. Gent, Gentleman*, not one sixth were written by the supposed author. The *Monody* was included in this volume.

One is apt to imagine that such barefaced appropriations must be practically extinct, but in fact the nineteenth century impostor had not much to learn from his predecessors. When George Eliot's *Scenes of Clerical Life* appeared anonymously, the inhabitants of Nuneaton recognised some of the characters. A spirit-rapper gave "Liggers" as the author, and the wiseacres jumped to the conclusion that a local individual, J. Liggins, was indicated. He did not deny the accusation, and when *Adam Bede* was published, also without an author's name, the work was fathered on him; and the Rector of Kirkby-la-Thorpe boldly declared him to be the author. George Eliot had considerable trouble in unmasking the impostor. Nor was this the end, for soon afterwards a book, *Adam Bede, Junior, a Sequel*, made its appearance, and being supposed to be by George Eliot had a certain success.

When, in 1889, Miss A. E. Bayly produced her popular novel, *Derrick Vaughan, Novelist*, she used the pseudonym Edna Lyall. But she was forced to abandon her intention of concealing her identity in order to confute the claim of a lady in Ceylon to the authorship.

That this species of fraud still continues is amply proved by Miss Mary Cholmondeley in the amusing preface to her novel, *The Lowest Rung*. She states that her novels have often been claimed by other persons. In a large company a man announced that he was the real author of *Red Pottage*. Fortunately, William Sharp was present and reported the incident to the authoress, who thereupon asked other novelists whether their experience confirmed hers. They replied that it was the same—or worse.

Quite recently (4th September, 1921) *The Observer's* Italian correspondent related an audacious case. Nine years ago the author, Federic De Maria, published a novel under the title of *Santa Maria della Spina*. The book had a modest success, and the author forgot all about it until the other day when a friend sent him a copy of a new novel with the title of *Vita Lontana*, published by a Turin firm and bearing as author's name—Albert Viviani. The original author of the work, on glancing through the pages of the new novel, dis-

covered to his great surprise that the new romance corresponded in even the smallest particulars with the work he had written nine years before. From first page to last the text was identical; not even a comma had been exchanged.

I must own that until I looked into the question I had no idea that this particular form of literary dishonesty was so rife. If further evidence is needed, it is supplied in the fact that modern novelists and dramatists, who reflect the customs of the day, have frequently made such thefts the foundation of their plots. Mr. F. Anstey's *The Giant's Robe* turns on the appropriation by one of the characters of a book written by someone else, and his difficulty in living up to his spurious reputation. Mr. Locke's *Tale of Triona* relates the finding of an MS. on the dead body of a man who perished in the wilds of Russia, and its publication by the finder as his own. Mr. A. A. Milne's play *The Truth about Blayds*, introduces us to a poet of most meagre equipment who has attained a leading position in the literary world by publishing as his own the poems of a young genius who died many years before; and a story that appeared in the *Strand Magazine* (February, 1924) was founded on exactly the same idea.

The thief who steals a complete book may claim to be at the head of his profession, but he has numerous imitators who content themselves with more trifling feats: filching a story here, a poem there, and claiming them as their own. Mr. W. E. Henley has pointed out how Wolfe's *Burial of Sir John Moore* (published anonymously) "was claimed by liar after liar in succession." Father Prout, that incorrigible jester, turned the poem into French, and published his version as the original; a proceeding which increased the puzzle of the real authorship. Mark Twain, in commenting on the craze in America for claiming such popular songs as *Rock me to Sleep, Mother*, says: "Their authorship was claimed by most of the grown-up people who were alive at the time." Evidently America is ready to copy England even in her vices.

Copying an article or poem from some book or magazine, and sending it to an editor as an original one, is an old dodge and is not yet extinct. An American paper some years ago published a poem entitled *The World* by N. H. Parker, which was taken from Eliza Cook. (*Salad for the*

Social.) A suppressed poem by Tennyson in the 1830 edition was printed as a new one in the *Atlantic Almanac* for 1870. *Punch* has been victimised, I believe, more than once: in the number for 4th June, 1919, the editor apologises for verses previously published in America, sent by a contributor as his own. Other magazines and journals have been similarly swindled; not to mention the numerous occasions when some jester has imposed on an editor as a hoax some previously published item.*

The moral to be drawn is that as the thief appears to be a more or less permanent institution, it behoves authors not to make his proceedings easier by publishing anonymously. If they do, they must be prepared to risk the difficulty of unmasking an impostor who may wish to obtain a reputation to which he has no claim.

* See *The Literary Hoax:* page 151.

CHAPTER II

The Literary Forger

THE literary thief is a somewhat rare bird; the forger is a comparatively common one. As Andrew Lang remarks, literary forgery is "a topic which could not be exhausted in a ponderous volume." For our purpose, fortunately, a more cursory treatment is all that is necessary.

The prevalence of forgery stamps the age in which it is a common practice: the extent to which it is condoned is a still more valuable indication of the state of the literary conscience of the period. A popular amusement of the historian is to show that some generally accepted historical event never happened. The literary detective is equally active in throwing doubt on accepted books, and the classics are his favourite hunting ground. He has a most delicate scent for a forgery, and is sometimes so anxious to show his skill that he draws a blank. It is held by Professor Paley and some others that the *Iliad* and *Odyssey* were forged about the time of Pericles. Andrew Lang acknowledges that the prevalent theory regarding the Homeric poems involves "a sort of literary forgery, done, as a rule, without intent to deceive," whilst Solon put faked verses into the *Iliad* for political ends.* Only eleven of Juvenal's sixteen *Satires* are authentic. The epoch between Plato and Cicero saw the forgers multiply, induced by the formation of big libraries, and the generous prices paid for ancient MSS. Any gap in a collection could be filled up by the obliging forger, to whose industry we owe the *Letters* of Plato and Socrates, the *Life of Homer*, etc. (Lang). The supposed letters of Themistocles, Pythagoras, etc., were composed as exercises in the schools of the rhetoricians.

Some modern German critics would suppress half of Plato as non-authentic: Leo Allatius has even sustained the

* *Andrew Lang: Preface to Farrer's Literary Forgery, etc.*

paradox that Plato never wrote anything. (Delepierre: *Supercheries Litteraires*)

After a long experience of the ways of the forger and his widespread successes, it is not to be wondered at that those who have been engaged in detecting his work should be inclined to see fraud everywhere. Such was the case with the learned Jesuit, Father Hardouin, who in his *Prolegomena ad censuram veterum scriptorum* (1696) contended that except Homer, Herodotus, and some half-dozen others, all the classics were forged by a learned company in the thirteenth century. But who knew enough Greek in that century to be capable of writing it with such mastery? It is quite on the cards, however, that Hardouin was correct as to some Latin classics; Cicero's supposititious *De Consolatione* was accepted as his for two hundred years, though it is now known to have been the work of Sigonio, a scholar who died in 1584.

The worthy Father seems to have had his own integrity affected as the result of his researches in literary crime, for in 1715 he was accused of suppressing important documents and foisting in apocryphal matter in the *Consiliorum collectio regia maxima*, etc., which he was appointed to revise. (Encyclop. Brit., etc.)

Joseph Ritson, the eccentric eighteenth-century detector of the forgeries of old ballads (q.v.), seems to have held somewhat similar views.

Leaving the classics, and glancing at the sacred writings, one finds the same state of things. The attribution of the whole *Pentateuch* to Moses, of the *Psalms* to David, was in order "to give them the authority of a great name." For the same reason all *Isaiah* was given to that prophet, the *Hebrews* to St. Paul, *2nd Peter* to St. Peter, and so on. The earlier sacred writings were undoubtedly "edited" freely, and the practice brought no discredit on the editor. The writer who introduced a passage into *Job* would think he was fulfilling a duty in putting forward his own view in order to combat an erroneous one.

A *Book of Jasher* is referred to in Joshua and 2nd Samuel, but has been lost. "Such have been the curiosity and anxiety to discover this missing book that several forgeries under that name have appeared from time to time." These have been collected by the Rev. Mr. Horne in his *Intro-*

duction to the Study of the Scriptures. The *Book of Enoch* again enjoyed high authority for centuries till Ewald proved it to be the work of a Jew about 100 B.C. (Delepierre, etc.)

Any expectation of an increasing regard for truth with the coming of the Christian era is doomed to disappointment. In *The Jesus Problem*, Mr. J. M. Robertson warns us that it "must be kept clearly and constantly in view that what we understand by a literary and historical conscience simply did not exist in the early Christian environment," and Mr. Farrer (*Literary Forgeries*) writes "when forgery becomes ecclesiastical it touches the infinite."

No one who has not had occasion to investigate the subject would credit the extent of the mass of apocryphal Gospels and Epistles which either exist or are known to have existed. Dr. Middleton, in his *Free Enquiry*, etc. (1747-8) was the first to treat the subject with some amount of thoroughness, though, of course, earlier scholars had frequently called attention to individual cases. Thus Milton reproves Bishop Usher for relying on the Epistles of Ignatius, calling them the "Perkin Warbecks" of Ignatius: Usher confessing later "six of the epistles to be interpolated and the remaining nine Perkin Warbecks." (T. R. Glover: *Poets and Puritans: p.* 52.) Erasmus complained that he could not obtain a text of the Fathers which had not been tampered with: and Middleton quotes Mosheim as saying "that the scholar will find them all (the Fathers of the fourth century) without exception, disposed to deceive and to lie whenever the interest of religion requires it." Lecky, in his *History of European Morals*, thus summarises Middleton on the Fathers of the fourth century. "He showed that they had . . . practised the most wholesale forgery, that they had habitually and grossly falsified history, that they had adopted to the fullest extent the system of pious frauds."

In order to give some idea of the extent of the fabrications of the early centuries I must append a few examples, referring afterwards to those passages in the Fathers which deal with the subject.

The desire for further records of the early life of Christ led to the multiplication of various so-called Gospels which detailed his childhood, full of miracles and wonders. Curiosity about portions of his subsequent career and of

the history of the Apostles was a powerful motive for the fabrication of apocryphal literature. "Early in the second century . . . it seems to have occurred to various heretical teachers that the surest method of spreading their views was to compose simple narratives on the plan of the Gospels, and endeavour to pass them off as genuine apostolic literature."*

Professor H. T. Andrews (*Apocryphal Books*) gives a detailed account of the works forged in support of heresies; for example, *The Gospel according to the Egyptians* (about A.D. 150) written in the interest of a sect which regarded marriage as a sin: and *the Gospel of the Ebionites* ascribed to St. Matthew (? A.D. 180), which "was written in the interest of a sect which held vegetarian principles." The readiness with which some of these impostures were accepted passes comprehension: Delepierre states that "the Gnostics fabricated *Revelations* which they attributed to Adam!"

Whilst the heretics were thus busy in the invention of documents in support of their particular tenets, the orthodox were equally so in providing the necessary counterblasts. To quote Dr. Middleton (*Free Inquiry:* Preface): "We find them (the Fathers) roundly affirming as true, things evidently false and fictitious, in order to strengthen, as they fancied, the evidences of the Gospel," and he argues that this was the result of a long course of similar conduct. His book contains numerous proofs of his assertions. E. Hancock in *Suppressed Gospels and Epistles* writes of the *Gospel of Nicodemus* that some "conjecture that it was a forgery towards the close of the third century by some zealous believer . . . (who) . . . imagined it would be of service to Christianity to fabricate and publish this gospel." Some authorities think it was forged "as a counterblast to a Pagan forgery of the *Acts of Pilate*."

It is of importance to remember that many, if not most of these Gospels and Epistles, were recognised more or less by individual Churches, if not by the Church at large. Thus, *The Preaching of Peter*, a spurious book ascribed to that Apostle, is often cited as genuine by Clement, Origen and other Fathers, and was forged probably in the age immediately succeeding that of the Apostles." (Middleton)

* C. T. Cruttwell: *A Literary History of Early Christianity.*

"The prophecies forged by the Christians, and attributed by them to the Heathen Sybils, were accepted as genuine by the entire Church, and were continually appealed to as among the most powerful evidences of the faith. (By Justin Martyr, Clement of Alexandria, St. Augustine, etc.) Not till the Reformation were they questioned, and in 1649 a French Protestant minister first denounced them as deliberate and clumsy forgeries." (Lecky: *History of European Morals.*) A curious instance is related in the Introduction to *The Apocryphal Gospels, Acts and Revelations* by Alexander Walker, (Anti-Nicene Library, 1870) regarding the *Letters of Christ to Abgarus.* "Eusebius (H.E. 1. 13.) says he found in the Archives of Edessa the letters written by their own hands, and that he translated them from the Syriac. . . . They were probably written in Syriac in the third century by some native of Edessa, who wished to add to the importance of his city and the antiquity of his Church."

Incidentally it may be mentioned that the efforts of the Early Church were not confined to the fabrication of documents. It was quite in accordance with the early Christians' view of their duties to destroy as far as possible all Pagan records. "The polemic literature of Christianity is loud and triumphant: the books of the Pagans have been *destroyed.*" There were several elaborate treatises setting forth the religion of Mithra; every one of these has been destroyed by the care of the Church:* a fact which the historian can only regret. The practice long continued: heretical books were burnt by the hangman, licences to print them refused, and, as a last resort, they were placed on the Index Expurgatorius.†

The pseudo-Gospels and Epistles which we have been considering are fortunately not without their value, both to the theologian and the historian. To the first they afford a valuable clue to Church doctrine and development; to the second they incidentally throw side-lights on the history of the times: for it must be remembered that many of these

* Prof. Murray: *Four Stages.*
E. Carpenter: *Pagan and Christian Creeds:* p. 205.
J. M. Robertson: *Pagan Christs:* p. 325.

† Since the above was written there has been published *The Apocryphal New Testament* by M. R. James (Provost of Eton), which gives in a convenient form the various Gospels, Epistles, etc.

fabrications are of undoubted antiquity. Moreover, many of them doubtless embody traditions which have, at least, a foundation of fact, and thus add to our knowledge of the patristic ages.

I have, perhaps, dwelt at disproportionate length on these ecclesiastical forgeries for the reason that in no other direction has the attitude of the Christian Church so completely altered. Whilst no fault in criticism is so frequent and unfair as the judgment of the past by the standards of the present, it is still natural to be puzzled how it is that a high-minded conscientious man—a saint if you like—truthful in his dealings and fully convinced of the sin of lying, should, by some incomprehensible moral obliquity of vision, see nothing wrong in forging another man's name, and in deliberately falsifying evidence. Can we manage to put ourselves in the place of an ecclesiastic of the early centuries and discover his frame of mind? The Rev. W. J. Deane in his *Pseudepigrapha* puts forward a theory which partly helps to solve the puzzle. He writes: "The authors . . . put it forth under the ægis of a great name, not to deceive, but to conciliate favour. . . . Such a use of fiction has been common in all ages . . . they are regarded as legitimate examples of dramatic personation."

In fact, the authors did what Japanese artists used to do when they signed their works with their master's name. We must remember also that the infant Church, fighting for existence, and threatened, not only by Pagans, but by eager and unscrupulous schismatics, could not be so particular as to the weapons it employed as perhaps it wished. A still more powerful reason for their action is emphasised by Lecky; viz, that the belief that salvation was only to be found within the Church would justify in the enthusiast's mind the employment of any means whatever to convert the unbeliever or controvert the heretic; a belief destined to have fatal results in after years.

Yet it is pleasing to be able to show that occasionally there were protests against doing evil that good might come. It cannot be denied that some of the Fathers did distinctly uphold its legitimacy; St. Jerome, in confessing the untruth of a certain story, adds "*non condemnamus errorem, qui de odio Judæorum et fidei pietate descendit.*" But at least one Father, Tertullian (circa 190–214), directly condemns the

fabrication of documents in his treatise *De Baptismo*. "But if they claim those writings, which have been wrongly ascribed to Paul, the writing of Tecla, as giving licence to women to teach and baptise, let them know that the Presbyter in Asia, who framed the writing, heaping up, as it were from his own store unto the name of Paul, having been convicted, and having confessed that he did this out of love for Paul, yielded up his place." (Translation of Rev. C. Dodgson.) Moreover, in the so-called *Canon of Muratori*, discovered by him in the first half of the eighteenth century, the author (supposed to be Hippolytus) rejects the alleged letters of Paul to the Laodiceans and Alexandrians; writing "for gall must not be mixed with honey."

This proves that so early as A.D. 190 (the probable date of the *Canon*) there was some criticism brought to bear on the many existing forgeries.

Lecky states that St. Augustine in *Contra Mendacium* "strongly denounced the tendency" to falsify documents, but I cannot trace the passage. In fact, it is extremely curious that Augustine should fail to condemn such a prevalent practice, inasmuch as his abhorrence of lying is sincere. "Whoso shall think there is any sort of lie that is not sin, will deceive himself foully." He repudiates all casuistical defences of lies to obtain converts or discover heretics, etc. No one could state the case for absolute truth with more vehemence or sincerity.

So the problem still remains unsolved. It is not possible for us to discover how the Fathers and their followers reconciled their consciences to acts which seem at utter variance with their professions, in spite of the attempts at explanation I have recorded.

The inconvenience of the existence of so many conflicting gospels, epistles, etc., must have been great, and by the year 200 there obtained a widespread agreement as to the body of apostolic writings which were considered authoritative. This inevitably was equivalent to the condemnation of those excluded, although the Canon was not definitely fixed till later. Many sects continued to use the apocryphal books which favoured their particular belief; but in time the authority of the Church prevailed, and the long series of forgeries of sacred literature came to an end. Early in the fifth century the practice of writing under the name of an

apostle or presbyter—so universal a couple of centuries earlier—was a subject of strong condemnation by Pope Innocent I.

Some of his successors, however, were not so scrupulous. Lecky mentions the *Dialogues* of St. Gregory the Great (540–604) "which professed to be compiled with scrupulous veracity from the most authentic sources, and of which it may be confidently averred that it scarcely contains a single page which is not tainted with grotesque and deliberate falsehood." This book was produced to excite terror of the future hell which awaits those who rejected Church doctrines and authority.

The so-called Dark Ages had their full complement of forgers, chiefly ecclesiastical, as education was almost confined to the clerical caste. The works of the pseudo-Areopagite which had a great influence on the theology of the day, were not exposed till the time of Erasmus (A. Lang: *Books and Bookmen*). The Bible of Alcuin (A.D. 800, made for Charlemagne), now in the British Museum, contains the spurious Psalm supposed to have been written by David on the occasion of his fight with Goliath: which is also found in the Vallicella Bible, with the same title. It also contains a spurious epistle to the Laodiceans. (*The Gentleman's Magazine Library: Literary Curiosities.*)

By far the most notorious of the frauds of the age were the false *Decretals*, attributed to the pseudo-Isidore, Archbishop of Sevilla (about A.D. 850). They were a mixture of genuine and spurious documents, amongst the latter being letters of the early Popes. Their chief object was to justify the claims of the Papacy, and, as no doubt was thrown on their authenticity, they gradually took the form of law. No question arose regarding them till the fifteenth century, but at the Reformation they were examined and exposed.

Mr. T. F. Tout, in his *Medieval Forgers and Forgeries*, shows how common was the fabrication of documents by monks in order to secure or extend the privileges of their monasteries. "It was almost the duty of the clerical class to forge. . . . It was hardly regarded as a crime." (Yet on another page he states that such criminals were severely punished.) Delepierre states that in the twelfth century a monk of St. Medard confessed on his death bed that he had visited several monasteries and forged charters in their

favour. A typical instance of a prevalent practice is that of the celebrated *Historia Crowlandensis* (1413), purporting to be the composition of Abbot Ingulf who died in 1109. The monastery's title to certain lands was uncertain, and a lawsuit was begun in 1413 by a claimant. Unfortunately, the library with all deeds had been destroyed by fire in Ingulf's time, so the monks set out to repair the loss. A series of falsified documents was strung together as a narrative and called the *History of Crowland* by Abbot Ingulf. The document was universally accepted: it was not until the seventeenth century that any doubt was thrown upon it, nor was the fraud finally exposed till the nineteenth century. (T. F. Tout.)

How common were such cases is shown by the decree published in 1500 by Pope Gelasius, "*De libris recipiendis et non recipiendis*," in which he distinguished between authentic and fraudulent works. (Delepierre.)

At the revival of learning there was a change. The credulity with which forgeries had hitherto been accepted was gradually changed to criticism: texts were collected and collated, and many frauds exposed. For example, when Thomas Elyot published in the reign of Henry VIII a work of Eucolpius (from a Greek MS. lent him by an Italian), Wotton (the Roman Historian) showed it to be fraudulent. (Delepierre.)

The interest at the Renaissance in antiquities of all kinds, classical texts included, caused a demand which unscrupulous dealers were eager to supply; and there is no doubt that many a MS. was sold as genuine and hoarded as a treasure which would not bear the critical examination of a later day. Of these it will be sufficient to mention the suppositious *De Consolatione* of Cicero, already referred to.

Annius of Viterbo (born 1432) might claim to be king of medieval forgers. He published a volume of historical fragments from all sources: treatises by Manetho and Cato, poems and histories by classical authors. In support he subsequently "subjoined commentaries to confirm their authority by passages from well known authors." As a reward for his supposed researches Pope Alexander Borgia made him Maitre du Palais. (Farrer, etc.)

In the Elizabethan age laws for the protection of the author were sadly to seek, with the result of the revival of

a kind of forgery common in patristic ages. Anthony Wood writes: "It was a usual thing in those days to set a great name to a book or books, by the sharking booksellers or snivelling writers, to get bread." The learned Dr. Turner, in a dedication to Queen Elizabeth, complains that a printer had "set out" his book with a forged preface to make it appear it was his (the printer's) work. Shakespeare was credited on the title page with *The London Prodigal* (1605), published by N. Butler, and *The Yorkshire Tragedy* (1608) by T. Pavier. Nor were these the only instances. The unfortunate actual authors had to submit to see their work foisted on the world as by a more popular dramatist, who, in his turn, had to suffer from being credited with plays he would disown. There can be little doubt that owing to the rascality of these "sharking booksellers" we attribute to well-known writers many works in which they had no hand.

During the prolonged fight between Puritan and Royalist, the literary output was largely controversial, and in this direction forgery was rampant. The most notorious offender was Henry Walker, known as the Ironmonger. In 1641 appeared *A Terrible Outcry against the Loytering Exalted Prelates. . . .* By Wm. Prynne. This and various other pamphlets were issued in Prynne's name, though his publisher issued a list of his actual writings. Prynne published a disclaimer in 1659 entitled *The New Cheater's Forgeries detected, etc.*, accusing Walker, Bates, Chapman and others of writing under his name.

The House of Commons at once summoned Walker to appear in connection with the pamphlet, *A Terrible Outcry*. The result was not recorded. Walker even forged a *Declaration* by King Charles I, dated 27th August, 1647. It came to Charles' knowledge and a *Disclaimer* was issued; "the which pamphlet His Majesty utterly disavows, as being published without his knowledge or consent." Walker brought out countless pamphlets, almanacs, etc., under other names: his misdoings were notorious. Mercurius Melancholius (18th December, 1647) commences an attack on him:

> "Stop the bell wether, the rest will acquiesce,
> So Walker brayes, just like an asse, no less."

(See *Notes and Queries:* 5th December, 1914 *et seq.*, where Mr. J. B. Williams records his investigations.) The Chapman mentioned by Prynne also fabricated and published the forged *Speeches and Prayers of the Regicides*, to which Mr. Williams devoted sixteen articles in *Notes and Queries*.

An article in *The Moderate Intelligencer* of 16th April, 1646, bears testimony to the activity of these miscreants. "A Pamphlet came out on Monday last called *A Perfume against the sulpherous stinke of the snuffe of the light for smoak, etc.*, said in the title to be written by John Saltmarsh, is put out wrongfully in his name and is none of his. Shall we never be rid of these mountebanks and impostors, who, when they have not brains to publish anything of worth, frame frothy titles, when no such thing is in the book, and put others' names, who are in repute and honoured, to their simple stuffe."

In more strictly literary productions a critical spirit existed, and the forgers were not infrequently exposed. Bishop Burnet demonstrated the unworthiness of a French historian Varillas who invented facts freely: "he endeavoured to make them pass for realities by affected citations of titles, instructions, letters, memoirs and relations; all of them imaginary." (Disraeli.) A better instance is that of the controversy regarding the *Letters of Phalaris*, alluded to by Swift in the *Battle of the Books*. These letters, now attributed to Adrianus of Tyre, who died A.D. 192, were supposed to belong to the fifth century B.C. Though occasionally doubted by scholars, they were generally accepted as genuine until an edition was published by the Hon. Chas. Boyle in 1695. In spite of the opposition of Sir William Temple and others, they were mercilessly exposed by Bentley in 1697. De Quincey, in his article on Bentley, gives a concise account of the controversy. Critical examination instead of blind acceptance was now the fashion in literary matters.

So far from there being any cessation of the despicable trick of the bookseller in putting forth books under forged names, the practice seems to have increased in the eighteenth century. Curll, though by no means the only scamp of the kind, was the most notorious. In 1711 Swift wrote to Stella: "That villain, Curll, has scraped up some trash,

and called it *Dr. Swift's Miscellanies*, with my name at large, and I can get no satisfaction of him." (Unpublished *Letters of Swift*, edited by Geo. Birkbeck Hill.) When Pope and Swift published in 1727 their *Miscellanies in Prose*, they stated in the preface: "we have had our names prefixed at length to whole volumes of mean productions, equally offensive to good manners and good taste, which we never saw or heard of till they appeared in print."

Forster, in his *Life of Swift*, writes: "Anything in the shape of a pun or indecency it was long the fashion to father on him without the least regard to truth or probability." It is pleasant to know that the Dean has been credited with many offences against taste of which he was not guilty. Swift took his revenge when he published his celebrated hoax of the *Poisoning of Curll*, in which occurs a *Deathbed Confession* by that rascal of many acts of the kind. Pope also pilloried him in a Note to Book II of the *Dunciad:* "It was a common practice of this bookseller to publish vile pieces of obscure hands under the name of eminent authors."

When Curll found it too risky to put the actual name of the eminent author to his rubbish, he would use a fictitious one so near to the real one that many were deceived. Thus *The Petticoat* by a hack writer named Breval was put forth as by Joseph Gay, instead of John Gay; and so well did this ruse succeed that in a sale catalogue of Gay's works in 1922 it appears as Gay's along with *The Beggar's Opera*, etc. Pope alludes to this trick in the lines

> "Curll stretches after Gay, but Gay is gone;
> He grasps an empty Joseph for a John."

W. P. Courtney (*Secrets of our National Literature*) points out how "In after years Fielding's name was often used at home and in France by inferior imitators, who wished to palm off upon the innocent public their works as his own." Boswell complains that a letter appeared signed J. Boswell, and was told he had no legal redress. (*Life of Dr. Johnson.*) In *The Present State of Wit* (1711) Gay states that after the cessation of *The Tatler* several *Tatlers* came out; "each of which, with equal truth and wit, assured us that he was the genuine *Isaac Bickerstaff*." But, as a contrast, Steele in his Dedication to Congreve of the second

edition of Addison's *Drummer*, 1722, takes the greatest pains to allocate the proper credit to Addison and others for the share they had had in various publications; whilst in the preface to the edition of the first three volumes of *The Tatler*, published in 1710, details were given as to the authorship of the various papers. This is a valuable certificate of the change of atmosphere in the literary world.

It would seem natural that with the increase of critical apparatus forgery would diminish. On the contrary, the eighteenth century exhibits some of the most notorious and recklessly bold forgeries ever attempted. Clever as were the forgers, however, they were matched by the scholars, who could detect the joints in their armour. There can be little doubt that the publication of Middleton's *Free Enquiry*, treated of earlier in this chapter, was influential in helping to create an atmosphere of criticism. Documents that would have been accepted without question because of their apparent antiquity were subjected to rigid examination. The cases of Macpherson's *Ossian* and the ballad fabrications of Pinkerton, Chatterton, etc., I have treated in the next chapter under *Ballads:* and it is only necessary here to mention as briefly as possible two or three of the more notorious examples of forgery of the eighteenth century, all of which were duly exposed.

It is lamentable to find Theobald "palming off his tragedy of *The Double Falsehood* upon the world as a Shakespeare original." (Professor Ward: Preface to the *Dunciad*, Globe Edition.) But what are we to say of the learned schoolmaster, William Lauder, who devoted years to prove that Milton was a plagiarist, and in his anxiety to do so accused him of "cribbing" from Grotius: proving his case by quoting lines which he had himself inserted? (See his confession in the Works of Samuel Johnson: Vol. 8 [1876]). His fraud was discovered, and he wrote a humble apology in 1751, and the Archbishop of Canterbury forgave him. But in 1754 he claimed to have executed his frauds in the express hope of detection to enable him to bring another charge against Milton; that of tampering with the *Eikon Basilike* by interpolating the prayer, which was borrowed from Sidney's *Arcadia*. Whether Milton had a hand in it is a question which Farrer says must remain an unsolved mystery.

George Psalmanazar (1679-1763) has been the subject of several recent articles, (e.g. Sir Chartres Biron's *Pious Opinions* and others), so that cursory mention is all that is called for. After taking in everyone with his *Historical and Geographical Description of Formosa*, (a fact which speaks volumes for the credulity of the time), he experienced a change of heart and became a sincerely religious man. Dr. Johnson revered him: he stated that "his piety, penitence and virtue exceeded almost what we read as wonderful in the time of the saints." Who he really was is still a secret; even the *Memoirs* published the year after his death did not reveal his identity, though they contain a full confession of his imposture. The audacity of his frauds, and his genuine repentance render him a unique figure.

William H. V. Ireland (1777-1835) was a born forger, for he was but a youth when he astounded the world by the production of various Shakespearean discoveries, including a complete play, *Vortigern*. Like Chatterton, he exhibited the original MSS., but he stated that the gentleman who had furnished them refused to have his name known in order to avoid being pestered by inquirers. In spite of the doubts of various literary critics, the MSS. were generally accepted as genuine; Boswell fell on his knees to kiss the relics of the bard—and then recuperated his spirits with hot brandy and water. (Ireland says he drank his brandy *before* he knelt.) *Vortigern* was accepted for Drury Lane Theatre and produced there in 1796. But Malone had been busy investigating the affair, and published his *Inquiry* into the documents on the eve of the performance; an action which *The Times* characterised as "a very unfair proceeding and extremely illiberal." Owing to this exposure, and to the action of Kemble, who emphasised and repeated the line "Now that this solemn mockery is o'er," the piece was a failure, and Ireland threw up the sponge. In the same year he published a shilling pamphlet avowing himself to be the author, and in 1805 was printed *The Confessions of Mr. Henry Ireland* at the price of seven shillings and sixpence. This is a curious book: he lets the public into the secret of his workshop, and shows how he fabricated the seals, ink, signatures, etc. He expresses his "sanguine hope that my conduct will henceforth be regarded rather as that of an unthinking and impetuous boy than of a sordid and

avaricious fabricator instigated by the mean desire of securing pecuniary emolument."

Farrer says (p. 246) that Ireland paid the full penalty of his offence, but others of his contemporaries seem to have suffered little loss of reputation for their detected and admitted deceptions: instancing George Steevens, the Shakespearean critic, who forged freely, including a letter of George Peele describing a merry meeting at the Globe at which Shakespeare, Ben Jonson and Ned Alleyne were present. Luckily he gave the date 1600, two years after Peele's death, which settled the question of authenticity. He also forged *The Boke of the Soldan;* in fact, he seems to have merited I. Disraeli's description as "a creature . . . spotted over with literary forgeries and adulterations."

M. Augustin Thierry, in one of the most recent books on literary mystifications, asserts that the reign of Louis Philippe was the golden age for the production of forged memoirs. Those of Louis XVIII, of Talleyrand, the Duchesse de Berry, Bourienne, the Dubarry, etc., date from this period, and are all fictitious in whole or in part. But the eighteenth century was equally prolific. Holland was the source of the *Testaments Politiques* and *Memoires*, which were issued in an unceasing stream, such as those of Colbert, Mazarin and others. Amongst them was the *Testament Politique de Chevalier Robert Walpoole*, which Horace Walpole exposed in a paper dated 16th February, 1767. But it was so manifest a forgery that the exposure was not published, and it only appears in his *Posthumous Works*. (5 Vols. 1798.)

Forgery was, if anything, more rampant abroad than in England, but space does not allow of detail. I may, however, refer to Voltaire's complaint in *Les Honnêtetés Littéraires* (1767) in Vol. 48 of the 1785 edition of his works. This protest, by the way, was written as if by another person: he speaks of himself as M. de Voltaire, by no means the only instance of his doing so; e.g., in the *Commentaire Historique sur les Œuvres de l'auteur de l'Henriade* (1776). He writes "a novel *honnêteté* is to print letters under the name of a known author, or to falsify those which are known to the world through the too great good nature (*facilité*) of certain friends, and to insert in these letters . . . the most insolent calumnies." He refers to pretended secret letters

of his published at Amsterdam, many addressed to non-existent persons; others to royal and distinguished individuals, containing calumnious statements. He also complains of the publication of an edition of his *Louis XIV*, with numerous abusive notes and additions; also that an ex-Jesuit published a book of abusive critiques and sold it to a bookseller at Avignon who offered to suppress it if Voltaire would pay 3,000 livres. The pamphlet shows clearly that to falsify letters and even books was a common practice, although he complains of it as novel.

Beyond the odium which attached to the author of a detected fabrication, no penalty seems to have been incurred, nor was the offence considered so culpable as would be expected. Thus David Hume writes in regard to Macpherson's *Ossian*: "These literary amusements are very common, and unless supported by too violent asseverations, or persisted in too long, never draw the opprobrious appellation of impostor on the author." But, in some cases at least, the Continental view was more severe. In 1789 a certain Joseph Vella published an Arabic MS. which he asserted he had found in the Abbey of S. Martini in Palermo which afforded materials for a gap in the history of Sicily: he also claimed to have discovered lost books of Livy, etc. After being loaded with pensions and honours the fraud was discovered, and he confessed under threat of torture. He was condemned to fifteen years' imprisonment, and to repay the Treasury the sum expended in printing his pretended discoveries. (A good account of this swindler is given in Mr. H. W. Freeland's *Lectures and Miscellanies*: see also *Salad for the Social*: Anon.)

The nineteenth century began with a flood of forgeries. Byron's great popularity tempted the unscrupulous writer and publisher to make money by issuing works under his name. Thus *Reflections on Shipboard*, and *Harold the Exile* appeared as by Lord Byron: whilst the authorship of the *Duke of Mantua, a Tragedy*, was suggested by a portrait half concealed by a mask. But the most curious case was that of *The Vampyre, a Tale*, and *An Account of my Residence in Mitylene*. On April 27th, 1819, Byron wrote to the Editor of *Galignani's Messenger* expressly stating that he never wrote either of them. But I find both in the six-volume edition published by Murray in 1825, the year after

Byron's death; and they appear also in the seventeen-volume edition of 1832, with a foot-note to *The Vampyre* giving details as to the circumstances in which it was written.

Scott was also a victim of the forger. A new series of *Tales of my Landlord*, containing *Pontefract Castle* in three volumes, was advertised as by Scott; and though Ballantyne challenged the publisher, the latter persisted in maintaining the correctness of the authorship. Scott refers to this swindle in a note to the epistle to Clutterbuck in *The Monastery*; he states that it "was not so fortunate as to succeed in passing on the world as genuine." In the introduction to *The Betrothed* he disavows *Walladmor* (see the Literary Hoax: p. 147), and a further attempt to foist an imitation *Waverley* on the world in *Moredun* (1855) was soon exposed.

At that time there was apparently no legal redress for such malpractices, or surely the authors and publishers would not have rested content with protests and exposures. An author now has his legal remedy against such impositions. (See later.)

Collectors of autograph letters are as a rule aware of the necessity of an unexceptionable pedigree before accepting their finds as genuine. Forgers are so numerous and so clever that even experts are deceived. Carlyle printed in Fraser's magazine in 1847 *Thirty-five Unpublished Letters of Oliver Cromwell* as "of indubitable authenticity," and even Professor Gardiner was inclined to accept them; but in 1887 they were proved to be the work of a certain William Squire of Norwich.* Shelley's letters, published by Moxon in 1852, were only discovered to be spurious by the accident of Mr. Palgrave's recognising in a letter to Godwin a part of an article by his father in the *Quarterly Review* in 1840. Fabricated letters of Byron and Keats abound.

Later on, from 1861-69, a certain Frenchman, Vrain-Lucas, may be cited as an unsurpassably industrious forger of letters; whilst his victim, M. Chasles, a learned mathematician, was equally unsurpassed in credulity. Lucas actually palmed off no fewer than 27,320 letters from all sorts of distinguished people on the unfortunate collector,

* See, however, Letters of Ed. FitzGerald, Vol. 1., p. 168 etc.

and mulcted him of 140,000 francs. M. Chasles submitted some hundreds of these letters to the French Academy, which wrangled over their authenticity for two years. But the purchaser had no doubt of their genuineness; it is scarcely credible that he accepted letters from Cleopatra, Alexander the Great, Lazarus, etc., written in French. Ultimately the forger was convicted of fraud, and was condemned to two years' imprisonment in addition to a fine. It is to be feared that swindlers will never be lacking so long as collectors show such incredible folly.

The case of the unscrupulous swindler who takes advantage of the ignorant is easy to understand, but it is more puzzling when we find a man of serious literary standing lending himself to direct forgery. What could have been the motive which induced the Shakespearean scholar, J. Payne Collier, to descend to the numerous fabrications of which he has been proved guilty? He is chiefly known by his alleged discovery of a second folio with numerous marginal notes made by a contemporary of the volume, giving amended readings, etc. Doubt was thrown on their authenticity, but in his second edition (1853) he still insists on their genuineness. However, in 1859 a British Museum expert published in *The Times* the result of his investigation, and it was finally discovered that the emendations of the old corrector were modern imitations of an old handwriting.

Nor was this Collier's only crime. He falsified a letter in the Alleyn MSS. at Dulwich to introduce Shakespeare's name: other Dulwich forgeries were detected in 1881, and subsequently. Similar frauds will be found under *Ballads*. He brought an action for libel after the exposure, but did not pursue it.

It is a charitable suggestion that he thought he could amend the text of Shakespeare somewhat drastically; but recognising that the day was past when an editor could work his will on the text, he attributed his own corrections to a non-existent ancient authority, hoping in this way to get them accepted. In fact, many have been so accepted.

M. W. Shapira is not yet forgotten, with his leather strips containing speeches of Moses, for which he asked £1,000,000. After a long career of forgery and constant exposure he committed suicide in 1884.

The amazing skill of certain forgers is shown by the case of Simonides (1818-1890), who began his career by selling to the King of Greece various MSS., including a Homer which was passed as genuine by a committee of twelve scholars with the exception of Professor Mavreski, who discovered later that the text embodied the misprints in Wolff's edition. Though his pretended discoveries were all ultimately exposed, Simonides succeeded in selling many of his fabrications: the Duke of Sutherland was one of his victims. Had Simonides lived a few centuries earlier, there is little doubt that his forgeries would have taken their place among the genuine relics of antiquity.

Nowadays, the way of such transgressors is hard. There is no chance for a Macpherson or an Ireland. That the will to deceive is not wanting is shown by *The Protocols*, which had a world-wide circulation in many languages, owing to the belief that they were evidence of a Jewish plot to overthrow civilisation. *The Times* rendered good service in exposing them in August, 1921, in a pamphlet, *The Truth about the Protocols, a Literary Forgery*.

It is a matter for congratulation that one form of forgery prevalent formerly is now illegal. The publisher who employs a "ghost" under the name of a living author is liable to an action for damages. In confirmation I quote the case of Mr. Pett Ridge, who claimed damages for publication in *The English Illustrated Magazine* of a story which he had not written, but which appeared under his name. He obtained £150 damages. (*The Times*, June 13th, 1913.) No doubt the editor had been taken in by some unscrupulous contributor, and deserves sympathy instead of blame. Similar cases are occasionally mentioned in *The Author*, and other literary journals, but no one can deny the marked improvement which has taken place in regard to this particular literary crime. The fact is undoubted, to whatever cause it is to be attributed. I prefer to consider it as the result of a higher standard of morality amongst both authors and publishers.

Even now there are not wanting apologists for a practice which to most authors will seem indefensible. Mr. Farrer, to whose valuable book on *Literary Forgeries* I am much indebted, writes apropos to Gauden's forgery of the *Eikon Basilike*, "If by such means a diversion might be created in

his (the King's) favour, how can the idea and the attempt be blamed?"

Mr. C. T. Cruttwell, again, in his *Literary History of Early Christianity* writes: "We are of opinion that it is desirable to give, whenever possible, a human interest to every writing of antiquity, by connecting it with *some* writer's name." *The Athenæum*, in reviewing his book, remarks, not without justification, "When such a sentiment exists in the present critical age, it is easy to see how Early Christians delighted to attach to anonymous works the name of a famous apostle or martyr." (See Julia Wedgwood's *The Message of Israel*.) In both these instances it would almost seem as if long immersion in the atmosphere of deception had led the accomplished authors to breathe it more easily than an outsider can.

The interesting writer in *The Observer*, who uses the pseudonym of "Penguin," also takes a very lenient view of forgery. He writes (28th September, 1919), "The monkish authors who went to the length of fabricating chronicles in order to give distinction to their own particular convents *excite no reprobation in my breast*, while the wily bibliophiles who, in the days when Ptolemy Philadelphus was making a collection of Aristotle's works, 'with a design of getting money of him, put Aristotle's name to other men's writings,' leave me equally unmoved. *And why should I be indignant* because, in the middle of the nineteenth century, Alcibiades Simonides palmed off his own compositions as ancient manuscripts upon the British Museum, the Bodleian, the Bibliothèque Nationale, and other national libraries? It was a case of 'caveat emptor,' and if the letter from Alcibiades to Pericles, for which the Duke of Sutherland paid £250, was really written by Simonides, I do not see that, at this time of day, anybody, except perhaps the Duke's heirs, has any reason to complain." (The italics are mine.)

Mr. Hilaire Belloc again, in an article on *False Documents* in *The New Statesman* of October 8th, 1921, has put in a plea in extenuation of the general condemnation of the literary forger. He claims that "I know what I am talking about, because *I have myself produced several documents more or less falsified*." He demands that the motives in each case should be taken into account, that allowance should be

made for the imagination of a writer, for the tendency to state as truth what one wishes to be true, etc. But I confess the impression left on my mind is that his dissertation is a piece of special pleading; and the indignation he displays towards the textual critics and historians who "make such fools of themselves" over the matter would be better reserved for the criminal than the detective.

In view of such openly avowed sentiments on the part of men of literary standing it is necessary to register a protest. Making due allowance for the motives which may animate the forger, and for the standard of morality of the age in which he lived, one's natural attitude is that of condemnation. The forger renders history, biography, in fact every form of literary work, untrustworthy: he "fouls the very wells of truth."

CHAPTER III

The Literary Forger. Ballads

THE interest in traditional Ballad literature is of comparatively modern growth. Until the eighteenth century few concerned themselves with it: the earliest collection seems to have been the folio manuscript volume which Dr. Percy discovered in a house in Shropshire, and rescued from a housemaid who was about to light the fire with it. The volume, dating about the middle of the seventeenth century, consisted of compositions of various dates from Chaucer downwards.

In the latter half of the eighteenth century, to unearth and collect the ballads of England and Scotland became a popular occupation of literary men, to whose efforts we owe many a rescued masterpiece.

Macpherson's Ossian (1762) was one of the first fruits of the new movement, and though an epic and not a ballad, may be conveniently mentioned here. In spite of the fact that its authenticity was acknowledged by such men as Dr. Blair and Lord Kames, critics like Dr. Johnson, Hume and Gibbon denounced it as a forgery. Hume's overwhelming refutation of its genuineness in his *Essays* was for a time withheld out of consideration for the feelings of his friend, Dr Blair. He kindly expresses the hope that Macpherson will acknowledge that the whole thing is a joke, and compares it to the *Letters of Phalaris* and the supposititious *De Consolatione* of Cicero; which, however, were certainly not intended to be jokes. Had it not been for Bentley, the *Phalaris* would have been accepted until some later critic exposed it; whilst the *De Consolatione* had to wait two hundred years before its authenticity was disproved.

Macpherson refused to exhibit such fragments of ancient poems as he might possess on the ground that his honour had been impeached. The controversy raged long and

furiously; Boswell contemplated writing a book about it; one of his numerous resolutions which came to nothing. Before the end of the century the question was practically settled; in the edition of 1805 a short summary shows that the defenders of its genuineness had abandoned their position after detailed researches. The editor offers to become a convert if a single poem could be produced in an Erse manuscript above a century old. And *Ossian* was said to be of the third century!

A much more important volume was Dr. Percy's *Reliques of Ancient English Poetry*, published in 1765. The critics at once attacked it; Ritson with his usual acrimony. The Doctor unwisely refused to let his manuscript volume be seen; nor after his death would his executors produce it, even when £100 was offered them. Fortunately, they yielded when the offer was increased to £150, and the folio has been printed. The editors, Messrs. Hales and Furnivall, whilst giving due praise to Percy's labours, state that certain important ballads can now be read without his "tawdry touches." On the whole, he seems to have been a more conscientious editor than some of his contemporaries.

John Pinkerton, who published his *Select Scottish Ballads* in 1783, had wider views of his privileges as editor. Ritson attacked him furiously: he pointed out that Part II of *Hardy Knute* was the work of Pinkerton, and gave details of other ballads which were either partly or entirely forged. In the *Gentleman's Magazine* of November, 1784, under the signature of Anti-Scot, he writes of his opponent: "The dexterity of a pickpocket may vie with the impudence of a highwayman." (See Nicholl's *Literary Illustrations*.) Pinkerton had to plead guilty to the accusations. Dr. Percy was clearly aware of Pinkerton's foible, for in sending him a copy of an old poem for his collection, he wrote: "I hope you will print it without any conjectural emendations, at least in the text."

Ritson's name crops up continuously in connection with this ballad literature. He was a man of intense activity and strong passions: his chief delight was to abuse his contemporaries, and it is therefore natural that he was cordially disliked. His attack on the excellent Thomas Warton's *History of Poetry* was virulent; he charged him with incorrectness and—of all things in the world—of wasting his

time in the rescue of old poems from oblivion. Yet this was what Ritson himself was doing, for he collected the *Robin Hood* ballads, in which Sir E. Gosse states that "he himself is often found to be as dustily incorrect as Warton." (*Some Diversions of a Man of Letters.*) In the preface to his *Ancient Songs* he attacks Bishop Percy, who wrote that to be abused by Ritson was an honour; he calls him "poor, mad Ritson!" Under the pseudonym of Robert Heron he wrote *Letters on Literature*, which the Rev. J. Duncombe attacked in the *Gentleman's Magazine*, 1785: pointing out how Heron had a craze for denying originality, especially to classical writers;—a pardonable fault perhaps in view of the numerous imitations and forgeries existing. Ritson's end was a sad one; in the preface to his *Metrical Romances* he writes that he is being driven to his grave in ill health and low spirits by the attacks of a gang of lurking assassins who stab in the dark. He died in a lunatic asylum in 1803.

The story of Chatterton is so well known that it need only be alluded to briefly. Warned, perhaps, by the outcry against Macpherson's refusal to produce his originals, and Bishop Percy's concealment of his folio volume, Chatterton exhibited the supposed manuscripts of the Rowley poems. Their want of authenticity was soon discovered, and he committed suicide in direst poverty in 1770: he was only eighteen. It is quite possible that he may have intended to acknowledge his handiwork when he had obtained the ear of the public: it is pardonable to hope so.

The exposure of Pinkerton and his like did not stop the flow of fabricated ballads. In 1810 appeared R. H. Cromek's *Remains of Nithsdale and Galloway Song*, almost entirely the work of Alan Cunningham; a most bare-faced imposition.

In 1830 Scott brought out his celebrated *Border Minstrelsy*. Andrew Lang states that he "did not give his version with textual accuracy, but . . . used the privilege of all previous reciters." Scott defended his action by asserting, in commenting on certain fabrications, that "there is no small degree of cant in the violent invectives with which impostors of this nature have been assailed. If a young author wishes to circulate a beautiful poem under the guise of antiquity, the public is surely more enriched by the

contribution than injured by the deception." This pronouncement has a wider bearing than he intended, and would justify a large proportion of the frauds which have been treated of in this and preceding chapters. Fortunately, Scott goes on to acknowledge that the forgery of a ballad "as it must rest on deception, cannot be entirely honourable." (*Border Minstrelsy*, 1833: Vol. I. pp. 16, 17.)

It was unlucky that Scott went so far as to assert that it would be hardly possible to deceive those who had studied that branch of literature, as he inserted in his collection three faked ballads which he had received from his friend, Surtees: a historian of such reputation that he had been honoured by the establishment of a Surtees Society. Moreover, he was one of those who wrote to approve of Ritson's exposure of literary frauds. Yet he allowed himself to send to Scott not only the forged ballads, but full details of how he had discovered them; nor did he ever confess his deception of his old friend. In spite of an attempted explanation by his biographer, we must agree with Mr. H. B. Wheatley that "we cannot fail to stigmatise Surtees' forgery as a crime against letters."*

The composition of imitations of old ballads is an accomplishment which has its dangers. Sometimes these *pastiches* are so excellent that they have been accepted as genuine by the best judges: the *Auld Robin Gray* of Lady Anne Barnard, for example, and Lady Wardlaw's *Hardycanute*. Fortunately, both these ladies confessed their authorship in course of time. The well-known *Trelawney* ballad of the Rev. R. S. Hawker, of Morwenstow, deceived Scott and Macaulay; and though Mr. Hawker acknowledged the authorship in 1832, it was printed in 1846 by J. H. Dixon in his *Ancient Poems and Ballads*.

The last fraudulent ballad-monger I shall mention is the notorious J. Payne Collier, of Shakespearean folio fame, to whom I have already referred.† He published some ballads from a supposed seventeenth-century manuscript, which, on examination at the British Museum, were found to be a fraud; several of the ballads being entirely spurious. Why a man of Collier's ability and industry should descend to such apparently objectless deception is a puzzle.

* See also A. Lang's appendices to *Old Friends* and *Epistolary Parody*.
† See previous Chapter, p. 36.

The interest in ballad literature has increased rather than abated in recent years; though the Ballad Society started in 1868 has recently ceased to exist, the Glasgow Ballad Club and several others still flourish, and collections of local specimens are still being made by enthusiasts. But there is now small danger of imitations being foisted on the public; criticism is too keen, and editors make it their business to eliminate the doubtful rather than add emendations. The bad old days when an editor could fill up a hiatus, or play fast and loose with the original text, are gone; a fact at which every lover of our ancient literature must rejoice.

CHAPTER IV

Piracy. Books

LITERARY crimes are difficult to define accurately: for example, piracy and plagiarism often overlap. Perhaps one may venture to mark the difference roughly by saying that the plagiarist always hopes that he will not be found out, whilst the pirate makes no secret of his crime.

No doubt the pirate is the more serious misdemeanant, though till recently he could plead that the law winked at his actions, and in so doing distinguished him from the literary thief already treated of. But, as a matter of ethics, the attitude of the law does not enter into the question. A law to restrain the criminal is not made until by the general consensus of opinion his action is considered a crime; and that must necessarily be long after moralists have judged it to be one.

In classical times, when there existed no copyright as we understand it, piracy and plagiarism were naturally not uncommon; instances of both will be found in the chapter on *Plagiarism*. Until the invention of printing, the question of literary property scarcely existed. But when presses began to multiply, it became imperative that some means should be found of preventing the appropriation of a book by a printer who simply copied it. As early as 1469, the Republic of Venice tried to meet the difficulty by granting exclusive privileges: thus John of Spira had the sole right for five years to print the epistles of Cicero and Pliny.* Other countries followed suit. In England, the earliest privilege granted was in 1518 for a Latin sermon by Richard Pace:† the first recorded instance of piracy was in 1523, when Peter Travers reprinted a *Treatise on Grammar*

* R. R. Bowker: *The Nature and Origin of Copyright.*
† Prof. A. W. Pollard: *Shakespeare's Fight with the Pirates.*

by Robert Witinton. The author obtained a "privilege" for the second edition which prevented further misappropriation.*

It was in 1556 that the Stationers' Company obtained their Charter. Under its provisions the titles of all books had to be entered prior to publication. Entries in the Register could only be made by members, whose property was thereby ensured in perpetuity. Thus Bunyan's *Pilgrim's Progress* was Mr. Ponder's copy and so on; the author selling his manuscript outright, and his pecuniary interest ceasing. (A. Birrell: *In the Name of the Bodleian.*) As the company would not grant a privilege unless the book was licensed, the chances of piracy were sensibly diminished.

In 1559 very strict Injunctions were issued regarding licences; no book or paper of any sort could be registered unless first licensed by Her Majesty "by expresse wordes in writing, or by six of Her Privy Counsel," or after perusal by the Archbishops and certain others.

It would have seemed probable in view of these Injunctions, and the regulation that every press had to be registered (1583), that the opportunities of the pirate would be very limited. Yet his trade flourished in spite of all obstacles. A class of men gradually grew into existence whose business it was to obtain surreptitious copies for the booksellers. The practice then existing of circulating poems and even books in manuscript gave them their opportunity. This can be seen in the case of "The Passionate Pilgrim." "The publication of such a medley attests the well-known fact that Elizabethan sonnets were handed about in manuscript for years among poetical cliques," and, as W. Percy complains, "were committed to the press without the author's knowledge, although 'concealed . . . as things privy to himself.'"

Jaggard, whom Swinburne pleasantly calls an "infamous pirate, liar and thief," was a notorious offender. The Rev. J. S. Brewer, in his English Studies, p. 239, shows how Shakespeare was victimised.

"Heywood, in his *Apology for Actors* published in 1612, alluding to the trick of a publisher named Jaggard, who had brought out a copy of *Venus and Adonis*, with two love epistles between Paris and Helen, under the general title

* J. B. Richardson: *Law of Copyright.*

'by Wm. Shakespeare,' says in reclaiming his property: 'I must necessarily resent a manifest injury done me in that work by (its) taking the two epistles of Paris to Helen and Helen to Paris, and printing them in the name of another, which may put the world in opinion I might steal them from him; and he to do himself right hath since published them in his own name. But as I must acknowledge my lines not worthy his patronage under whom he hath published them, so the author I know (was) offended with Mr. Jaggard, that altogether unknown to him presumed to make so bold with his name'."

It is curious after this to find Jaggard concerned in the issue of the first folio of 1623.

The Corporation of Stationers being in possession of a monopoly, abused it, as is usual. G. Wither in *The Scholler's Purgatory* (1625) complains that the Corporation of Stationers settle on their own members a perpetual interest in books "notwithstanding their first Coppies were purloyned from the true owner, or imprinted without his leave."

As already mentioned, this unscrupulous practice was rendered the easier by the custom of circulating copies of works in manuscript. It was considered derogatory for a gentleman to obtain money for his writings, and thus be degraded to the rank of a mere author, so he distributed his work in manuscript. Thus, not only short poems, but long works were written instead of printed. *The Religio Medici* of Sir Thomas Browne (1605-82) was published anonymously; in the Preface the author states that it was composed for private use, lent to friends, transcribed till it became "a most depraved copy, and then was surreptitiously printed."

Dr. Johnson doubts the truth of this on the ground that copies of long books are not made; ignorant of the fact that three manuscript copies still exist. (*Preface, Dr. Greenhill's Edition.* 1892.)

Dryden, in his Preface to *The State of Innocence* (1674), gives as his reason for printing it: "I was induced to it in my own defence, many hundred copies of it being dispersed abroad without my knowledge or consent; and everyone gathering new faults it became at length a libel against me;" on which Johnson remarks, "An author has a right to print

his own works, and need not seek an apology in falsehood." He does not believe that many hundred (presumably manuscript) copies of a work of 1,400 lines were made. (*Life of Dryden.*) We have seen, however, that the Doctor was not always accurate on the subject of manuscripts.

That there could be any objection to translating and publishing a book written abroad would not have occurred to anyone in the sixteenth century or for long afterwards. So we find that the French annexed *The Pilgrim's Progress* as early as 1685; it was issued as "par Monsieur Bunjan, F.M. en Bedtfort," etc. It would be interesting to know what F.M. signified. As this version appeared not very long after the original it shows that the French pirates were on the alert, as is shown more clearly by the Elzevir piracy of La Rochefoucauld's *Maximes*, which came out before the authorised edition (1665). (A. Lang: *Letters on Literature*, p. 110.)

Naturally, English authors were equally free in translating from the French; Montaigne, for example. It would have astonished honest John Florio had anyone suggested that to annex a foreign book without the author's leave was reprehensible.

The more or less strict censorship which existed in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries was of considerable use in placing obstacles in the way of the pirate. But before the Revolution of 1688 the penalties for unlicensed printing had ceased, with the result that piracy increased to such an extent that the booksellers appealed to Parliament for protection. This was granted by the Copyright Act of Queen Anne (1709-10), which set forth "Whereas printers, booksellers and other persons have of late taken the liberty of printing, re-printing and publishing books and other writings without the consent of the authors or proprietors of such books, etc."

This is the first mention in any Act of authors as having any interest in the works which they brought into existence, though it is clear that the passing of the Act was not so much caused by the indignation of the authors, who were never a united body, as by the action of the booksellers on commercial grounds.

One result of this important Act was that unintentionally it abolished perpetuity of copyright. The Act gave the

author or his assigns the sole right of printing new books for fourteen years, with an extra fourteen years if the author were still alive, with twenty-one years for existing books. Litigation soon followed. At first the booksellers had it all their own way: the Courts decided that *The Whole Duty of Man* belonged to the original publisher. In 1739, Tonson, the original publisher of *Paradise Lost*, brought an action against a bookseller for printing it, and produced as a proof of his title an assignment of the copyright by Milton in 1667. He won his case, and the booksellers took for granted that their property was secure for ever.

There was, however, a general feeling that the existing state of things was too greatly in favour of the tradesman at the expense of the author, and in 1747 Warburton published a pamphlet entitled *A Letter from an Author to a Member of Parliament concerning Literary Property*, claiming that an author has a natural right to his work, as an instrument maker has to the article which he produces. (*Life of Warburton:* p. 346.) This was a distinct advance; up till then the author's rights were often ignored, and they had to be content with whatever sum the grasping bookseller chose to offer them. Having no "union" such as the Stationers' Company, they were more or less at the mercy of their organised opponents.

But these opponents were now at daggers drawn amongst themselves over the interpretation of the Act of 1709. It came to a conclusion in 1774, when the final battle was fought in the case of Donaldson *v.* Beckett; and to the dismay of the booksellers, the House of Lords found by six votes to five that the old perpetual copyright was killed by the Statute of Queen Anne. Lord Mansfield refrained from voting, as the appeal was against his own decision in the Court below. Lord Chesterfield, ever a champion of the rights of authors, made a spirited speech: "Wit, my lords, is a sort of property,—the property of those who live by it, and too often the only property they have to depend upon. It is indeed but a precarious dependence. We, my lords, thank God, have a dependence of another kind."

On the other side, Lord Camden took an active part in thus limiting to a brief period the author's rights in his own work, pointing out that genius was not intended for the

benefit of the individual who possessed it, but for the benefit of the race. Fame was a sufficient reward. Lord Chatham wrote: "The very thought of coining literature into ready rhino! Why, it is as illiberal as it is illegal."*

As this was the attitude of the leading lawyers, it is no wonder that the general public were far from having any idea of the justice of the author's claims. Eminent counsel argued that there existed no property in ideas after publication. As we shall see, the same argument was used 150 years later.

There is abundant proof that the Act of 1709 did not stop piracy: the eighteenth century is full of it. John Dunton, who died in 1733, gives details of the booksellers of his time. Of Mr. Lee, in Lombard Street, he writes: "Such a pirate was never before. . . . He held no propriety right or wrong, good or bad, till at last he began to be known: and the booksellers, not enduring so ill a man among them, spewed him out, and off he marched to Ireland, where he acted as *felonious Lee* as he did in London." (*Life and Errors of John Dunton:* 1818.)

These Dublin pirates were a perpetual curse to English authors, though the Irish publishers may almost have pleaded justification: for we learn from Swift (*Unpublished Letters of Dean Swift:* Dr. Birkbeck Hill) that whilst England could send books to Ireland the Irish could not send to England books printed in Ireland.

The delay in publishing the last volume of *Sir Charles Grandison* (1753-4) was explained by Richardson in a pamphlet issued in September, 1753, which is a protest against the Dublin pirates. He had arranged with George Faulkner to print and publish in Dublin, and had taken precautions against piracy; but during his absence the sheets of most of the work were smuggled from England to Ireland, and an incomplete edition published there before the work appeared in England. Richardson was very indignant against "these Irish Rapparees," but could obtain no redress. He afterwards sent a cheap authorised edition to Ireland, but the pirates continued to under-sell him. (*Dobson's Richardson.*)

Arthur Murphy, writing as Charles Ranger in the *Gray's Inn Journal*, is very severe on this treatment of Richardson,

* See A. Birrell: *Quain Lectures:* also Forster's *Life of Goldsmith*, etc.

which he calls a flagrant and atrocious proceeding. He regrets that the law does not sufficiently secure to authors the property of their works.

Richardson's protest, though backed up by others, did not move the Government, and we find in 1768 the original John Murray employing a Quaker, Thomas Cumming, to push his publications in Ireland. Cumming's reply to his letter states that he showed a book to a bookseller (publisher) who "told me that he would not give a shilling for any original copy whatever, as there is no law or even custom to secure any property in books in this Kingdom." All the other booksellers gave him the same answer. (Dr. Smiles: *A Publisher and His friends:* p. 5.) Gibbon also complains in his *Autobiography* that "the bookseller's property was twice invaded by the pirates of Dublin."

The proprietors of *The Idler* protested against the appropriation of their essays in newspapers and magazines with "little regard to justice or decency." (5th January, 1759: see Note to Boswell's *Johnson*.) Goldsmith in the Preface to his *Essays* writes: "If there is a pride in multiplied editions I have seen some of my labours sixteen times reprinted, and claimed by different parents as their own."

James Ralph, in *The Case of Authors by Profession or Trade* (1762), sarcastically pleads in his *Advertisement* that if anything "is worthy of a Place in our monthly, weekly, or other Collections, the Author makes his humble Request to the Gentlemen concerned in compiling and composing them, that they would suffer it to answer his purpose first."

Dr. Johnson's opinion on literary rights varied according to the occasion which called them forth; but he spoke with decision when in 1763 a pirate named Donaldson began the publication of cheap editions of popular books in defiance of copyright.

> "*Dempster:* Donaldson, sir, is anxious for the encouragement of literature.
>
> *Johnson:* (laughing) Well, sir, allowing that to be his motive he is no better than Robin Hood, who robbed the rich to give to the poor."

But the following instance shows that his opinions varied. When Murray published a *Poetical Miscellany* in which he inserted about fifty lines from Gray's works, the Rev. Mr. Mason prosecuted him; and Murray, besides writing a

pamphlet in his defence, offered to let Mason name his own compensation. The episode is mentioned in Boswell. Mason's action was certainly justifiable, but Johnson abused him for his conduct, which he appeared not to be surprised at as Mason was a Whig!

The mention of Gray reminds me that his *Elegy* was the subject of a more than usually barefaced attempt on the part of a pirate. The poem was kept in manuscript, and by some indiscretion a copy fell into the hands of the editor of *The Magazine of Magazines*, who coolly told Gray that he meant to print it, and requested the honour of his correspondence. Gray handed the verses to Dodsley with instructions to issue it within a week in order to dish the unscrupulous editor.

Although occasionally the law was successfully invoked on behalf of the author, the judges made things as easy as they could for the pirate. One enterprising scoundrel brought out an edition of *Rasselas* omitting the moral reflections. The publisher (Dodsley) brought an action, and in 1761 the case came on. The judges found for the pirate on the ground that he had made a new and laudable work by his omissions! Evidently, the moral reflections of the Doctor were more than the judges could swallow. (J. B. Richardson: *Law of Copyright.*) The Doctor does not seem to have protested: his book had passed out of his hands, so probably he had no interest in the case.

So one cannot wonder why—though piracy appears to have been a legal offence—authors or publishers did not prosecute instead of complaining. The cost of law was considerable, the tricks and evasions of the pirates rendered proof difficult; and as the judges showed clearly that like Lord Camden they held that there was no property in ideas, there was every reason why the law was not appealed to. Nothing (pleaded the lawyers) could be an object of property but what had a corporal existence.* Besides, was it not depriving the public of the advantage of cheap literature? etc.

This view was held by many legislators long afterwards, and was expressed by Gregsbury, M.P., in *Nicholas Nickleby* (1838), in which book Dickens hits out more than once on

* "Ideas cannot be the object of property: they are not visible, tangible, or corporeal."—Judge Yates, 1769.

behalf of his professional brethren. "For instance, if any preposterous Bill were brought forward, for giving poor grubbing devils of authors a right to their own property, I should like to say that I for one would never consent to opposing an unsurmountable bar to the diffusion of literature among the *people*,—you understand?—that the creations of the pocket, being man's, might belong to one man, or one family: but that the creations of the brain, being God's, ought as a matter of course to belong to the people at large," etc.

It gave small satisfaction to English authors to know that in France their colleagues were even worse off. The censorship there was still in full swing, and pirates were even more bold and unscrupulous. The following instances from Tallentyre's *Life of Voltaire* will serve as samples of which any number could be given.

In 1735, Voltaire wrote and produced privately the play *The Death of Cæsar*. "The piece appeared in print in Paris, totally unauthorised and shamefully incorrect. 'The editor has massacred Cæsar worse than Brutus and Cassius ever did,' said Voltaire."

He was still more badly treated over his *Elements of Newton's Philosophy* (1738). The Censor refused a licence to print, the book being in his opinion of a dangerous tendency. But the pirates got hold of it, printed it at Amsterdam—incorrectly—and smuggled it into France, where it had a great success; everyone read it because it was forbidden; the unhappy author reaping no benefit. It was not till 1741 that he was allowed to print his own book.

As communication with France increased, and the literary productions of each country became of interest to the other, endeavours were made to come to some working arrangement which should benefit authors on both sides the Channel, but without success; though it would seem from J. Murray's *Life* that at one time he had some sort of hold over French pirates. It could not have been of much use, however, as is proved by the negotiations with regard to Byron's works. In 1820 Galignani applied to Byron for the right of publishing his poems in France. Byron referred him to Murray, as they were "Murray's property by purchase, right and justice." Murray offered them for a small sum, but Galignani demurred as another publisher had

already pirated the poems; and though an arrangement was arrived at, numerous pirated editions were issued in France.

America, of course, reprinted English books freely, and though American literature was not extensive, such books as were likely to prove popular were promptly annexed by English publishers. In 1822 Washington Irving tried to get Murray to publish Fenimore Cooper's novels, but Murray declined as his works were already published by other firms. International copyright was still in the distant future.

The ineptitude of the copyright law in other directions is astonishing. Southey, when a young Republican, wrote *Wat Tyler*, and presented it to a friend—then in Newgate. In 1817, twenty years after, when Southey had become a Tory, this former friend published his juvenile indiscretion, and Southey applied for an injunction. The Lord Chancellor refused the application on the ground that the book was seditious, and for sedition there was no copyright. Whereupon everyone printed it!* As a cure for sedition, such a decision appears somewhat in the light of a failure.

The case of Byron's *Don Juan* (1819) presents some extraordinary features. In *A Publisher and his Friends* (Smiles and Murray) it states that "As it bore no name, and was therefore not copyright, it was republished in cheap editions by the pirates." I imagine that this is an error: an anonymous book was not, therefore, non-copyright. Byron wished to bring an action, but Counsel doubted whether the Courts would grant an injunction, as the book was immoral. However, an injunction was obtained in 1821 as regards the earlier cantos. In 1823, an injunction was also granted in respect of cantos 6 to 8: but on appeal the Vice-Chancellor dissolved the injunction: though ordering the defendant, Dugdale, to keep an account of the profits of the sale in case Byron chose to appeal. The Vice-Chancellor's decision was given on the ground of the immorality of the work: on which Dugdale laid the greatest stress. It does not seem to have occurred to anyone that if Byron was not able to claim copyright because his poem was immoral it was absurd for Dugdale to have the right to publish it broadcast.

Cain provides a similar absurdity. In this case, an injunction was refused on the same grounds, which of course

* Letter of J. Murray to Lord Byron, 12th April, 1817.

meant that anyone might publish a work too immoral to be a subject of copyright.

The impudence of these buccaneers of literature is sometimes amusing. Wordsworth, in about 1844, received a letter from M. Baudry, a French publisher, asking for a sketch of his life to be prefixed to an edition of his works—pirated, of course—which they were about to print and publish. Wordsworth was naturally indignant at laws that left men free to *steal* the money results of other men's brain work. But he was also amused at the form Baudry's proposal took. "You need not trouble too much about detailed *accuracy*. *Piquancy* is our main object." (*Life, etc. of Alexander Macmillan*—G. A. Graves.

Similarly, Mr. Birrell (*Copyright in Books*) tells of Bassompierre, a publisher of Liège, who made a large profit out of *Belisario*. He called on the author, Marmontel, to thank him. Marmontel was furious. "You first rob me of the fruits of my labours and then have the effrontery to come and brag about it under my nose!" Bassompierre was amazed. . . . "Monsieur!" he replied, "you forget that Liège is a free country!"

The great popularity of the works of Dickens stirred the pirates to activity. In a letter (7th July, 1837) in reference to a piracy of *Pickwick* "which had distinguished itself beyond the rest by a preface abusive of the writer plundered," Dickens writes, "Well, if the *Pickwick* has been the means of putting a few shillings in the vermin-eaten pockets of so miserable a creature, and has saved him from a workhouse or a jail, let him empty out his little pot of filth and welcome. I am quite content to have been the means of relieving him." (Forster: *Life of C. Dickens:* Book II.)

Forster, writing of the year 1844, says, "Another and a graver wrong was the piracy of his writings, every one of which had been reproduced with merely such colourable changes of title, incidents and names of characters as were believed to be sufficient to evade the law and adapt them to 'penny purchasers'." Some of these are detailed in *The Times Literary Supplement* of 13th April, 1922. Lloyd was the chief offender: he made a fortune out of imitations of Dickens. His *Penny Pickwick* (1842) came out in weekly numbers. In it we find Christopher Pickwick, Snodgreen, etc. He also published a *Sketch Book by Bos; Nickelas*

Nickelbery, *Oliver Twiss*, etc. All these were illustrated and some had an immense circulation.

At last, action was taken against the piratical publishers of the *Christmas Carol* and *Martin Chuzzlewit*, and Dickens exultingly writes, "The pirates are beaten flat. They are bruised, bloody, smashed, squelched and utterly undone." But his exultation was not unmixed with indignation. Later on (1847), upon a repetition of the offence, he decided to take no legal action on the ground that "it is better to suffer a great wrong than to have recourse to the much greater wrong of the law. I shall not easily forget the expense and anxiety and horrible injustice of the *Carol* case; where, in asserting the plainest right on earth, I was really treated as if I were the robber instead of the robbed." The spirit of Lord Camden still animated the Bench.

The publication of English books on the Continent without payment to the authors was a grievance which in the nineteenth century was the cause of frequent complaint; but a much greater grievance was the similar practice in America, with its rapidly increasing English-speaking population. This seems to be the place to give a short account of the struggle for international copyright which did not cease till near the end of the century.

Dickens took a foremost place amongst those who fought for justice, and no doubt he was one of the greatest sufferers. His efforts are detailed in Forster's *Life*, Books II, III, IX, etc. Others were at work with the same object, but almost invariably without success. Emerson had arranged with an American firm to print Carlyle's works, for which payment was to be made—in the hope of dishing the pirates. But he confesses in a letter of 30th April, 1841, "We have been driven from the market by the New York Pirates in the affair of the six *Lectures* (on *Heroes*). . . . Appleton, in New York, braved us and printed it, and furthermore told us that he intends to print in future everything of yours that shall be printed in London;—complaining in rude terms of the monopoly your publishers here exercise." This puts the attitude of the American publisher in a vivid light.

Macaulay, in a letter to Napier, the editor of the *Edinburgh Review* (24th June, 1842), complains that, "It is rather provoking, to be sure, to learn that a third edition (of his

articles) is coming out in America; to meet constantly smuggled copies. It is still more provoking to see trash, of which I am perfectly guiltless, inserted amongst my writings." As a final example I quote from Mrs. E. B. Browning *Letters* Vol. I. She writes (April, 1850), "It's worth while to rob us, that's plain, and there's something magnificent in supplying a distant market with apples out of one's garden. Still the simile is complex in its character, and the morality—simple, that's all I meant to say." Later in the same year, she speaks of "This vantage ground of American pirates. Liking the end and motives, one disapproves the means."

There is a distinct touch of unintentional humour in the attitude of the American public towards the question. Forster's *Life of Dickens* mentions: "the adoption at a public meeting in Boston itself, of a memorial against any change in the law, in the course of which it was stated that if English authors were invested with any control over the re-publication of their own books, it would be no longer possible for American Editors to alter and adapt them to the American 'taste'."

As a contrast, it is pleasant to be able to give an instance of American honesty. Mr. Field collected and edited the works of de Quincey in seven volumes, and brought the profits to the author in Scotland: "a piece of generosity" (writes Miss Mitford to Mrs. Hoare in 1852) "unprecedented in any publisher, English or American." (*Life and Letters of de Quincey:* Vol. I., p. 396.)

In course of time such equitable dealing became less rare. Mr. F. Espinasse, in *Literary Recollections*, speaks with appreciation of the conduct of Harpers in 1890; and no doubt many other writers had like cause to acknowledge that it was quite possible for an American publisher to be an honest man, even if he seldom proved himself so.

English firms in their turn annexed such American books as seemed likely to interest the English public, and showed that they were willing to pay the authors if they could obtain exclusive rights. Murray paid Washington Irving nearly £10,000 for his *Sketch Book*, *Bracebridge Hall* and other works, but Bohn promptly reprinted the volumes in a cheap form. Murray brought an action which was settled out of court, "but Irving got no more money from England."

(H. Curwen: *History of Booksellers.*) The case of Fenimore Cooper I have already mentioned.

The question was not allowed to drop: it was recognised in America that some defence was necessary, and various were the justifications. In 1854, Henry C. Carey published his *Letters on Copyright* in support of the existing system. He at all events had no doubt of its legitimacy. "Facts are everybody's facts. Words are free to all men." Therefore, the author has no rights of property in his book: he takes the common stock and works it over; and one man has just as good a right to it as another. Property in books is robbery. (Putnam: *The Question of Copyright.*)

Mark Twain's attitude towards the question of International Copyright is curious: vide his *Letters.* His own books were constantly reprinted in Canada, and he had to make frequent journeys there to protect his property. He writes, "I go north, to kill a pirate. I must procure repose *some* way." (p. 205.) Yet he hesitated when he found that the proposed protection was likely to entail a hardship on readers of the poorer classes. He wrote, "My notions have mightily changed lately. . . . I can buy a lot of the copyright classics, in paper, at from three to thirty cents apiece. These things must find their way into the very kitchens and hovels of the country. . . . And even if the treaty will kill Canadian piracy, and thus save me an average of 5,000 dollars a year, I am down on it anyway, and I'd like cussed well to write an article opposing the treaty" (p. 205).

This shows but too clearly how a man conspicuous for straightforward dealing can be blinded by an existing custom to its iniquity. But notwithstanding the above sentiments, Mark took an active part throughout his life in trying to get the absurd and noxious copyright laws amended: in 1887 he wrote a scathing letter, which was never sent, on the barefaced proposal of the Government to sell to him the pirated copies which they had stopped on the frontier. He wrote "The U.S. copyright laws are far and away the most idiotic that exist anywhere on the face of the earth."

In connection with the Berne Conferences of 1884 on International Copyright, the evidence of American publishers was taken before the Commission on Patents. They held that as piracy was legal it was therefore allowable. Mr. Sherman proudly avowed that he had appropriated the

Encyclopædia Britannica. Mr. A. G. Sedgwick held that "The Bill should also protect those who have been encouraged by the Americans to become pirates of foreign books." Mr. G. G. Hubbard stated that "The property right of an author in his work is different from that of any other property right. While he holds the manuscripts or his thoughts in his own possession they are his own, but when he gives them to the world they become the property of the world." An important New York newspaper, writing with reference to the *readers* of America, says: "Nobody seems to have thought much about the interests of this numerous . . . class," and asks, "Will American book-buyers recognise the just right of the foreign author to a royalty on his books sold here, when the recognition will perhaps force them to pay a dollar or a dollar and a half for books which now cost them ten or fifteen cents?" (See Putnam: *Question of Copyright: Macmillan's Magazine*, June, 1886, etc.)

Fortunately, some Americans saw clearly the immorality of the existing state of affairs; in fact, the very word *pirate* so freely used necessarily implied the commission of a crime. Lowell manfully declared: "There is one thing better than a cheap book, and that is a book honestly come by," and wrote some scathing verses of which I subjoin one.

> "In vain we call old notions fudge,
> And bend our conscience to our dealing;
> The Ten Commandments will not budge,
> And stealing will continue stealing."

But for a considerable time such protests were few, as was to be expected: publishers and public had every reason to let matters remain undisturbed. By degrees, however, the movement for honesty grew more powerful; men like Lowell, Putnam and Brander Matthews, to name but a few, had succeeded in rousing the conscience of many. To what extent their efforts would have been successful on moral grounds alone is a matter of opinion; fortunately, a more powerful weapon was put into their hands.

I have already had occasion to point out how reform in the law is rarely effected unless commercial interests are involved: it is not until the pocket is affected that the claims of justice are regarded. This was eminently the case in the

present controversy. It was discovered by the Americans that so long as English books could be obtained for nothing publishers would not pay fees to native authors. This led to the appointment of a further Commission (1886) to examine into International Copyright; and a petition was put forward by American authors in its favour, their claim being based on their being "put at a disadvantage in their own country by the publication of foreign books without payment to the author, so that American books are undersold in the American market to the detriment of American literature." The manager of a Boston firm of publishers stated, "For two years past, though I belong to a publishing house that emits nearly a million dollars' worth of books per year, I have absolutely refused to entertain the idea of publishing an American manuscript." Other publishers gave similar evidence.

Yet when the Berne Convention was signed in 1887, America held aloof. In the same year the American Publishers' League was formed, to work in conjunction with the Authors' League for acceptance of the objects of the Convention. The opposition was still powerful. An important journal, *The Literary World*, asked in 1888, "What is copyright but a species of protection? And what is international copyright but a bulwark erected by protection against free trade?" As if free trade meant freedom to steal.

Many years had to elapse before the Government felt in a position to bring the controversy to a close, and meanwhile the theft of books went on merrily on both sides of the Atlantic. Mr. G. R. Sims relates how his poem *Ostler Joe* was published in 1,285 newspapers and a play made of it, all without putting a penny into his pocket. On the other hand, Mark Twain's works were published in London by Hotten and others, and had a large sale. (Hotten, by the way, did not confine himself to pirating American books; Dickens, Thackeray and Hood all suffered from his depredations for his *Piccadilly Annual*, as indignant letters show.) Professor H. Morley's *How to make Home unhealthy* was printed in America with the name of Harriet Martineau as author. (Courtney: *Secrets of our National Literature*: p. 97.) This particular form of insult was also the fate of Stevenson. "I own I boiled," he writes when a thief had stolen his book and misspelt his name. His *Treasure Island*,

Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde, etc., were widely pirated, and other authors suffered similarly.

However, public opinion, and the united efforts of both the respectable American publishers and the authors, prevailed at last over the selfish and dishonest tactics of their opponents, and the upshot was the passing of a law in 1891 under which foreign authors were conditionally granted protection in America. Minor amending acts, especially that of 1909, still further improved the position,—though from an English point of view further legislation is still needed. Various harassing restrictions exist which hamper the English author in America; and it is to be hoped that some day Congress will see the justice of making the reciprocal privileges of the two countries identical instead of one-sided.

CHAPTER V

Piracy (continued). Abridgments

In the former chapter I have not mentioned the above form of piracy, which seemed to claim separate attention. The pirate sails under various flags: "in ways that are dark and in tricks that are vain" he could give points to Bret Harte's Heathen Chinee. One of his dodges, and a most successful one, was to seize on a new book and abridge it. In that strange work, *The Life and Errors of John Dunton* (1705), appears the following diatribe against this form of piracy: "These gormandizers will eat you the very life out of a copy and so soon as ever it appears; for as the times go, *Original* and *Abridgment* are almost reckoned as necessary as man and wife."

This particular form of literary malpractice evidently struck Dunton as peculiarly calling for mention, as he reverts to it again in another part of his book.

It is not to be wondered at that the practice was common, for to cut down an existing book is the easiest way to become an author,—next to stealing the book outright.

It was not to be expected that the victims of these outrages should remain silent. Defoe in his preface to the second edition of Part II of *Robinson Crusoe* (1719) protests against the action of T. Cox, a bookseller who had published an edition omitting the moral reflections.

"The Injury these Men do the Proprietor of this Work is a Practice all honest Men abhor; and he believes he may challenge them to show the Difference between that and Robbing on the Highway, or Breaking open a House."

Defoe's publisher, William Taylor, announced that he would prosecute the pirate, and commenced a suit in Chancery; but nothing seems to have come of it. Defoe again appealed to the public in the Advertisement to another edition:—

"The pretended Abridgment of this Book, clandestinely Printed for T. Cox, at the Amsterdam Coffee House, consists only of some scatter'd Passages incoherently tacked together, wherein the Author's Sense throughout is wholly mistaken, the Matters of Fact misrepresented, and the Moral Reflections misapplied. It's hoped the Public will not give Encouragement to so base a Practice, the Proprietor intending to Prosecute the Vendors according to Law."

Fortunately all Abridgers were not dishonest. Before writing his Abridgment of Locke's *Essay Concerning Human Understanding*, Mr. John Wynne obtained the permission and indeed the encouragement of its author: dedicating the work to Locke in a grateful and appreciative letter. (1695.)

Oddly enough, Dr. Johnson, who as we have seen, had already spoken out on the subject in 1763, does not seem to have expressed any strong opinion when the topic came up in a conversation held ten years later. Boswell is reporting the Doctor. "He said, our judges had not gone deep in the question concerning literary property. I mentioned Lord Monboddo's opinion, that if a man could get a work by heart, he might print it, as by such an act the mind is exercised. *Johnson:* "No, Sir, a man's repeating it no more makes it his property, than a man may sell a cow which he drives home." I said, printing an abridgment of a work was allowed, which was only cutting the horns and tail off a cow. *Johnson:* "No, sir, 'tis making the cow have a calf."

One can only presume that the Doctor had forgotten how he himself had been treated in regard to *Rasselas*. (The case is referred to in the previous Chapter.)

Another case is mentioned in Charles Reade's *Eighth Commandment:* that of Strahan v. Newberry, in 1772, in respect of *Captain Cook's Voyages*. The judges held that the abridgment was permissible. On the other hand, it is noticeable that in France the judges held strongly the opposite view; showing that in regard to the rights of authors the French law was far in advance of the English.

In spite of the indifference of the law, it gradually became rarer to interfere with the works of a living author; but those of a dead one were at the disposal of anyone who felt inclined to prove his inability to write original work by summarizing that of an original writer. But even dead authors

had defenders, and when some too flagrant offence was committed a critic was not infrequently found to protest. When in 1823 John Murray included in his list of forthcoming books, *The Abridgment of Paradise Lost*, by Mrs. Siddons, Wm. Maginn was moved to indignation. "What shall we say of such a notion? The next thing, no doubt, will be an abridgment of Pope's *Homer* by Sam Rogers."

More recently a scathing article appeared in *The Echo* in regard to Miss Braddon's abridgment of some dozen of the Waverley novels for a penny edition: a proceeding which led to a certain amount of protest but which she defended.

The late Mr. Stead issued a penny series of classics, *Joseph Andrews*, *Gulliver's Travels*, etc., of course abridged; and more recently has appeared a series of penny popular novels. (*Coningsby*, etc.)

No doubt, it may be urged in defence of these attempts to popularise standard works that the reader of a penny epitome may be led to read the original version; but to a literary man there is something objectionable about tampering with a work complete as it stands, with its various parts balanced proportionately. Better that the reader should do his own "skipping" than that he should have it done for him.

Most of the cases I have mentioned are acknowledged abridgments, but I picked up recently Vol. 18 of *Romans et Contes Celebres*, which contains amongst others Scott's *Ivanhoe* and Dickens's *Old Curiosity Shop*. There are biographical notes by H. Duclos which certainly imply that the novels are complete translations, but they are only extracts strung together. The whole of the *Old Curiosity Shop* is compressed into ninety-four pages of large print octavo.

Similarly, in the Canterbury Poets series, whole cantos are omitted from *Hiawatha* with no indication that the poem is not complete; and "The People's Library," prints *Dramatis Personæ* without reference to the omission of *Mr. Sludge, the Medium*.

It would be easy to quote more protests by men of letters against the practice of abridgment. Macaulay asks, "What man of taste and feeling can endure . . . abridgments, expurgated editions?" (on Croker's *Boswell*.) Professor Saintsbury has an essay on the subject in his *A Second Scrap-Book* (1923): he indignantly protests against the men

who abridge books, "either in the interests of pure Bowdlerism, or to make them more easily misusable for scholastic purposes; or sometimes, I believe, merely to pander to the general contemporary appetite for tabloids. Just before writing this I have actually seen an 'abridged' edition of Southey's *Life of Nelson* promised . . . But the most monstrous experiment that I have actually seen and read recently was performed on my beloved *Mr. Midshipman Easy*."

Has Professor Saintsbury forgotten that he is one of the tribe that he abuses? He published some years ago a compressed version of Sir Charles Grandison; though in his Introduction he made an apology or rather apologia for his action.

"There comes a time when, with all but the very greatest works which have been originally executed on a large scale, it is a case for presentation in some shortened form, or for lasting exclusion from the knowledge of generations of readers. . . . I, too, have often clamoured for the 'whole.' I, too, know that the part can never take the place of the whole. . . ."

It can be freely acknowledged that in the case of Richardson this is true. He has suffered from his extreme length; even in his lifetime his friend Aaron Hill tried to shorten the first seven letters of *Clarissa*, but confessed that he only spoilt them. "You have," he wrote, "formed a style where verbosity becomes a virtue." But others have been bolder: J. H. Emmett, Mrs. Ward, E. S. Dallas, C. H. Jones, Sheila K. Smith—these by no means exhaust the list of those who have tried to popularise Richardson by compression with more or less success. The method adopted by Professor Saintsbury seems the most satisfactory; not to alter the portions he retains, and to give a short summary of those which he omits.

It certainly seems curious that even now it is doubtful whether an author can prevent an abridgment of his work. Mr. Birrell, K.C. (*Quain Lectures on Copyright*, 1905) states that "the law on the subject is still uncertain." Though for a layman to offer an opinion on legal subjects must "breed fruitful hot water"—as Mrs. Lirriper puts it—I cannot but think an abridgment is illegal. As will be seen in the case of *Little Lord Fauntleroy* (p. 87), it is an offence to copy any

part of a copyright work: *a fortiori* when the whole of a book is copied from one.

But though the law may be uncertain, it is undoubted that the tendency is towards a stricter view of the author's rights. Whilst abridgments used to be favoured by the courts as doing useful work in the diffusion of knowledge, Lord Hatherley in 1863 expressed his opinion that the courts had gone far enough in this direction, and other judges have followed his lead. Yet not so very many years ago a judge refused an injunction to restrain publication of a piano edition of an orchestral work on the ground that one was in twenty lines and the other in two, and therefore the latter could not be called a copy of the other. This notwithstanding that a musician offered to play on the piano from the orchestral score. Such a decision makes one doubt whether an author would fare much better than a musician at the hands of such a judge.

In any case there can be no doubt that anyone who took advantage of the uncertainty of the law to mutilate the work of a fellow-writer would inevitably incur the censure of the whole body of authors.

CHAPTER VI

Piracy (continued). Sequels

ANOTHER form of the industry of the pirate now claims attention.

The temptation to an author to write a sequel to a successful book is one which it is difficult to resist. Yet by general consent a continuation of a popular novel is but rarely felicitous; the original book is complete in itself, and to make an addition to its completeness is like an attempt to paint the lily. This dictum, of course, does not hold in the case of novels purposely ending "in the air" so to speak, as is the case with Borrow's *Lavengro* or Stevenson's *Kidnapped*. The reader would feel defrauded had no continuation been provided.

No doubt an author would be glad to repeat the success of his popular work; and as he has his characters already drawn his invention is not strained to depict fresh ones. Moreover public interest has been already roused. No wonder, then, that many authors yield to temptation, and write sequels to works which are capable of standing alone. They remain unwarned by such well-known cases as the comparative failure of the second part of the *Pilgrim's Progress*, of *Don Quixote*, of *Robinson Crusoe* and many others.

One may be quite sure that the ubiquitous pirate would be no less alive than the author to the chance of a good speculation by supplying a sequel to a successful book. When we lament the inability of authors to keep on the level of their first effort, we are often doing them an injustice. Bunyan might never have written Christiana's adventures had he not learnt, whilst engaged on his *Holy War*, that a pirate was about to bring out a continuation of the *Pilgrim's Progress*. In the Introductory Epistle to *The Monastery* Scott tells us that "Cid Hamet Benengali was induced by one Juan Avellanda to play the Turk with

the ingenious Miguel Cervantes, and to publish a Second Part of the adventures of his hero the renowned Don Quixote, without the knowledge or co-operation of his principal aforesaid." This continuation was published at Tarragona whilst Cervantes was preparing his second Part to *Don Quixote*, the pirate taking the opportunity of abusing Cervantes as well as of plagiarising him. Cervantes revenged himself by inserting sarcasms on his enemy in his sequel. (See *Preface and Chap. 24 of Part II.*)

Very possibly, the publication of a continuation of *Robinson Crusoe* by a pirate may have led Defoe to write his second part. Similarly *Gulliver's Travels* were issued with spurious additions. (Courtney: *Secrets of our National Literature.*)

Richardson's *Pamela* was published in 1740. In 1741 he heard that Chandler, a bookseller (publisher), had commissioned Kelly to continue *Pamela*. Richardson remonstrated, and stated that if Kelly persisted he (Richardson) would write a sequel himself; whereupon Chandler suggested that Kelly should do the work, and that Richardson should allow the book to appear with his (Richardson's) name: a proposal indignantly refused. Nevertheless, Kelly wrote his continuation, and had the impudence to send it to Richardson for his approval. In self-defence, Richardson wrote a continuation himself; but Kelly's version, *Pamela's Conduct in High Life*, came out in September, 1741, whilst Richardson's *Second Part* did not appear till three months later.

In a letter to his brother-in-law, Richardson bewails "the Hardship it was that a Writer could not be permitted to end his own Work, when and how he pleased, without such scandalous Attempts of Ingrafting upon his Plan." He evidently did not want the trick played on him twice, so *Clarissa* is of such portentous length that no one presumably would have the pluck to attempt a continuation.

His rival, Fielding, was a fellow-sufferer. After *Tom Jones* had taken the public by storm an impudent sequel appeared, *Tom Jones in his Married State.*

Nahum Tate, Poet Laureate to William III, not only mangled Shakespeare but had the temerity to prolong Dryden's *Absolom and Achitophel*; which performance Pro-

fessor Craik denounces as the worst continuation of a great poem extant.

Shortly after the death of Sterne, his great friend, Hall-Stevenson, took upon himself to publish a continuation of *A Sentimental Journey*. He justified his action on the ground that the book ended so abruptly as to claim a sequel, and that Sterne had discussed the matter with him. But the book was a failure: Hall missed the peculiar charm which invested Sterne's work, and added the indecency which pervaded all his own.

Dickens was the victim of every sort of literary scamp: pirate, abridger and sequel writer. A continuation of Pickwick under the title of *The Pickwicks Abroad*, by G. W. M. Reynolds, was published in twenty parts in 1839: and a writer in *The Times Literary Supplement* stated (13th April, 1922) that it "was still in print up to a few years ago."

Thackeray's continuation of *Ivanhoe* (*Rebecca and Rowena*) was, of course, a joke,—and one which some of his admirers wish he had not perpetrated. I doubt if even Scott's good nature would not have given way had he lived to read it.

One would have thought that nowadays there would be no danger of an author venturing to write a sequel to another's work, but that would be a mistake. Sir Harry Johnston has published *The Gay-Dombeys* to which Mr. H. G. Wells has contributed a preface in which he acknowledges that "It is a sequel to Dickens." By the very fact of his contributing a preface Mr. Wells seems to imply that he sees no objection to such a feat. Moreover, the *Gay-Dombeys* was followed by *Mrs. Warren's Daughter*, a sequel to G. B. Shaw's *Mrs. Warren's Profession*. In this case, however, Sir Harry is careful to state that he has had permission to continue the story. "But for this," he writes, "I should not have ventured to take up the tale, as I hold an author while he lives has a prescriptive right to his creations."

We may be thankful that he holds this opinion, though the inference naturally is that when once an author is dead and cannot object, anyone has a right to do what he likes with his works. It is devoutly to be hoped that authors in general hold other views, and that we shall not find

masterpieces of fiction spoiled by unauthorised continuations. It is, to my mind at least, an extraordinary theory to hold. I have detailed above the indignation of authors at similar treatment, and there is no reason to think that they would have welcomed the idea of sequels after their death any more than during their life time.

I had just written the above when I came across a paragraph in *John o' London* (October, 1923) regarding Mr. St. John Ervine.

"Perhaps the most surprising piece of news that comes from this brilliant dramatist and critic, is that he has written a sequel to *The Merchant of Venice*. The scene, I believe, is laid in Portia's house ten years after the trial of Antonio. Portia's marriage to Bassanio has proved a failure, owing to the young man's weak character. Shylock comes into the play once more, as an 'old and richly-dressed man,' and wins his pound of flesh in a more generous manner than he originally desired." The play has since been published.

From this it seems that others do not share my view. In *The Morning Post* of 20th July, 1926, Mr. Ervine writes *apropos* of Mr. St. John Hankin's *Dramatic Sequels*, "I deny that he (the author) has an exclusive right in his people, or that the imaginations of other authors about them must never begin or be recorded. . . . If he has made his characters so absorbingly interesting to another author that he is compelled to adopt them as his own and to make more records of their lives, he has surely done something that is creditable both to him and his parental successor."

"Parental" is an odd word to have chosen to describe a person who has stolen someone else's child. Mr. Ervine and Sir Harry Johnston have shown abundantly enough that it is not lack of originality which makes them take another man's work as the foundation of their own, and I can only hope that in the future, as in the past, they will be content to give the world their own work instead of exploiting that of others.*

* *Postscript.* In 1926 a novel, *Porto-Bello Gold*, by A. H. Smith was published, relating how the treasure of *Treasure Island* came to be secreted, and introducing Silver, Pew, and the rest of Stevenson's pirates. The objections to sequels set out in this chapter naturally apply with equal force to prologues.

CHAPTER VII

Piracy (continued). Theatrical

THEATRICAL and literary piracy differ in many respects; from a legal point of view they are distinct. It is advisable, therefore, to discuss them in different chapters.

As regards ancient times, it will suffice to mention that the Romans appropriated the Greek drama freely, with the natural result that the home-made article languished. Mr. Putnam (*Authors and their Public in Ancient Times*, p. 91) asserts that from 280 to 180 B.C. practically all Roman plays were taken from the Greek, exactly as English dramatists in later years took French ones.

Up to the Elizabethan age no one had any notion that there could be private rights in a play publicly performed. A dramatist would naturally do what he could to prevent his work from reaching the public except through the channel he had chosen, but he had no legal remedy if it fell into the wrong hands.

Shakespeare was, of course, a notorious pirate: he took old plays (*King John*, *Hamlet*, etc.) and rewrote or altered them freely: a fact on which we may congratulate ourselves. When the Folio was published in 1623, there was no allusion to his collaborators; to have made one would have appeared entirely superfluous. The details of the sources of his plays and those of his contemporaries have been so fully worked out by commentators that there is no necessity for me to recapitulate them.

After the Restoration, when the drama was again permitted, the taste of the public had utterly altered from that of the time of Elizabeth and James I. Shakespeare was considered out of date, though allowed to be a great dramatist; he could not be played without adaptation in order to please the new generation. Nor were dramatists lacking who were ready to perform the necessary operation,

which they did with a lack of conscience worthy of the days when Shakespeare worked over the dramas of his predecessors. Unfortunately, they did not improve on their originals as he did, but debased them.

Dryden's great name must not be allowed to justify his misdeeds in this respect. Of his adaptation of *The Tempest* he complacently writes, "It was originally Shakespeare's." This he acknowledged in the Prologue, which begins,

> "As when a tree's cut down, the secret root
> Lives underground, and thence new branches shoot:
> So from old Shakespeare's honoured bust, this day
> Springs up and buds a new-reviving play."

Many of the ensuing lines are a eulogy of Shakespeare: in fact, Dryden was continually proclaiming his admiration of him. That did not make him hesitate, however, to mutilate him freely. *Troilus and Cressida* was another play which he re-modelled, though in the Prologue, supposed to be spoken by the ghost of Shakespeare, he writes,

> "In this my rough-drawn play you shall behold
> Some master-strokes, so manly and so bold,
> That he who meant to alter, found 'em such.
> He shook, and thought it sacrilege to touch."

With some inconsistency, Dryden attacked Shadwell for doing what he had himself done, and in *Mac Flecknoe* accused Shadwell of transferring scenes from Etherege into his plays. Alluding to Ben Jonson, he writes,

> "When did his muse from Fletcher scenes purloin
> As thou whole Etherege doth transfuse to thine?"

Still one more instance of the mote and the beam.

It may be mentioned, in passing, that Shakespeare was not the only master to be "improved" by Dryden. He remodelled *Paradise Lost*, largely in rhyme; Aubrey says with Milton's consent. (Scott: *Life of Dryden*.)

Dryden's mutilations were, however, slight in comparison with those of Davenant, Tate, Shadwell and others. Regarding Davenant's Edition of *Macbeth* of 1678, Lamb declares that he would not be believed if he stated what Davenant had dared to do, so he simply refers the reader

to the text in the Collection of Garrick plays. It can also be found in Mr. H. H. Furness' *Variorum Edition*.

The Tempest was a play which particularly tempted authors. Beside Davenant's and Dryden's *The Tempest or the Enchanted Island*, Thos. Duffett contributed *The Mock-Tempest or the Enchanted Castle*; whilst the play was "made into an opera by Mr. Shadwell, having all New in it," and played in 1673.* The best known piracy of Nahum Tate is that of *King Lear*. The tragic ending was not to be endured, so he made it end happily. "'Twas my good fortune," he writes, "to light on one expedient to rectifie what was wanting in the regularity and probabilitie of the tale, which was to run through the whole, as Love between Edgar and Cordelia, that never chang'd word in the original."

So popular did this version become that Tate grew to consider himself the author of the play, and in 1707 he actually produced a drama "*Injured Love*, by N. Tate, author of the Tragedy called *King Lear*"! Shadwell was equally shameless; he wrote (1678) of his arrangement of *Timon of Athens*, "I have made it into a play."

Those who are curious on the subject will find no difficulty in pursuing it. There is the *Variorum Shakespeare* for instance, whilst the Rev. Montague Summers in *Shakespeare Adaptations* treats the matter at length. In *Garrick and his Circle* Mrs. Clement Parsons gives details of the state of affairs in the time of Garrick; in fact, there is a whole literature on the subject.

It was the custom from the earliest days for dramatists to sell their plays to companies, after which their pecuniary interest ended. It was to the interest of the companies to keep their MS. private; if it were published before the play had run its course its value was diminished. In Elizabethan days there existed an excessive number of printers, and the competition for plays was keen; consequently, the pirates resorted to every trick to obtain copies of new plays. G. Wither, in his *Scholler's Purgatory* (1625), complains that plays were vamped up from the players' parts and from shorthand notes, and in the Prologue to the *Play of Queen Elizabeth* we read: "Some by stenography drew the plot; put it in print (scarce one word true)": which does not say

* *Garrick and his Circle*—Mrs. Clement Parsons.

much for the system of shorthand employed. Thomas Heywood speaks of early plays of his having "accidentally come into the printer's hands and therefore so corrupt and mangled (coppied only by the eare) that I have bin as unable to know them, as ashamed to challenge them." (Pollard: *Shakespeare's Fight with the Pirates.*) In the Preface to the Folio (1623) the editors state that readers "were abus'd with diuerse stol'n and surreptitious copies, maimed and deformed by the frauds and stealthes of injurious impostors that expos'd them." Malone (*Introduction to Shakespeare*, 1790) says that fifteen of Shakespeare's plays were printed in quarto before the folio: of these thirteen "undoubtedly were all surreptitious, that is, stolen from the playhouse and printed without the consent of the author or the proprietors"; an estimate since considerably modified.

Throughout the succeeding century and even later, the same condition of things continued. Even in the time of Sheridan there seems to have been no law to prevent unauthorised performances of plays if only a copy could be obtained by hook or by crook. Macready writes in his *Reminiscences*, "An incorrect MS. of Mr. Lewis's *The Wood Demon*, from notes taken in shorthand, I believe, during its performance, was given to my father. . . . I rewrote much of the character" (of Hardy Knute). The piracy was duly produced at Newcastle in 1810. Sheridan withheld the publication of the *School for Scandal* in order to prevent its being played by other companies, but the only result was that defective copies were used. Mr. J. Bernard in his *Retrospections of the Stage* confesses that he undertook for ten shillings a week extra salary to compile an edition of the play for the Exeter Theatre on condition that the copies were destroyed at the end of the season. He had but three parts in his possession and faked the rest from memory, assisted by the other actors.

Similar cases have been known in more recent days. The vamping up of old plays and presenting them as new is on the border line between piracy and plagiarism. Pope contemptuously refers to the practice in *The Dunciad*: Bk. 1.

> " A vast, vamped, future, old, revived, new piece,
> " Twixt Plautus, Fletcher, Shakespeare and Corneille,
> Can make a Cibber, Tibbald or Ozell."

Dramatists long continued to resort to this easy method of obtaining their material. I append a few examples.

In 1723 Charles Johnson brought out at Drury Lane *Love in a Forest*, which was *As You Like It* cut down and altered, with scraps from *Much Ado about Nothing* and other Shakespearean pieces, with, of course, original scenes by the author, who had the happy idea of marrying Jacques to Celia. In 1739 "J.C." published *The Modern Receipt or A Cure for Love*, another piracy of *As You Like It*, changing the names, turning the verse into prose, and playing fast and loose with the story. Later on, George Sand translated the same play, and made a three-act comedy of it, *Tirée de Shakespeare et arrangée.*—"In dealing with this uncurbed genius, which owned no restraint," she thought herself justified in "condensing, abstracting and modifying the work." Jacques marries Celia here also, though the authoress fears she has taken a great liberty in the alteration. So much for a few versions of one play.

It is curious that whilst scholars were expending endless labour over the text of Shakespeare, their efforts went for nothing as regards the perversions placed on the stage. It was not until the time of Macready that any attempt was made to substitute the actual text for the mutilated one, and Macready deserves great credit for his efforts in that direction. His *Reminiscences* contain frequent allusions to the difficulties he had to encounter. When, in 1821, he produced Cibber's version of *Richard III*, already partially restored, he still further returned to Shakespeare's text; though "in deference to the taste of the times" he still retained such "clap-trap" as "Off with his head! so much for Buckingham!"

The Times of 13th March, 1821, welcomed this attempt to "rescue the original text from the omissions and interpolations which successive ages have accumulated." This must have been an encouragement to Macready to persevere in his well-meant, if not heroic, efforts to present Shakespeare as written. Nor was *The Times* the only paper to protest against such mutilations. When *The Merry Wives of Windsor* was produced at Drury Lane in February, 1824, with songs, duets, etc., *The Observer* wrote, "This attempt to convert one of the most effective comedies in the language

into a sort of opera is far from being creditable to the taste of the managers."

In writing of Kean's *Lear*, Macready remarks: "it must be borne in mind that it was Tate's version, or parody, as without a very great strain on the word it may not inaptly be termed. . . . It would scarcely be believed that such a passage as the following would be given in what professes to be an improvement on Shakespeare.

> . . . 'Find him,
> Edmund, that I may wind me to his heart,
> And twist his bleeding bowels round my arm'."

In the course of this study, I shall have occasion to point out that in various forms of literary effort there has been no sensible advance from the point of view of the moralist or critic. It is the more pleasant to call attention to the marked improvement in the modern treatment of classical plays, especially those of Shakespeare. Though Daly, Beerbohm Tree, Irving and others cut ruthlessly and transplanted scenes in order to present the plays with gorgeous scenery and accessories, they did not tamper with the text. In recent presentations the tendency has been to return to primitive scenery, and to present the whole play as far as possible as it was written.

There are exceptions, however. I cannot resist giving a West African Poster quoted in *Punch* 27th October, 1920.

> A Native Drama
> entitled
> Inu vere Ki pani

(Popularly known as *Merchant of Venice*, but beautified and enlarged to local taste.) Interspersed with Popular Dialogues, latest songs, etc., Will (D.V.) be rendered by the —— Guild." The "beautified and enlarged to local taste" would have appealed to the eighteenth century English audience. (See Note, page 90.)

There is nothing even now to prevent anyone taking a French or English play which is out of copyright and either translating it, adapting it, or using it as a foundation for his own play. But whichever he does, he ought to acknowledge frankly what he has done; letting the original author have full credit for his work and freeing him from any dis-

credit which may attach to the new work. As to the morality of such action each must decide for himself, risking the contempt which is now poured out on Davenant, Tate and Co. for doing exactly what he contemplates doing. But piracy of a copyright play is now illegal. By the Dramatic Copyright Act of 1833 the owner of the Stage right of a play obtained security for 28 years or the duration of the author's life if longer.

The miserable position of the dramatist until the passing of this Act can be gathered from such books as Planché's *Recollections and Reflections*, Macready's *Reminiscences*, his *Life*, etc. In Macready's examination before the select Committee in 1832, after stating that he "would not allow the minor theatres to perform the legitimate drama," he was good enough to remark that "He was in favour of giving to dramatic authors the right to remuneration from all theatres performing their pieces." To some people payment to a dramatist seemed quite uncalled for. A Mr. Wilkins, who was the proprietor of several theatres, gave evidence before the Committee. He stated that in his opinion no dramatist except Sheridan Knowles deserved to be paid. (Planché: *Recollections*, Vol. II, p. 202.)

The Act of 1833, was, however, only a partial remedy of a gross injustice: it enacted that a substantial part of a play must be taken to constitute an infringement, but left to the Courts to settle what a substantial part might be; an invitation to legal action. The judges, as usual, were inclined to favour the pirate. So late as 1874, in the case of Chatterton and Cave, where the defendant had taken two scenes from the plaintiff's drama, the verdict was for the defendant, and was confirmed by the Court of Appeal and the House of Lords. (Macgillivray: *The Law of Copyright*.)

It is very doubtful if such a verdict would now be given: the rights of the author have been gradually recognised by the Courts. For example, it is related by Sir F. C. Burnand (*Records and Reminiscences*) that when Farnie cribbed part of his burlesque for an opera-bouffe, he was afraid to face a jury and paid £100 to settle the matter. Sir Francis gives other instances of piracy over which he waxes indignant; but his indignation seems somewhat strained in view of his own record. He pirated from the French freely, generally without acknowledgement. In his *Reminiscences*, he writes

that he was puzzled as to the finish of his play *The Colonel*. "It was then that a 'happy thought' occurred to me. The old lady and her hypocritical adviser suddenly appear on the scene when her daughter and her husband are giving a dance. They are horrified at the waltzing. 'What!' she exclaims, 'Is this a rebellion?' 'No,' explains the Colonel, waving his hand to the time of the waltz, 'it's a revolution'."

But this very "happy thought" is to be found in the French play (*Le Mari à la Campagne*) of which *The Colonel* is an unacknowledged adaptation.

Amazing! as Whistler would have remarked.

In another direction the law was on the side of the thief. Many readers can remember the time when if an author published a play, he could not prevent anyone from producing it without paying any fee; the author being compelled to produce before publication, with all its attendant expense. He usually got over the difficulty by hiring a licensed building, charging a guinea for entrance, and getting his friends to scramble through the play with their parts in their hands. I have had to do it myself.

This stealing from fellow-dramatists of their own country was not the only resource of the pirates: the plays of other countries were considered fair plunder. The Restoration drama largely consists of plays taken from the French or Spanish. Calderon's plays were translated and adapted almost as soon as they were placed on the stage: Tuke's *Adventures of Five Hours* (1663) and the Earl of Bristol's *'Tis better than it was* and *Worse and Worse* were produced in Calderon's lifetime. Later, Dryden's *Mock Astrologer* and *An Evening's Love*, Wycherley's *Dancing Master*, Killigrew's *Parson's Wedding*, etc., were all founded on Calderon; who also furnished plots to Vanbrugh, Centlivre, Cibber, Steele, etc. (See Preface to E. FitzGerald's *Six Dramas by Calderon*.)

The French drama, which in the seventeenth century had advanced whilst the English stood still under Puritan rule, was the great resource of playwrights of the Restoration and of centuries after. Dryden alludes to it somewhat bitterly in the Prologue to *The Conquest of Granada* (1672) *First Part*.

> "French farce, worn out at home, is sent abroad,
> And patched up here is made an English mode."

It is odd that he should have chosen this play for his protest, as it is usually considered to be founded on the *Almahide* of Mlle. de Scudéry; he confesses in the prefatory essay that the character of Almanzar was suggested by Calprenède.

Vanbrugh freely annexed French plays, as did also Shadwell, who avowed "'Tis not from barrenness of wit or invention that makes me borrow from the French, but laziness." (See *Literary Studies:* C. Whibley.)

The practice of "adaptation" from the French, (a euphemism for piracy), sometimes with, but more often without, any acknowledgment, was continued without intermission in the nineteenth century. But as time went on the feeling that such pilfering was unfair gained ground, and the question of international copyright was debated as regards plays as well as other forms of literature; authors felt that they ought to defend their piracies. When Planché adapted and freely altered *La Juive*, he writes that in cases of adaptation where the author has in great part rewritten the dialogue, "I contend that he has made that play his own by the new treatment of the subject and the language he has supplied . . . that it is the quantity and not the quality of the work he has done which constitutes his claim to the property," etc. He is rightly severe on the pirates who annexed whole plays, played them under a different name, and spoiled the market for the original play; and mentions with disapproval other tricks and evasions of unscrupulous play-mongers. He protests that literary property cannot be protected from theft as can a watch, and therefore the law ought to give exceptional facilities for stopping it. "The unauthorised appropriation of it (a play), should be visited by much more certain and summary punishment than an action for penalties and damages, in which the *onus probandi* is placed entirely on the shoulders of the plaintiff, and who, even if he obtains a verdict, may be left minus the penalties, and saddled with his own expenses." (J. R. Planché, *Recollections*, Vol. I.)

English dramatists were not likely, however, to relinquish so convenient a source of material, whilst theatrical managers viewed with dismay the prospect of having to pay for what they had hitherto obtained for nothing except perhaps the fee of a hack translator. The natural result was

that, with the exception of Goldsmith and Sheridan, there was no dramatist of high rank for the best part of a century. Though the French had the same liberty of piracy as we had, the game was very one-sided. Still, they did what they could, as the amusing instance of Douglas Jerrold's youthful play shows. This farce, *More Frightened than Hurt*, was produced at Sadler's Wells, translated into French, played in Paris, retranslated and played again in London under another name as the latest Parisian success.

In a manifesto against the appearance of foreign actors at Drury Lane, in 1848, the writer speaks of certain authors and their "slimy wanderings . . . who suck Frenchmen's brains through a quill and void the diluted matter forth," etc. He wishes to "consign their immoral plagiarisms to the flame"; an interesting piece of evidence of the revolt against the English dramatists' reliance on borrowing from the French. Moreover, French authors showed increasing irritation at seeing their work bringing in large sums of money in England in which they had no share, and in addition saw their plays mutilated and spoilt. There was an animated controversy in 1851 on the subject of International Copyright, to which Mr. C. J. Mathews contributed a pamphlet. In it he stated that French pieces were not as a rule suitable for the English stage; that their folly and indecency would naturally prevent their introduction into London; and that their authors ought not to show so much eagerness to make money. (Dickens: *Life of C. J. Mathews*). Mr. Charles Reade in his curious *Eighth Commandment* (1860) points out that at the time this pamphlet was written the Lyceum (Mathews' theatre) was doing very well "on two French legs"—*The Game of Speculation*, and *The Prince of Happy Land.*

In 1865 Mr. Mathews was ill-advised enough to play in Paris *Used Up*, an adaptation of *L'Homme Blasé.* Sarcey criticised him favourably, but added "Ought not Mr. Mathews to tell his countrymen that it is shameful that the English theatres should make immense sums of money out of our pieces, and not account for a penny to our authors: that the translator of *L'Homme Blasé* should have put 30,000 francs into his pocket whilst Messrs. Duval and Lausanne have not received a sou?" (Dickens: *Life of Mathews*). No doubt Mr. Mathews was confirmed in his

opinion that the French showed "too much eagerness to make money."

In 1857, in consequence of the agitation, an International Copyright Act was passed securing French authors against *translation*. But a proviso was smuggled in "that it is not intended to prohibit fair imitations, or adaptations of dramatic works to the stage in England and France respectively." Of course this made the Act useless, as was pointed out by Charles Reade in *The Eighth Commandment*. This book, to which we have already referred, is an indignant protest against the lack of honesty in theatrical matters, and the fact that Reade was a confirmed sinner himself (see pages 121 *et seq.*) must not let us detract from the credit which is his due for his outspoken denunciation of literary dishonesty. He details numerous cases of which I will give but one. He had bought the original authorised version of *Les Pauvres de Paris;* but two pirates, Barnard and Johnstone, had already adapted the piece, and sued Reade for £500 damages for stating that they were not the authors and proprietors of the play, as they had adapted it. Reade won the case, strangely enough; for the law does not seem on his side. However, he was not usually so successful in his quarrels, and his complaints of the piracy of his plays and novels are bitter and frequent.

However indignant the authors might be regarding piracy, public opinion as expressed by the critics made light of their grievances. A good example of critical indifference as to the authorship of a play is afforded in a long notice in *Punch* of 23rd January, 1869, of Robertson's *Home*. The critic writes, "There may be some French in the pedigree of *Home :* I don't know and I don't care." Yet he proceeds to protest against the practice of critics in ignoring the author of a play whilst praising the performers, scene-painters, etc., pointing out that the success of a play is largely due to the author, "who has spent weeks in conceiving all the situations and polishing the dialogue," etc. etc. Inconsistency could scarcely be carried further.

Nearly twenty years later, *The Daily Telegraph* critic (Clement Scott) wrote regarding the revival of Mr. Grundy's *Pair of Spectacles*, "That it was suggested to Mr. Grundy by a French original is as immaterial to me as was the fact that the same author's *In Honour Bound* was boiled down

into an English play from a good Scribe essence." This is an especially disingenuous remark in view of the fact that the play in question was not "suggested" by the French original, but taken bodily from Labiche and adapted to English life. It was but natural, however, for Clement Scott to defend a practice to which he was himself addicted.

It was in 1886 that Andrew Lang addressed one of his delightful *Letters to Dead Authors* to the Shade of Molière. "Still," he writes, "as has ever been our wont since Etherege saw, and envied, and imitated your manner—still we pilfer the plays of France, and take our *bien*, as you said in your lordly manner, wherever we can find it. We are the privateers of the stage, and it is rarely, to be sure, that a comedy pleases the town which has not first been 'cut out' from the countrymen of Molière."

The natural result of such an attitude was that the dramatist, finding that original work received no more praise than unoriginal, took the easier path. As Sir F. C. Burnand cynically confessed, he found it easier to adapt French plays than to write new ones.

As the appropriation of French plays paralysed the English drama for the best part of a century, so the want of an International Copyright had a deadening effect on American drama. It practically subsisted on English plays —stolen from us as we stole from France—with the result that American drama was for a long time negligible. It is cheering to see how, since International Copyright has been in force, a remarkable school of American playwrights has sprung into existence who rival those of the mother country.

It is now time to turn to another branch of theatrical piracy. The English dramatist had another resource besides that of stealing from foreign plays; he could appropriate the novels of English authors: a convenience when he did not happen to know French or Spanish. In fact, there seemed no reason why a dramatist should use his brains at all: scissors and paste were an ample equipment. As this adaptation of novels is a chapter in theatrical interest of considerable importance, I may be pardoned for treating it in some detail.

Until the nineteenth century, it was taken for granted that the novelist had no cause for complaint when his work

was appropriated for dramatic purposes. Shakespeare took Lodge's romance of *Rosalynde* for *As You Like It* and Greene's novel for his *Winter's Tale*. When Thos. Southern printed his tragedy of *Oroonoko* in 1791, he made no mention of Mrs. Aphra Behn. Macready, in his *Reminiscences*, Vol. 1, writes as regards Scott's *Rob Roy* (1817) that it "was immediately pounced upon by the playwrights of the theatres, of whom Pocock was the first in the field. Mr. J. Soame had the title, but I fancy nothing more, to a piece which was at a later date produced at Drury Lane." Terry made the best known version, and Scott even assisted him in making it; though apparently Scott did not consider that he had any claim to the profits. He alludes to Terry's action in the Introductory Epistle to *The Fortunes of Nigel*. I have "been, like a second Laberius, made a dramatist whether I would or not. I believe my muse would be *Terry*fied into treading the stage, even if I should write a sermon."

What a pun! worthy of Lamb.

Blackwood was always ready for a tilt against a popular author, and Dr. Maginn thought he saw an opportunity for an attack on Byron when *Werner* was published in 1823. He writes "There is not one incident in his play, not even the most trivial, that is not to be found in the novel from which it is taken, occurring exactly in the same manner . . . as to the characters, why, not only is every one of them to be found in the novel," and so on at length, pages being quoted from Miss H. Lee's *Canterbury Tale*, on which *Werner* is founded, to justify his charges. But all his blows are in the air. In the preface to the play Byron acknowledges his indebtedness to Miss Lee's tale,—which, by the way, was an adaptation of a German story *Kruitzner*. Byron writes, "I have adopted the characters, plan, and even the language of many parts of this story. . . . I merely refer the reader to the original story that he may see to what extent I have borrowed from it."

The Doctor's attack was of course in respect of plagiarism. If he had protested against the poet's appropriation of the novelist's tale without her permission we should have sympathised with his indignation, but he expressly states that he would not be so foolish as to deny the right to use another author's story for dramatic purposes.

This is an illuminating remark: to deny the right of piracy would be "foolish." Yet on closer inspection why should he have mentioned it at all unless he had an unconscious feeling that such borrowing needed justification?

It is amusing to find Maginn apologising for using the word *plagiarised*, which he states he has coined as he does not like to say *stolen*. The word is centuries old.

That some dramatists had misgivings as to the morality of this form of robbery is undoubted. J. R. Planché (*Recollections*, Vol. I) relates how he applied to Peacock for permission before turning *Maid Marian* into an opera. (1822) He remarks on the state of the law in regard to the matter, and on the moral question of annexing other men's work for dramatic purposes. Few authors of the time, however, shared his scruples. Charles Lamb certainly did not, for in a letter to Mrs. Shelley, 26th July, 1827, he writes, "I am busy with a farce in two acts." This was *The Intruding Widow*, founded on Crabbe's tale of *The Confidant*.

The injury which Scott had accepted as inevitable, later novelists were disinclined to suffer without protest. Dickens was a leader in the movement to remedy this as other abuses. Mr. Montagu Williams in *Later Leaves* records a conversation with Mrs. Keeley about the production of a stage version of *Nicholas Nickleby* (1838). The veteran actress remarked, "Dickens superintended the rehearsals of *Nicholas Nickleby*, but I don't think he cared very much about any of his works being dramatised. Well, you see, the plays were mere paste and scissors, done by old Stirling."

This gives a very mild idea of Dickens' attitude towards the pirates of his novels. Regarding this identical production, Forster writes (*Life of Charles Dickens*): "An indecent assault had been committed on his book by a theatrical adapter named Stirling, who seized upon it without leave while yet only a third of it was written; hacked, cut and garbled its dialogue to the shape of one or two favourite actors, invented for it a plot and an ending of his own, and produced it at the Adelphi."

Dickens took what revenge he could by dragging in by the heels a tirade by Nicholas in the farewell supper to Mr. Crummles at which an adaptor was a guest. "You take

the uncompleted books of living authors, fresh from their hands, wet from the press, cut, hack and carve them . . . finish unfinished works . . . do your utmost to anticipate his plot—all this without his permission and against his will; and then to crown the whole proceeding publish in some mean pamphlet an unmeaning farrago of garbled extracts from his work, to which you put your name as author. . . . Now, show me the distinction between such pilfering as this and picking a man's pocket in the street."

To choose Nicholas as the vehicle of his indignation was not too happy a thought, as not long before Crummles had given him a French play to translate and put his name to as author, and Nicholas had accepted the job without protest.

On one occasion Dickens visited the Surrey Theatre to see *Oliver Twist*, "when in the middle of the first scene he laid himself down upon the floor in a corner of the box, and never rose from it till the drop-scene fell." He describes his experience when he saw his *Christmas Carol* as "heart breaking." Versions of *The Cricket on the Hearth* were performed at twelve theatres in January, 1846. Dickens helped to dramatise some of his Christmas stories, but such efforts "were mere attempts to render tolerable what he had no power to prevent." (Forster's *Life of Charles Dickens*.)

Dickens not only suffered from his English depredators, but had an additional burden to bear in being adapted by the French. Exasperating as were some of the English perversions, the French ones were worse. In *Frazer's Magazine* for March, 1842, Thackeray describes his visit to the Ambigu Comique to see *Nicholas Nickleby, ou les Voleurs de Londres*. He calls it "an outrageous travesty." Evidently, this was the version in six acts which Mr. McDonald Rendle speaks of seeing in Paris in the same year. To give an idea of the piece, it is sufficient to state that Smike (renamed Smilke), was elevated to the peerage in the last act as Lord Clarendon! (*Swings and Roundabouts*, p. 80).

These adaptations are still made; as the novels are out of copyright it is open to anyone to try his hand at one. I have taken the trouble to read a recent specimen: *David Copperfield,-piéce en 5 actes par Max Maurey, d'après*

Charles Dickens. It was produced at the Odeon in 1911, revived in 1913, and has been published in *Illustration*. The author states that he has taken an episode from the novel and enlarged it to fit the stage: he confines himself to the childhood of David.

The critics were almost unanimous in praise of the piece. M. M. Porto-Riche, R. de Flers, Léon Blum, A. Brisson and Abel Hermant amongst others give it unqualified approval. Antoine produced it.

It isn't Dickens at all. Micawber keeps the school to which David is sent on the recommendation of Heep: Mell is assistant master, and is a manly and defiant character: he is really Nicholas Nickleby, and Dotheboys School is laid under contribution in one scene. From this school David is transferred to "Creekle" who is Fagin from Oliver Twist. Toby is there as a boy. There are one or two new characters: Grumelle (a strange name for an Englishman), and Edith, a girl in Creekle's household. The Murdstones, Miss Trotwood, Barkis, Peggotty, "Tradles" and numerous other characters are made use of in a sort of higgledy-piggledy fashion, and the play ends with David's rescue by Miss Trotwood and the discomfiture of the Murdstones and Heep by Micawber. (Micawber, by the way, is always referring to his *grog à la bière*: Heep will appeal to the coroner to decide to whom David belongs.)

It is difficult for a lover of Dickens to decide whether the play is a good one or not. The effect on an English reader is one of confusion and indignation, modified by amusement.

(For an account of the numerous plays founded on Dickens' novels, the reader is referred to *Dickens au Théâtre*, by George Duquois.)

To return to England. *Jane Eyre* was dramatised in 1848, evidently against Charlotte Brontë's desire. In a letter to J. W. Williams on the 5th April she writes that she is sure it would be "exaggerated and painfully vulgarised." It has since been turned into a play many times: the most important version being that of W. G. Wills in 1882 produced at the old Globe Theatre.

Charles Reade with characteristic inconsistency protested against unauthorised dramatisation of his novels, whilst he made plays out of those of Anthony Trollope and Mrs.

Hodgson Burnett without their consent.* Fortunes were made out of the dramas adapted from Mrs. Henry Wood's *East Lynne;* one adaptor actually suing another for infringement of his copyright in the alterations he had made. Not only had the novelist no redress, but if it occurred to him to make his own version and reap the rewards, the author of the pirated version forbade him to do so, on the ground that he was infringing his (the pirate's) copyright!

Of this popular novel there were no less than seventeen versions from 1874 to 1908, several running at the same time. Mrs. Wood, of course, never received a penny.

I have already pointed out how the legislature has always been indifferent to the claims of authors to the product of their own brains, and until the abuse became too outrageous made no attempt to mitigate it. The credit for the cessation of this intolerable wrong was not due to the amendment of the law. In 1888, an adaptation of Mrs. Hodgson Burnett's *Little Lord Fauntleroy* was produced, so successfully that a rival version was placed on the boards. The authoress brought an action, and her lawyer had the happy idea to proceed against the offender not for dramatising the novel but for infringement of ordinary copyright, inasmuch as he had embodied certain sentences from the novel in the actors' parts. It was held that such copying was illegal; the pirate lost his case and committed suicide not long after. Subsequent legislation settled the question satisfactorily. Though it still seems doubtful whether a *plot* may not be taken and a new play written in different words, (Macgillivray: *Copyright Cases*, 1909), the act of 1911 has put a stop for ever to a long-standing outrage.

In America, the author seems to have been protected, judging from a letter of Mark Twain's. (*Life*, p. 259). An obscure travelling manager wrote that he had taken the liberty of dramatising *Tom Sawyer*, and would also like the use of the author's name. Mark Twain wrote an amusing reply, which was never sent, saying that 1,364 better people, including the author, had tried to dramatise the book, and giving the 1,365th some wholesome advice. In the answer he actually sent he simply refuses his consent, and warns him that legal proceedings will follow if he produces the play.

* G. H. Putnam: *Question of Copyright:* pp. 28-9.

The recent change in the method of adapting a foreign work is marked. The object of the present day adapter (speaking generally) is to represent the play in the original atmosphere instead of violently changing it into an English one whilst retaining the characters with their typical foreign characteristics. A good example is to compare the first adaptation of Ibsen's *Doll's House* by H. A. Jones and H. Merivale with the later production. In the first case the characters were changed to English, and the whole crux of the play—the failure of Helmar to rise to the occasion when Nora's guilt is discovered—was reversed. Helmar posed as the usual hero who took his wife's guilt on his shoulders. The later productions were true translations and not adaptations at all. How greatly the effectiveness of the play was enhanced does not need to be pointed out.

In the nineteenth century few would have thought of objecting to a free adaptation of a foreign play, but when Mr. Nigel Playfair produced *The Insect Play* by the Brothers Capek in April, 1923, he had to defend himself for adapting instead of translating. He did so quite effectively. Insects are cosmopolitan, and he only made the tramp English instead of Czech in order to make the play "bear a relation to life as it is lived in England." Attention is now called by the critics to cases where the adaptor has tried to transfer to an English *milieu* customs and modes of thought characteristic of other countries; not long ago such inconsistencies raised no protest.

The complacency with which one regards the improvement in theatrical literary morals occasionally gets a rude shock. That the pirate is not dead one is prepared to believe, but it comes as a surprise to find him as active if not so noxious as ever. Mr. St. John Ervine devoted an article to him in the *Observer* of 19th February, 1922. After mentioning cases of piracy in America in spite of International Copyright, he proceeds, "Popular melodramas are extensively pirated in Great Britain. . . . I lately saw a list of over forty plays which were offered for sale by a 'pirate.' In many cases the titles had not been altered. They included plays by well-known dramatists, who have not received one penny of royalty on their sale or performance. This particular 'pirate' merely sells copies of the MSS. He does not concern himself with the production

of the plays. What he does is something like this. When a popular piece is produced, some underling in the theatre abstracts the 'Prompt' copy from its place and makes a copy of it, which he then sells for a few shillings to a 'pirate.' The 'pirate' makes a number of duplicates of the play, alters its title slightly, and advertises it in the theatrical papers. Some touring managers buy these copies from him and produce the plays in places where theatrical criticism is unlikely to be published. A very considerable traffic in this form of 'piracy' has grown up, and many small managers are making comfortable sums of money here and in the dominions out of plays which have been stolen from their authors. I lately heard of a case where an author sold the 'small' rights of his play to a touring manager and found that the tour could not be carried on, because the play, under another title, had been performed in many of the towns on the 'tour-list' a few weeks earlier by a 'pirate.' Some of the 'pirates' actually protest against the interference of the author on the ground that they have been doing this sort of thing for a long time, and have therefore acquired a sort of vested interest in it!"

This discloses a very serious state of affairs, but I gather that steps are being taken to combat the evil, which is not confined to England. In America there is still greater difficulty in bringing such pirates to book, as when an action is brought in one State he skips into another, when a fresh action is necessary. I read in *The Drama* of July, 1919, in an article on the Little Theatre in America by M. J. Moss that "two writers (named) who have been very popular with Little Theatre groups, have ridden into fame on a high wave of brigandage."

As regards the relations between America and England, the conditions are now fairly satisfactory. The International Copyright Acts to which I have referred in an earlier portion of this section (pp. 81 *et seq.*) apply top lays as well as books, with great advantage to the dramatists of both countries.

Unfortunately, there exists, and presumably always will exist, a section of the community on both sides the Atlantic which holds that to take advantage of a loop-hole in the law is permissible. But the law is always in arrear of the morality of the community, and the test of an honest man

is that he will not commit a wrong action not because it is illegal, but because it is wrong. A reference to the legal cases in the *Stage Year Book* for the last few years shows that the moral standpoint of a certain class of playwright is not a high one, and still lower is that of some managers. However, generally speaking, the misdemeanours in question are confined to obscure individuals, and are warmly repudiated by the respectable members of the profession.

Note: (*see page* 76). An exception nearer home was the production of Gay's *Polly* by Sir Nigel Playfair. The play was "adapted" freely: Macbeath instead of being executed was married to Polly, and so forth

CHAPTER VIII

Piracy (concluded). Sermons

THIS final chapter on the ways of literary pirates presents some peculiar features.

In some respects we may venture to claim that the modern sermon is an improvement on that of past centuries. Not perhaps in actual literary merit as compared with those of Tillotson, Barrow and other masters; but no longer is the pulpit degraded by the fulsome flattery of personages of high rank which was formerly not uncommon; nor is it made the vehicle of political controversy as was too often the case. A divine could not now be easily found who would preach a funeral sermon on a courtesan for fifty pounds, as was done at the death of Nell Gwynn. But until quite recent years a practice existed which shows only too clearly that the clergy are human, and have their frailties as other men. Even now it is not quite extinct. I refer to the delivery of sermons which are not the composition of the preacher; in other words, resorting to piracy. The practice is not necessarily reprehensible; or more strictly was not always so. From the earliest times it was the custom to read from the pulpit the homilies of the Fathers: Gregory I (546-604) even encouraged the priests to do so. As late as the sixteenth century "sermons were read from one of the current collections, such as the *Gesta Romanorum*, the *Lumen Animae*, etc." (A. E. Garvie: *The Christian Preacher*.)

The religious controversies naturally led to the extension of original sermons which afforded opportunities for the expression of views on the questions in dispute. The sermon was a useful weapon to the Reformers: Cranmer encouraged the clergy to preach frequently, but afterwards regretted his action as opening the door to contentions; an abuse which "became most scandalous." So much so that in the reign of Edward VI not even bishops were allowed to preach unless specially licensed, and Mary only granted

such licences "so long as it shall please us, and you shall conduct yourself laudably." (*The Students' English Church History*). Elizabeth for a short time forbade all preaching in churches: later on about one third of the clergy held licences. However, this condition of things did not long continue: under James I all preachers were to deliver a sermon every Sunday, and an *original* one every month.

The publication of the Homilies in Elizabeth's reign was intended to meet the wants of those parsons who were unable to write their own sermons; but the congregations in time wearied of them, and original discourses were more and more demanded. When the Puritan revolt began all regulations were set at naught; Laud's efforts to restrict free preaching were in vain, and congregations clamoured for original sermons and plenty of them. Naturally, those who felt they had a message to deliver did not confine their original efforts to once a month. So eager were the clergy to preach and the people to listen that before long Bishop Andrewes complained that "it might justly be feared lest this part *eating out all the rest* should grow indeed the sole and only worship of God."

Many of the clergy could not meet the demand. The ignorance of a large proportion of the country clergy of that day is almost incredible. Hundreds of parsons had been evicted by Archbishop Whitgift under Elizabeth in the vain hope of securing uniformity, and these had been replaced (as Bishop Jewel acknowledged) "by the basest sort of people." Bishop Sandys complains that "many there are that hear not a sermon in seven years, I may say in seventeen." In these circumstances the parsons found themselves in a quandary: the intensity of the religious controversies compelled them to deliver sermons which they were unequal to the task of making. The remedy was a simple one; they preached a sermon written by someone else.

And here for the first time an element of deception appears. It was a matter of pride with the Puritanical party to be able to preach—even extempore—at any length: the orthodox clergy would not acknowledge their inferiority, so did not confess when they gave their congregations borrowed discourses. Fuller refers to the plagiarists who stole the sermons of Bishop Andrewes. The demand for sermons created the supply, as is clearly shown in a

remarkable passage in Milton's *Areopagitica*, 1644. "But as for the multitude of sermons ready printed and piled up, on every text that is not difficult, our London trading St. Thomas in his vestry, and to boot St. Martin and St. Hugh, have not within their hallowed limits more vendible ware of all sorts ready made, so that penury he need never fear of pulpit provision, having wherewith so plenteously to refresh his magazine."

This statement is of importance in connection with the trade in sermons to which I shall refer later.

Though Charles I set his face against the *reading* of sermons, and even forbade it at the Universities, the practice never died out. In 1661 J. Donne, Jr., published the sermons of his father, the well-known Dean of St. Paul's. He states in his Preface that he could not have done so without the assistance of the Lord Chancellor (Clarendon), "who is not only content that the Churches should be furnished with good preachers, but that these preachers should have good sermons." From this we may draw the inference that it was allowable for a preacher to draw his discourse from a published volume.

As religious controversy lessened after the Revolution, the practice became more general: in the dead days of the Church in the eighteenth century parsons found it such easy work to borrow or steal a sermon that the temptation was irresistible; moreover they might plead episcopal authority. Bishop Bull advised young divines not to preach their own sermons, and if they were too poor to be provided with those of approved authors, to read a homily, etc. (Nelson's *Life of Bishop Bull.*)

Sir Roger de Coverley's clergyman followed this practice, and Addison writes, "I could heartily wish that more of our country clergy would follow this example; and instead of wasting their spirits in laborious compositions of their own. . . ." preach those "penned by greater masters." (*Spectator* No. 106.)

But the good bishop evidently did not intend his young divines to deceive their hearers. That is the point which decides the innocence or guilt of the preacher,—and very frequently he must be pronounced guilty. Bayle in his *République des Lettres* (March, 1710) explains the mass of sermons issuing from the press by the fact that ministers

being allowed to *read* their sermons *buy all they meet with*, and thus pass for very able scholars at a cheap rate. We have seen how in England in Milton's days the trade in sermons existed, and there can be no doubt that so profitable a traffic had never died out. It received a great impetus in the latter half of the eighteenth century, when Dr. Trusler issued his notorious proposals.

Born in 1735, the Doctor had a somewhat varied career before he was ordained. He then filled various clerical posts with satisfaction to himself and others, but his name would have sunk into obscurity had he not hit on a clever device for increasing his income. "In 1769, he sent out a circular to every parish in England and Ireland proposing to print in script type in imitation of handwriting, about 150 sermons at the price of 1s. each, in order to save the clergy both study and the trouble of transcribing. This ingenious scheme seems to have met with considerable success." (National Dict. of Biography.)

But he was not allowed to rake in his profits without a protest. The Rev. D. Rivers, a Dissenting minister, roundly accused him of appropriating the sermons he published; but this charge he afterwards withdrew, intimating that no one else could have written such bad ones. In his *Literary Memoirs of Living Authors* (1798) Rivers returns to the attack, characterising the Doctor as a literary pedlar, whose small ware was of the vilest quality. "He is the publisher of the worst of the two clerical almanacs, and sends sermons for the use of the pulpit, printed in imitation of handwriting, the most unspeakable trash that can be conceived." (I quote from *Notes and Queries*, 1875, as the volume referred to is not in the British Museum.)

There is, however, no reason to think that Dr. Trusler was the author of the works he sold, for writing sermons for the booksellers was a common task with the Grub Street hacks. Dr. Johnson wrote them at the time he was living on 5d. a day. In Goldsmith's *Citizen of the World* a bookseller's hack says, "Would you think it, gentlemen, I have actually written last week sixteen prayers, twelve bawdy jests, and three sermons, all at the rate of sixpence apiece."

Even clergymen of some distinction did not disdain to preach, as their own, sermons composed by other men. The anonymous author of *Salad for the Social* points out

that Sterne's seventh posthumous sermon is in great part cribbed, word for word, from a previous divine of the name of Leightenhouse. It would have pleased this literary detective had he known that Sterne denounced plagiarism in a passage stolen from Burton. Again, the Rev. Ozias Linley (the brother of Mrs. Sheridan), Canon of Norwich, when his turn came to officiate before the Bishop at the Cathedral, preached a sermon which he had copied verbatim from Bishop Hoadly. His Bishop afterwards thanked him "for the excellent sermon which he had *selected*". (*The Linleys of Bath.*)

Even later, there was some excuse for those who had recourse to other men's work. From Southey's *Life and Correspondence* it seems that he advised the Rev. James White (brother of Henry Kirke White) not to preach his own compositions; and my father told me that so late as 184- a student at St. Bees whom he knew was ordained only on condition that for three years he should not preach his own sermons. Whose he was to preach and whether he was to announce that they were not his own, are queries to which I can give no answer.

Leaving out of the question such cases as these, it is difficult for us to realise the extent to which piracy in sermons obtained. That it was regarded in the light of a joke can be gathered from several references. There is a story in Lady Dorothy Nevill's *My Own Times* which will illustrate this. A Divine heard one of his own sermons preached and asked the preacher how long it had taken him to write it: the reply being that he had tossed it off one evening. The author remarked that it had taken him longer to lay out the frame-work. The preacher, finding his deception discovered, replied unabashed, "Well then, all I have to say is that I'm not ashamed to preach one of your sermons anywhere."

Mr. E. V. Lucas, in a description of a sporting parson in his novel *Mr. Ingleside*, writes, "As for his sermons, he had the good fortune to possess several MS. volumes of Sydney Smith's, which he had bought at Sotheby's years before; and these he turned and returned as usefully and thriftily as an old woman a good silk. He used to quote with much gusto the Northern parson's post-burglary couplet:

" They came and prigged my silver, my linen, and my store,
But they couldn't prig my sermons; they had all been prigged before."

In the same vein is the retort of the parson who was accused by a hearer of having preached a stolen sermon. "At any rate, *you* can't throw stones at me: you heard me preach it, and the receiver is as bad as the thief!"

Mr. G. W. E. Russell, in his well-known *Collections and Recollections* (p. 87), writes, "I have known a fine old specimen of their class . . . who boasted that he had never written a sermon in his life, but could alter one with any man in England—which he did so effectively that the author would never have recognised his own handiwork."

Sydney Smith had no scruples in the matter. In a letter to Countess Grey (27th March, 1844), he writes, "Yet admirable as his (Channing's) sermon on war is, I have the vanity to think my own equally good, quite as sensible, quite as eloquent . . . and you will be the more inclined to agree with me in this comparison when I tell you that I preached in St. Paul's the identical sermon which Lord Grey so much admires. I thought I could not write anything half as good, so I preached Channing". (*Life*, etc., Vol. II, p. 528.)

All these cases (which might be multiplied indefinitely) show that it was the intention of the preacher to deceive his auditors into the belief that they were hearing original work. In Southey's *Commonplace Book* under the heading *An Everyday Advertisement in* 1849, is an offer *Ad Cleros* of sixty sermons in imitation of handwriting for £3. The advertisement appeared in *The Courier* of May 9th, 1807. It was in Latin, presumably that the laity might not be able to read it. A writer in *The Church Times* of 3rd May, 1895, Peter Lombard, refers to "*Cat's meat sermons*, i.e., sermons taken down from big preachers and offered for sale by certain traders who have well-known preachers on tap. These traders will furnish sermons appropriate to any and every occasion, and must certainly find customers. Many years ago I had some insight into the proceedings of one of these people. The man had a very large stock of beautifully written sermons, legible to the weakest eyes,

and had a regular tariff according to quality. He evidently made a good living." (*Notes and Queries*, 15th June, 1895.)

In *St. Paul's Magazine* for February, 1869, appeared an anonymous article entitled *The Sermon Trade*, which I will briefly summarise. The author confines himself to the Church of England.

The trade was a well-organised one, in the hands of about a dozen men. Two specimen tariffs are given from which I make the following extracts:

	s.	d.
A quarter's sermons	15	6
If paid in advance	13	6
A specimen sermon	1	6
Missionary society, etc. ..	2	6
School feasts, rifle corps, etc. ..	5	0
Visitation sermon	£1 1	0
Local occasions	10	6

"We are assured that the sermons are composed by 'clergymen only of known ability and long parochial experience.' The publishers promise in their circulars that especial care will be taken 'to prevent their being detected' . . . so 'no duplicates are sent to towns,' and the purchaser has to promise to preach them in his own parish only; nor may he lend them without the editor's consent."

All the sermons are lithographed in imitation of handwriting: a specimen page is given in the Magazine. All shades of doctrine are provided for; High, Low and medium.

The author of the article states that there is no means of ascertaining the extent to which these sermons are used, but if each of the dozen traders has fifty clients (and less would not pay), at least 1,200 stolen sermons are preached every Sunday.

He protests strongly against the practice as "a scandal to the Church."

"If a man ascends a pulpit with a purchased discourse and uses it as his own production, he is undoubtedly guilty of gross deception, and the more so as his very position gains for him the reputation of being . . . a more than ordinarily conscientious man."

The only remedy he can suggest is a test of ability in preaching before ordination, and the encouragement of oral

preaching. To stop the advertisements in the clerical papers would be useless, as the circulars would still be sent out.

Ten years later (1878), a parson writes to the editor of *Notes and Queries* to complain of the way "we clergymen are now so much pestered with offers of 'Original MS. lithographed sermons at 13s. 6d. a quarter' from Bristol and elsewhere." Ten years later again (1888), the Rev. Charles Spurgeon in his book *Eccentric Preachers* refers to "gentlemen who buy lithographed sermons and preach them as their own. . . . Do you ask, 'Is this true?' I answer, undoubtedly; for the other day, to test the matter, I sent my secretary to a certain bookseller's, and he brought me home specimens of these precious productions, lithographed or written by hand, at prices descending from a shilling to sixpence each. . . ." He tells of "a certain preacher who delivered a discourse in which occurred such a passage as this: 'On account of your sins, and your neglect of the House of God, your wantonness and your gluttony, the anger of the most High is provoked, and therefore is this great plague come upon you, and death is raging in every street.' When the sermon was finished the officials of the township came to know where this plague was and what deaths had happened. . . . 'Oh! said this orderly reader of sermons, 'I do not know where it is, but it was in my sermon, and so I was obliged to read it to you."

Spurgeon remarks: "The like has happened, and must have happened, many times."

Fortunately, a change was at hand. In October, 1898, the Rev. Dr. Witherspoon, Professor of Homiletics in an American University, wrote an article in *The Homiletic Review* on the subject. He held that whilst a preacher might use other men's sermons in preparing his own, "he cannot honestly make any such use as will relieve him of the necessity and responsibility of making for himself . . ." the necessary study of the text, etc. "Sheer laziness . . . drives so many men to become unscrupulous plagiarists . . . Every principle of Christian manhood utters its protest against the indolent appropriation of the product of some other man's industry and research."

This view was warmly endorsed by Dr. Gregory in the same *Review* of April, 1899.

It is not improbable that certain clergymen, especially in country districts, still rely occasionally on other men's work. This is certainly the opinion of Mr. E. V. Lucas, who, in the novel already alluded to, mentions a Miss Sarah Beautiman who is employed at the British Museum in copying sermons "for the needy and penurious clergy." The book was published in 1910, and depicts modern life.

Fresh proof recently comes to hand of the continuance of the practice.

In *The Spectator* of 10th June, 1922, appeared a letter from Sir Wm. B. Forwood from which I append an extract. "Some years ago, I gave to a young friend about to be ordained a copy of the Rev. F. W. Robertson's sermons, adding, 'Preach these till you know how to prepare a sermon.' Some time after, hearing that he was doing good work in his curacy, I congratulated him. He replied, 'It is all Robertson's sermons: I preach nothing else.' I ventured to recommend the same procedure to an overworked parish priest, and to my surprise on the Sunday following he prefaced his address by stating that the sermon he was about to preach was by the Rev. Charles Kingsley. Of course, the congregation at once said to themselves, 'We can read Charles Kingsley at home,' and became listless. He need not have given the authorship of his discourse from the pulpit, but could have reserved it in answer to inquiries. I remember another eloquent divine in answer to congratulations replied, 'Yes, it is a good sermon; one of Melville's best.' I do not think this detracted from our enjoyment of the discourse."

This remarkable letter did not elicit any protest, either lay or clerical. One would have expected an animated correspondence repudiating such views, more especially as *The Spectator* is supposed to circulate largely in clerical households. Are we to interpret this silence as acquiescence in the views expressed? If so, it is a melancholy proof that the standard of clerical morals is in this respect not so high as it should be. This is further confirmed by the following letter in the *Daily Chronicle* of 23rd June, 1922:

"Sir,—Two strange things in connection with sermons have come within my experience.

"On one occasion, in a district church a curate preached a brilliant extempore sermon in the morning. In the evening, another curate preached, and informed the congregation that he had not had time to prepare a sermon, so he would read one of Charles Kingsley's. It was the same sermon his colleague preached in the morning.

"The other occasion was in a South London church, where there were strange preachers morning and evening, and the sermons they preached were identical."*

It is possible that such reprobates may justify their practice by the excuse that sermons, being delivered in a public place may come under the exceptions to the Copyright in Lectures Act of 1835; but the probability is that few of the clergy are aware of that Act, and even if they are their hearers are not, and the deception remains the same.

Sometimes the excuse of such borrowers is legitimate—overwork. Many a parson with a poor, large parish to visit, with numerous meetings and unceasing interruptions, must find it almost impossible to obtain the leisure to compose two or more sermons every week. Few have the facility of the Rev. W. Elwin, who whilst editor of the *Quarterly Review*, often "selected his subject and text as he was reading the lessons." No one could blame the borrowers of another's work if only (as some clergymen have done) they frankly announced the fact that the sermon was not of their own composition. Otherwise, the congregation naturally concludes that it is original. Moreover, it is open to question whether a good second-hand sermon is not to be preferred to a poor original one.

Be that as it may, in some respects we may congratulate ourselves on the higher standard of rectitude which

* *Postscript.*—Since the above was written, the following paragraph appeared in the *Daily Chronicle* of the 22nd September, 1924, from the Rev. Dr. Berry, which seems to indicate that the trade in sermons is not yet extinct:—

"No wonder that a certain Bishop has to take the clergy to task for buying their sermons from a kindly publishing house, which supplies them with exhortations for a trifling consideration."

Still more recently (*Morning Post*, 24th February, 1928) the Vicar of Clitheroe states that he has had an offer of sermons on "Questions of Vital Interest" at 3s. 6d. each, or 5s. 6d. if preached before the Mayor and Corporation!

now exists. No longer do the clerical papers contain the advertisements which disfigured them in the last century; nor, so far as I can learn, are clergymen and ministers the recipients of the degrading circulars of which Georgian and Victorian parsons were the victims.

CHAPTER IX

Plagiarism

Quidquid bene dictum est ab ullo, meum est. *Seneca* Ep. XVI.

When 'Omer smote 'is bloomin' lyre,
He'd 'eard men sing by land and sea;
An' what he thought 'e might require,
'E went an' took—the same as me!
(*Kipling.*)

TO define plagiarism is not easy. *Plagium* originally meant the theft of a slave, or selling a freeman as a slave, and was first used for literary theft by Martial. (*Epigram Bk. I.* 53.) *Plagiary* was still used in its original sense in the seventeenth century, though in 1597 Bishop Hall writes of "a plagiary sonnet-wight" (*Satires*) and in 1601 Ben Jonson used it in the modern sense. "The ditt' is all borrowed; 'tis Horace's; hang him, plagiary!" (*Poetaster IV.*)

It is worth noticing that *plagiary* was used by Milton for the act itself; a meaning it continued to bear, though more commonly it was applied to the actor, as by Fuller, Ben Jonson and Sir Thos. Browne.

Whilst Lord Chesterfield in his letters defines a plagiary as "a man that steals other people's thoughts and puts 'em off for his own"—(a definition which would be ordinarily accepted), others seem to claim the right of borrowing ideas if a new form is given to them. Thus Milton states that "borrowing without beautifying is a plagiary." (*Areopagitica.*) But "Hudibrastic Butler compares a literary plagiarist to an Italian thief, that never robs but he murders, to prevent discovery." (*Salad for the Social*, 309). Pierre Boiste, a French lexicographer of the later eighteenth century, gives as a definition of *Le Plagiare*,

"*un gueux revêtu d'habits qu'il a volés*;" whilst La Fontaine writes:

> "Il est assez de gens à deux pieds, comme lui,
> Qui se parent souvent des dépouilles d'autrui,
> Et que l'on nomme *plagiaires*."

Pope, as will be seen later, justifies borrowing in order to improve, whilst Macaulay, following Butler, warns plagiarists "as a general rule, that what they steal is, to employ a phrase common in advertisements, of no use to anyone but the owner." He instances Robert Montgomery's theft of Byron's line

> "Time writes no wrinkle on thine azure brow,"

which Montgomery turns into

> "And thou, vast Ocean, on whose awful face
> Time's iron feet can print no ruin-trace."

Macaulay gives other instances, and Isaac Disraeli expresses a similar opinion.

So difficult is it to be original that some declare it to be impossible. Horace Smith states that originality has been defined as "unconscious or undetected imitation." Emerson writes that an author is considered original in proportion to the amount he steals from Plato. Andrew Lang in commenting on the schoolboy's definition of *plagiarist* as "a writer of plays," suggests as an alternative definition "any successful author."

The history of plagiarism is indeed the history of literature. It was prevalent amongst Greek authors; instances can be found in Isocrates, Æschines, Demosthenes, Plutarch and others; whilst treatises (now lost) were written on the plagiarisms of Sophocles and Menander. The practice was, however, considered dishonourable, and was satirised by Aristophanes in *The Frogs*. It was even sometimes punished; Vitruvius mentions a literary contest in which some of the competitors were convicted of gross plagiarism, and were sentenced by the tribunal as robbers and expelled from the city (Alexandria).*

* Putnam. *Authors and their Public in Ancient Times*. See also on the same subject Rozoir *Dict. de la Conversation* under *Plagiare*, and Paul Clément's *Étude sur la Droit des Auteurs*.

The same state of things obtained amongst the Romans: authors pillaged each other without much compunction. Horace and Virgil both complain of being plundered, Virgil especially; though not innocent himself. When reproached for having appropriated some verses of Ennius, he retorted that he had but taken some pearls from a dung-hill.

The early ecclesiastical writers had no misgivings as to their right to borrow the work of others. A writer who did not hesitate to forge the name of an apostle or Father to give authority to his opinions was not likely to have any scruples as to mere plagiarism.

Taking a flying leap across the centuries, we find that Chaucer embodied tracts of Dante in his writings,* not to mention his borrowing the materials for some of his *Canterbury Tales* from Boccaccio. Mr. G. H. Putnam goes so far as to assert that no such thing as literary property existed till some time after the invention of printing.

There is, of course, a wide difference between the appropriation of an idea or a metaphor and the intentional copying of whole passages. The older historians pursued the latter practice, transcribing word for word from their predecessors without scruple. Sir John Mandeville in his *Travels* (1499) laid previous authors under heavy contribution without any acknowledgment. But such wholesale theft fell into disrepute in the latter end of the sixteenth century, though, of course, there were always black sheep who "cribbed" without compunction.

Such a one was the French poet, Philippe Desportes, (1546-1606) who, when reproached with his thefts from Italian poets, freely acknowledged them. In his *Rencontre des Muses de France et d'Italie* (1604) he had the impudence to tell his critic that "if I had known the author's design I could have furnished him with a great many more instances than he has collected." (*Percy Anecdotes* I, 570.)

Even in the Golden Age of English literature there was no question as to the right of a dramatist to take his subject, plot, characters and even words from an existing play, novel or other source. It is quite unnecessary to refer in any detail to Shakspeare's usage in this respect: to show how

* Sir A. Quiller-Couch—*Studies in Literature.* 2nd Series.

he re-wrote old plays, adapted other men's work, versified Plutarch and Holinshed for his historical plays, and so on. A typical example of his method of proceeding is *As You Like It*, which he founded on the novel, *Rosalynd*, by Lodge; who in turn had borrowed his plot from (?) Chaucer's *Tale of Gamelyn*. There is, however, an aspect of the practice of the Shakespearean age presenting peculiar features, which is treated at length by Mr. Harold Bayley in *The Shakspeare Symphony*.

In addition to borrowing plots, etc., the playwrights, apparently, had no compunction in appropriating another's similes or metaphors: any phrase that struck them was considered available for their use. For example:

> "Divines and dying men may talk of Hell,
> But in my heart her several torments dwell."

is from Nash's *Pierce Penniless*, 1592.

The same lines appear in *The Yorkshire Tragedy* (? Shakspeare) 1608, and in *The Insatiate Countess* (Marston) 1613; and Mr. Bayley gives versions of the same idea from Beaumont and Fletcher, Peele, Kyd, etc., and even from the *Religio Medici*.

Compare also Shakespeare's

> "There is a tide in the affairs of men
> Which, taken at the flood, leads on to fortune"
>
> (*Julius Cæsar.*)

with Beaumont and Fletcher's

> "There is an hour in each man's life appointed
> To make his happiness, if then he seize it."
>
> (*The Custom of the Country.*)

Mr. Bayley gives some hundreds of similar "parallel passages" as they are euphemistically called; which almost seem to imply the existence of that factory of plays for which a section of Baconian theorists contend.

Mr. G. B. Harrison (*Shakspeare's Fellows*) has another theory to explain the prevalence of these coincidences; he thinks it attributable to the lack of privacy, and consequent constant communication of writers with each other, with the inevitable discussions which followed. "These peculiar conditions explain the amount of apparent plagiarism which is so noticeable in Elizabethan popular literature."

Whatever the explanation, there is no doubt about the fact. Dr. Phœbe Sheavyn* gives passages from poems which appear in other poems, and other thefts of the kind, and states that the law afforded no protection: "in fact, it (plagiarism) was so common that were it not for occasional angry protests and exculpations, we should be led to believe that it was regarded as legitimate." An amusing instance is afforded by Thomas Churchyard, who declared that he "never robb'd no writer," but proceeds to say

> "Now must my Muse go borrow if I may
> My better's works, to fill my matter full."

It is curious that the only poem of Bacon's of generally acknowledged merit should not be original. The lines, "The world's a bubble, etc.," in *The Vanity of Life* is a paraphrase, and in places an almost literal translation of an epigram of Poseidippus. (Sir E. Cook. *More Literary Recreations*, p. 303.)

But though plagiarism was so universally practised it must not be imagined that no stigma attached to it. The author whose work was borrowed often protested, though for lack of a copyright he could do no more. Jonson's "Hang him, plagiary!" (*Poetaster IV*) is proof of the attitude of the man of letters. Fuller expressly condemned it, "Such plagiary-ship ill becometh Authors"; and again, writing of Bishop Andrewes he remarks, "Such plagiaries as have stolen his sermons could never steal his preaching."† Shakspeare protested against the inclusion of two of his poems in a collection under another name; though (either with or without leave) he himself appropriated verses for his own plays which he had not written. For example the poem

> "As it fell upon a day
> In the merry month of May," etc.

is generally believed to be by Richard Barnfield, and is included in his collected poems: whilst "Take, O take those lips away" can be found word for word in Beaumont and Fletcher. If Ben Jonson's Epigram *On Poet-Ape* refers

* *The Literary Profession in the Elizabethan Age:* p. 135.

† See *Sermons* Chap. 8 for plagiarism in the pulpit: also *Hymnology* Chap. 21 for that branch of the subject.

to Shakspeare as is supposed by many critics, it is a severe commentary on his practice of plundering his fellows.

> Poor Poet-Ape, that would be thought our chief,
> Whose works are e'en the frippery of wit,
> From brokage is become so bold a thief
> As we, the robb'd, leave rage and pity it.

Then, referring to the auditor, he ends,

> He marks not whose 'twas first, and after times
> May judge it to be his, as well as ours.

Nor did Shakespeare escape the condemnation of his rival Greene, who refers to him as "a jackdaw dressed out in our feathers." (*Groatsworth of Wit.*) In fact, there was no lack of critics who recognised that a writer who borrowed too freely from others could not claim the praise due to original work. Thus the author of *The Return from Parnassus* (Part II) 1602, refers to the extensive thefts from *Romeo and Juliet* by Daniel, the Poet Laureate.

> " Only let him more sparingly make use
> Of others' wit, and use his own the more,
> That well may seem base imitation."

Ben Jonson, too, has a shrewd hit at the misdoings of his contemporaries by the mouth of Lady Politick Would-be in *Volpone.* (Act III, Sc. 2.)

> " Here's Pastor Fido . . . .
> All our English writers,
> I mean such as are happy in the Italian,
> Will deign to steal out of this author mainly;
> Almost as much as from Montaignié."

These instances show abundantly that however universal the practice of plagiarism it was a subject of frequent condemnation.

During the early part of the seventeenth century, there seems to have been no marked change in the way in which the usage was regarded, though there are indications that it was not so universal as before. As an example of the continued abuse of borrowing may be cited a pamphlet on the English language *Vindex Anglicus* (1644) which is a gross plagiarism from R. Carew's *The Excellence of the*

English Tongue (1605). Mr. T. Curry in *Notes and Queries* (1901) gives long extracts in proof.

Dramatic plagiarism I have treated under "Piracy," as it more frequently took that form, but I will give here one instance of a similar want of honesty in the dramatic world. The *Caius Marcus Junior* of Otway (1651-85) (as Mr. Erlington pointed out in his lectures) resembles *Romeo and Juliet* in many details. "All the love scenes . . . are positively the same. We have the garden scene, the scene with the nurse, the apothecary scene," etc. etc.—Mercutio is disguised as Sulpicius, but is betrayed by having a speech about Queen Mab."

Molière followed the practice of our Elizabethan dramatists. Although he seems to have been innocent of the phrase attributed to him "*je prends mon bien où je le trouve*," he was no respecter of others' rights. Few will blame him for pillaging Plautus, but to take a scene almost word for word from *Cyrano de Bergerac* and place it in *Les Fourberies de Scapin*, requires more justification.

After the Restoration it is clear that authors were beginning to feel an increasing indignation at being despoiled. Butler and Milton both protested, though the latter has been shown to have borrowed ideas and sometimes more from Caedmon, Vondel and others. But Milton, as already mentioned, took the view that it is only the author who borrows without beautifying who is a "plagiary"; so he doubtless felt at liberty to appropriate ideas so long as he expressed them in a better form.

Notwithstanding protests, the offence was still a frequent one, and the greatest writers were as reckless in their appropriations as any. Dryden held a unique position in the literary world, but Dr. Johnson had only too good reason for stating in his *Life of Dryden* that "the perpetual accusation produced against him was that of plagiarism, against which he never attempted any vigorous defence." This is not quite the fact. In *The Mock Astrologer* (1671) Dryden acknowledges that it was founded on *Le Feint Astrologue* of Corneille, which in its turn was taken from *El Astrologo Fingido* of Calderon; but scenes were also taken bodily from Molière's *Le Dépit Amoureux*. The play was dedicated to the Duke of Newcastle in half a dozen pages of flattery; whilst in the Preface the author defends his appropriations.

He will not use the excuse that the King "only desired that they, who accused me of theft, would always steal him plays like mine." He confesses that when he comes across a good "story in a romance, novel or foreign play, I have made no difficulty, nor ever shall, to take the foundation fit, to build it up, and to make it proper for the English stage." He states that when his play is finished it is "like the hulk of Sir Francis Drake, so strangely altered that there scarcely remained any plank of the timber which first built it." More boldly still, he compares the work of the adaptor of a play to that of a watch-maker: the metals are not his own, it is the workmanship which gives the value.

Dryden was probably in the mind of the Duchess of Newcastle (authoress of nineteen plays) when she wrote the lines

> "I could not steal their wit, nor plots out-take,
> All my plays' plots my own poor brain did make.
> From Plutarch's story I ne'er took a plot,
> Nor from romances, nor from Don Quixote."

And the following lines from Samuel Butler's *Apology for Plagiaries* certainly reads as if intended for a hit at the great Dryden.

> "As none but kings have power to raise
> A levy which the subject pays,
> And though they call that tax a loan,
> Yet when 'tis gathered 'tis their own;
> So he that's able to impose
> A wit-excise on verse or prose,
> And still, the abler authors are
> Can make them pay the greater share,
> Is prince of poets of his time,
> And they the vassals that supply him;" etc.

Bad verses to condemn a bad practice.

The notorious Aphra Behn in her *Tragedy of Abdelazar* (1677) imitated a play of Marlowe, and wrote to a friend that in consequence she had been treated "as a Plagiary. . . . But I have sent you the garden from whence I gathered, and I hope you will not think me vain if I say I have weeded and improved it." (E. W. Blashfield—*Portraits and Backgrounds*, pp. 188 and 191.)

All this shows that such practices now needed an apology, indicating a distinct if not very extensive change of attitude. Similarly, later in the century, in the introduction to Cotton's translation of Montaigne, we read—"I own, that in some places, he has translated some passages of ancient authors into French, and has so dexterously incorporated them into his work that he has in some manner made them his own, but where is the great crime in this?" etc.

But perhaps the best proof that direct plagiarism was becoming discredited is found in the remarkable book *Le Masque des Orateurs* published in 1677 by the Sieur de Richesource: a small, vellum-covered volume of sixty-four pages. This egregious personage invented the Art of "Plagianisme," which he explains is the ingenious and easy art of adroitly changing and disguising every sort of discourse in such a way that the author himself would not recognise his own work. Some of his efforts are primitive. *Titius est fort riche* he disguises as *Titius a de grandes richesses*. Strange to say this Professor had an Academy of Orators; and Fléchier, afterwards Bishop of Nîmes and famous for his funeral orations, was a pupil. At first sight it would appear that this immoral proceeding being openly advertised proved that no moral condemnation was attached to literary theft, but it must be remembered that no one would endeavour to conceal his thefts if they were considered innocent. In fact Richesource confesses that he uses the word Plagianisme because of "reasons which are known to *Juriconsultes* having prevented me from giving it another name, such as *The Art of Plagiarism*." But it certainly shows a low condition of literary honesty when men of repute encouraged instead of condemning this impudent rascal. (See *Appendix A. I.*)

Yet one may almost doubt whether his book was called for in view of the freedom with which French writers of the seventeenth century appropriated the work of their predecessors. The anonymous author of *Questions de littérature légale* (1812) gives, amongst others, specimens of plagiarisms from Montaigne by Charron, Corneille, Pascal, etc. Pascal in his *Pensées* is singled out by our author as "perhaps the most evident and the most manifestly intentional" plagiarist he has come across.

The subject was in the air. A few years later (1679) M. Jacobus Thomasins of Leipzig published his *Dissertatio de Plagio Literario:* a somewhat heavy philosophical disquisition, with innumerable references, tracing the subject back to Martial's use of the word, and enlarging on different *theorema*, such as *Plagium literarium non est plagium proprie dictum.* He gives rules for avoiding plagiarism, and also an alphabetical catalogue of sinners from Acciajolus to Worverius (whoever they may be) including the Fathers and classics, with a supplement. The book is a rare one: there is no copy in the British Museum or the Bibliothèque Nationale, but I found one in the Mazarine Library. A further proof of the interest taken in the question at this period was the publication in 1688 of G. Langbaine's *Momus Triumphans, or the Plagiaries of the English Stage, exposed in a Catalogue, etc.*" Other writers, Le Marin and Le Mothe Le Vayer for example, also dealt with the matter. The former held that it was allowable to copy ancient writers but not modern; "ce qui est étude chez les anciens est volerie chez les modernes."

As a final indication that the plagiarist was no longer let off scot-free when detected, there is the case of the learned Abbé Furetiero, a member of the French Academy. He had written and obtained a "privilege" for a Dictionary which in some ways was an improvement on that on which the Academy was at work. Indignant at the insult offered by the production of a rival work, the Academy accused him of plagiarising their pet project, and took the extreme step of expelling him from their ranks in 1685. The unfortunate Abbé died in 1688, two years before his work was published.

With the eighteenth century we enter upon a new era, and the obligations of authors to one another became the subject of serious discussion. The Copyright Act of Queen Anne (1709-10) not only called the attention of authors to their rights, but compelled them to be more careful as to the extent to which they appropriated the work of others. Already Pope, in a letter to Walsh (1706), discusses the question as to "how far the liberty of borrowing may extend. I have defined it sometimes by saying that it seems not so much the perfection of sense to say things that had never been said before, as to express those

best which have been said oftenest; . . . poets, like merchants, should repay with something of their own what they take from others; not, like pirates, make prize of all they meet." But it is doubtful whether Pope did not exceed the limits which he set himself. For example, he took Dryden's lines

> " For truth has such a face and such a mien
> As to be loved needs only to be seen."

and turned them into

> " Vice is a monster of so frightful mien
> As to be hated needs but to be seen."

He also plagiarised from Flatman, Gay, Milton and others. Lady Mary Wortley Montagu writes " I admired Mr. Pope's *Essay on Criticism* at first, very much, but I had not then read any of the ancient critics, and did not know that it was all stolen." But Lady Mary cannot be considered an unprejudiced witness.

Dr. Johnson calls attention to another case for which he finds no excuse. Crawshaw wrote:

> . . . " This plain floor,
> Believe me, reader, can say more
> Than many a brave marble can,
> Here lies a truly honest man."

Pope's version being

> " This modest stone, what few vain marbles can,
> May truly say ' Here lies an honest man '."

Pope, however, was as severe on his fellow-culprits as if he were guiltless himself: witness his lines in *The Dunciad*: Book I, on his hero Theobald:

> " Next, o'er his Books his eyes began to roll,
> In pleasing memory of all he stole.
> How here he sipped, how there he plundered snug,
> And suck't all o'er, like an industrious Bug."

Swift, though a most original writer, had no compunction in following the practice of the age. The well-known

lines "I do not like thee, Dr. Fell, etc." are a version of the thirty-third epigram of de Bussy.

> "Je ne vous aime pas, Hylas,
> Je n'en saurois dire la cause;
> Je sais seulement une chose,
> C'est que je ne vous aime pas."

which in its turn is taken from an epigram of Martial: "Non amo te, Sabidi", etc.

It was said in a preface to one of the Irish editions of his works that Swift had never been known to take a single thought from any writer, ancient or modern; and it must be acknowledged that few writers of his age borrowed so little as the Dean.

When the bellicose Bishop Warburton as a young man published in 1727 his *Enquiry into Prodigies and Miracles* he was unwise enough to transcribe almost without alteration Milton's celebrated passage of the eagle mewing her mighty youth. This indiscretion was duly exposed by Bishop Lowth. Many years afterwards, Warburton was himself victimised. He wrote in April, 1741, to Dr. Doddridge regarding *The Divine Legation* as follows: "When you see the book you will find what a trick I have been played in the most impudent piece of plagiarism that, perhaps, was ever known at any time." It seems that a Mr. H. Coventry wrote a small book in dialogue, *Philemon to Hydaspes*, on the subject of false religion. He pestered Warburton till the latter showed him the printed sheets of his forthcoming work, which Coventry promptly embodied in a further dialogue. An animated correspondence ensued which ended in Coventry's having to write a humble apology, which was printed in the fourth Book of *The Divine Legation*.

In 1747, Bishop Middleton published his *Free Enquiry*, in which he pointed out at length the want of scrupulousness in the Fathers and early ecclesiastical writers. (See "Piracy.") This must have had considerable influence in the direction of literary honesty; yet Middleton himself was guilty of making unacknowledged use of the work of Wm. Bellenden in his *Life of Cicero*, an instance of inconsistency of which we have already had several examples.

As might be expected, plagiarism is frequently referred to by Dr. Johnson. There is an essay in No. 143 of *The Rambler* (1751) devoted to it. The Doctor is by no means a severe critic of the practice, for which he finds excuses. He warns his readers that "this accusation is dangerous, because, even when it is false, it may sometimes be urged with probability. . . ." "Different poets . . . reflecting on human life . . . would, without any communication of opinions, lament the deceitfulness of hope, the fugacity of pleasure, the fragility of beauty, etc." He gives a few instances without any condemnatory comment. He returns to the subject in *The Adventurer*, No. 95 (1753); where he commits himself so far as to write, "Plagiarism, one of the most reproachful, though, perhaps, not the most atrocious of literary crimes." It was something to have so great an authority pronouncing as a crime what had hitherto been considered as not much more than a malpractice. But his censure is mild, and he repeats his former sentiments in other words, as he did again in the Preface to his *Shakspeare*. He protests against the habit of certain commentators (not unknown in our own day) who "pretend in every coincidence of thought to detect an imitation of some ancient poet. I have been told that when Caliban, after a pleasing dream, says 'I tried to sleep again,' the author imitates Anacreon, who had, like any other man, the same wish on the same occasion."

That Johnson's modified condemnation might have been more severe with advantage is clear from the complaints of Goldsmith. He did not come into court with entirely clean hands, for in his hack-work for the booksellers he drew on his predecessors somewhat freely; in his *Life of Beau Nash* for example, where "in several places, without acknowledgment, he inserted passages of considerable length from that invaluable work." i.e., *Wood's Description of Bath*. This is pointed out by Mr. L. Melville in his *Bath under Beau Nash*. Moreover the hackneyed lines

> "Man wants but little here below
> Nor wants that little long"

are taken from Dr. Young's *Night Thoughts*:

> "Man wants but little, nor that little long."

At the same time Goldsmith was very sensitive on the point of borrowing from others, and warmly resented the suggestion that he had taken an idea for a poem from Bishop Percy.

But if his practice was not without reproach, his sentiments were irreproachable. In his *Life of Parnell* he writes of Parnell's anacreontic ode *Gay Bacchus*, etc., which is a translation of a Latin poem by Aurelius Augurellus, "It seems to have more spirit than the original; but it is extraordinary that it was published as an original, and not as a translation. Pope should have acknowledged it, as he knew."

The poem appeared in a volume published by Pope.

Regarding Parnell's poems, Goldsmith points out that *The Bookworm* is another unacknowledged translation from a Latin poem by Beza. "It was the fashion with the wits of the last age to conceal the places whence they took their hints or their subjects. A trifling acknowledgment would have made that a lawful prize, which may now be considered as plunder." In *A New Simile* he writes:

> "Moreover Mercury had a failing:
> Well, what of that? out with it—stealing;
> In which all modern bards agree,
> Being each as great a thief as he."

There was justification for this bitterness, for he was an acute sufferer by the sins of others. His pathetic preface to his collected *Essays* shows how he had been victimised wholesale.

Sterne was a notorious offender. Scott in his *Life of Laurence Sterne* writes that Dr. Ferriar "clearly showed that Sterne was the most unhesitating plagiarist who ever cribbed from his predecessors in order to garnish his own pages." (See also *Sermons*, p. 95.) Voltaire, like so many other celebrated writers, condemned plagiarism though himself guilty of it. His bitter enemy Fréron accused him of taking a chapter in *Zadig* (1767) from an Italian book of 1719, and another episode from *The Hermit* of Thomas Parnell. But *The Hermit* was taken from a French *fabliau* of the thirteenth century which Voltaire may have seen. Still, there is no doubt that Voltaire did borrow occasionally (from Maynard for example), but he was more

frequently the victim than the aggressor. For an instance of bare-faced impudence we may give the *Histoire d'Allemagne* of Pere Barré, who not only copied from the *Histoire de Charles XIII* but actually attributed to German characters the deeds and words of characters in the Swedish history.

On one occasion, when charged with borrowing, Voltaire defended his action jokingly in some witty lines, pleading that he had only done what the masters had done before him. But in his more sober mood he treated the matter seriously, devoting several pages to it in his *Dictionnaire Philosophique*, where he gives the following excellent definition: "*Le véritable plagiat est de donner pour votres les ouvrages d'autrui, de coudre dans vos rapsodies de longs passages d'un beau livre avec quelques petits changements.*" He proceeds to give an example which embraces the various aspects of the subject: instancing *The Travels of Cyrus* by Ramsay, who after being a Presbyterian, Anglican and Quaker, persuaded Fénelon that he was a Catholic. The *Travels* were written in imitation of Fénelon's *Télémaque*, and so far as he borrowed the idea and the fable, Voltaire admits that he was within his rights: imitation is allowable; but he accuses him of approaching plagiarism when he appropriates matters of detail, and roundly denounces him when he actually borrows a description of Egypt word for word from Bossuet. "*Voilà un plagiat dans toutes les formes.*" When Ramsay was reproached for these thefts by a friend of Voltaire, he coolly replied that "*qu'on pouvait se rencontrer*," and that it was no matter for astonishment that he should think like Fénelon and express himself like Bossuet!

In a letter of Boswell to Temple in 1775 he says that Hume spoke highly of a *Histoire Philosophique et Politique* recently published. Boswell comments, "I wondered to find him excuse very easily the author of that book for translating long passages from English writers without quoting them, but just ingrafting the passages into his text."

Beckford showed a quiet irony in his advertisement of *Italy, with Sketches of Spain and Portugal.* He had been put under contribution by Rogers and others. He wrote "some justly admired authors having condescended to

glean a few stray thoughts from these letters," etc. (W. P. Courtney: *Secrets of our National Literature :* p. 82.) Even Burns, the idol of Scotsmen, has not been allowed to escape censure for borrowing. The following verses are quoted by Mr. Bombaugh in *Facts and Fancies*. The original is an *Epitaph from Camden's Remains.*

> We lived near one and twenty year
> As man and wife together;
> I could not stay her longer here,
> She's gone, I know not whither.
> But did I know, I do protest
> (I speak it not to flatter)
> Of all the women in the world,
> I swear I'd ne'er come at her.

Burns' version is from *The Joyful Widower :*

> We lived full one and twenty years
> As man and wife together;
> At length from me her course she steered,
> And gone I know not whither:
> Would I could guess, I do profess,
> I speak and do not flatter,
> Of all the women in the world,
> I never could come at her.

The rest is still more exactly copied.

It is pleasant to be able to give instances of honorable delicacy in contrast to those of the lack of it. Thus Denham wrote of Cowley:

> To him no author was unknown,
> Yet what he wrote was all his own;
> Horace's wit and Virgil's state
> He did not *steal* but *emulate*:
> And when he would like them appear,
> Their garb, but not their clothes, did wear.

Gray added notes to his poems to show when he had borrowed an idea or simile, whilst Crabbe went even further. As became a clergyman, he could not endure even the suspicion of deceiving his readers. In 1775, he published a poem, *Inebriety*, of which the author of *Poets and Puritans* writes, "Crabbe's work is frankly of the school of Pope. What is more curious, many passages of it are closely

modelled on some of Pope's, line for line, the more important words and the rhymes re-appearing, though the matter is quite different. . . . To make his plan of procedure still plainer, he printed as footnotes the passages from Pope which he used in this strange way." This must surely be a unique instance of literary sensitiveness.

With the nineteenth century there comes another advance. Not that the practice of plagiarism sensibly decreased, but its condemnation became more decided and general. The critics made it their business to be on the watch for cases of imitation or borrowing, and they did not hesitate to pillory offenders. Thus *Blackwood* attacked Moore, specifying sixty-five cases of his plagiarising from Béranger and others; and the pages of the various Literary Gazettes and Magazines abound with similar exposures.

There are always minor authors who pilfer from the major—probably always will be. In De Quincey's *Life*, by H. A. Page, will be found a letter from Wordsworth in 1803, complaining that "a wretched creature of the name of Peter Basley" had pillaged wholesale the *Lyrical Ballads*. Unfortunately, such practices were not confined to the Peter Basleys. Take for instance the most prominent of the writers of that day, Lord Byron.

When Captain Medwin found him reading Scott, the poet pointed out the novelist's unconscious borrowings, whereupon Medwin remarked that he would not like to have Byron as his critic. "Set a thief to catch a thief," was the reply. On another occasion Moore asked the meaning of a number of paper-marks in a book Byron was reading. "Only a book," he answered, "from which I am trying to crib, as I do whenever I can, and that's the way I get the character of an original poet."

Whether jesting or not, there is no doubt about Byron's obligations to others. The *Literary Gazette* allowed "Alaric Andrew" to point out Byron's numerous appropriations; and Southey, who hated Byron, wrote to William Jerdan, the editor, to congratulate him on the exposure. Byron was abroad at the time, but returned furious. However, he was persuaded that it would be wiser to leave the *Gazette* alone, and swallow his wrath.*

* A. Birrell: *London Mercury:* May 1920.

Wordsworth and his circle were not likely to be accused of borrowing from others, as their originality was marked. Still we find Coleridge apologising in a letter to Southey (8th February, 1813) for thefts in his play of *Remorse*, though he states "they do not lie on my conscience, being partly thefts from myself." He was exceptionally sensitive to any charge of plagiarism, and sometimes defended himself when a defence was uncalled for.

Coleridge was not alone in having to apologize for thefts from himself. Holcroft, the dramatist, in *The Vindictive Man*, used again a favourite character, Goldfinch, from his play *The Road to Ruin*. Lamb tells the result in a letter to Manning (5th December, 1806). "As the devil of ill luck would have it, half the audience did not know that Holcroft had written it, but were displeased at his stealing from *The Road to Ruin*."

Crossing the Channel for a moment, we come on a case of self-theft of a more reprehensible kind. That voluminous writer Madame de Genlis (1746-1830) not only laid Voltaire, Rousseau and others under contribution, but under a different title would publish the same book two or three times. She was, however, bowled out on one occasion, when, having undertaken and been paid for a *Manuel Encyclopédique de l'Enfance*, she sent to the press a copy of a book which she had published ten years before. (*Salad for the Social*.) But if she sinned she was also sinned against; her biographer (M. Harmond) stating that she was victimised by plagiarists to an exceptional extent.

Charles Lamb does not seem to have been troubled by a very sensitive conscience regarding borrowing from others. In a letter to Godwin (17th September, 1801) regarding the latter's play *Faulkener*, Lamb suggests the insertion of situations from *The Fair Penitent*, *Othello*, etc. He continues, "From this what you will perhaps call whimsical way of counterparting, this honest stealing, and original mode of plagiarising, much yet, I think, remains to be sucked." Whether Godwin took his advice or not, there is no doubt that many another dramatist has done so. It is strange that Lamb should have thought his plan an original one, for he often called attention to similar actions in the case of old plays furbished up for the stage in the time of Garrick.

In Mr. F. Hitchman's *Eighteenth Century Studies*, he refers to the now forgotten paper warfare between Isaac Disraeli and Bolton Corney. The latter accused Disraeli of plagiarism and other literary offences. For example, Disraeli asserted that he had *discovered* a certain passage about the Duke of Buckingham in an unpublished Life of Sir Symonds d'Ewes; Mr. Corney pointed out that it had been published in 1793 and appropriated by Disraeli. "Of Mr. Disraeli's knack of translating, Mr. Bolton Corney gives two specimens which plainly prove that the illustrious *litterateur* was not above stealing wherever *il trouvait son bon*, but that he was also not above following the gipsy precedent, and disfiguring the child he stole."

Mr. Hitchman also calls him a "plagiarist of the first water." But his more celebrated son could have given his father points in that respect. The future Lord Beaconsfield seems to have had no scruples in literary matters. In the *Cornhill Magazine* for January, 1912, Sir Henry Lucy points out that the account of the Derby of 1837 in *Sybil* was deliberately cribbed from an account of the race contributed to the *Sporting Magazine*. Sir Henry gives in parallel columns the two narratives, which fully justify his accusation. Moreover, Disraeli's speech on the Resolution for the funeral of the Duke of Wellington, in 1852, was taken from Thiers' oration on the Marshal de St. Cyr in 1829, which had been quoted in *The Morning Chronicle* in July, 1848. *The Globe* published on the day after the speech passages from both side by side; characterising the plagiarism as an "impudent and vulgar theft"; returning to the subject later after an ill-advised "Conservative" had attempted a defence.*

That indefatigable collector of *ana*, Mr. Walsh, who certainly cannot be accused of over-severity, goes further. He writes, "Disraeli was a perpetual plagiarist. There is hardly a clever *mot*, a quotable saying, in all his books, which can be called original. But who bears him any grudge for that?" He justifies his statement—which can hardly be called an accusation, by numerous instances.

These delinquents could claim that they sinned in good company. Mr. Walsh accuses Owen Meredith

* S. N. Erlington: *Literary Piracies*.

(Lord Lytton), of wholesale plagiarism, supporting his assertion by numerous specimens; moreover his novel in verse *Lucile* owes its plot to George Sand's *Lavinia*.

Across the Channel the plagiarists were equally busy. It is certainly a surprise to find E. de Goncourt in their company, yet a critic in *The Times Literary Supplement* states that he "once found by pure chance a whole chapter of *Les Frères Zemganno* almost word for word in an obscure volume of Circus reminiscences." M. Beyle's (Stendhal) earliest work, a *Life of Haydn*, was "almost entirely lifted" from the work of a learned German. In his next book "he embodied several choice extracts culled from *The Edinburgh Review* . . . *The Edinburgh*, in reviewing the book, innocently selected for special approbation the very passages he had stolen. (Lytton Strachey: *Books and Characters*.)

In 1847, Arsène Houssaye published his *History of Flemish and Dutch Painting*, taking the text of his book from a volume by A. Michaelis and his illustrations from Le Brun. Edmond About's novel *Tolla* was copied in part from a rare Italian volume *Letters of Vittoria Savelli*. Sardou took *Les Pommes du Voisin* from a novel of Charles Bernard, *Une Aventure de Magistrat*. Various French compilers have pilloried other writers guilty of the same malpractices.

A very curious case is that of Charles Reade, who, as we have already seen, showed in his *Eighth Commandment* (1860) an exceptional enthusiasm for literary straightforward dealing. Yet so extensive were his borrowings that Trollope in his *Autobiography*, whilst acknowledging Reade's intolerance of literary dishonesty, writes, "And yet of all writers of my day he has seemed to me to understand literary honesty the least." Swinburne, a great admirer of Reade, writes of "his amazing misconception of the duty—nay, the very nature and essence of literary honesty."

Trollope gives as an example the use in a novel of a plot *purchased* from the author of a French play. This was pointed out by a critic whom Reade castigated furiously, pointing out that he had purchased the play, but ignoring the real accusation which was "not that of taking another

man's property, but of passing off as his own creation that which he does not himself create." Trollope continues: "In a tale which he wrote he inserted a dialogue which he took from Swift, and took without any acknowledgment. As might have been expected, one of the critics of the day fell foul of him for this barefaced plagiarism. The author, however, defended himself, with much abuse of the critic, by asserting that whereas Swift had found the jewel he had supplied the setting."*

I have relegated to the Appendix (A II) a few more instances of plagiarism which present interesting features; though the reader may think that I have already been sufficiently lavish.

As we approach the present day, our first impression is that there has been a great change in the point of view of the public generally as regards the sanctity of literary property, as is shown in legislation for the protection of the author. International copyright has given security hitherto lacking, and such plagiarism as was formerly common would now be universally condemned not only by public opinion, but legally. But this first impression would scarcely survive a further examination. In *The Author* for January, 1920, a short report is given of an American copyright trial. It seems that Mr. Myers wrote *The History of Tammany Hall:* whereupon the New York *Mail and Express* published in serial form a similar history, paraphrasing Mr. Myers' book. The judge held that the defendants were entitled to take all their facts from the plaintiff's book so long as they expressed them in their own words; and, of course, not only the facts but their arrangement, the theories deducted, and so forth.

This seems an outrageous decision, but *The Author* is very doubtful whether a similar one would not be arrived at in this country: a parallel case does not seem yet to have come before the Courts. It would, however, appear from Mr. Augustine Birrell's *Quain Lectures on Copyright* that the British author would be protected from such an outrage. Mr. Birrell points out that plagiarism is no crime; that the law only recognises the criminal of whom it can be proved that he had "the felonious intention of appro-

* See Swinburne's *Miscellanies*, 1886: also H. D. Traill in Vol. 54 *Macmillan's Magazine:* p. 364.

priating without independent labour a material part of an independent work." Though this seems to cover such a case as the one in question, it must be acknowledged that there would be great difficulty in drafting a law to prevent such abuses. No one in writing a historical work would hesitate to quote (for example) a charter which had been unearthed by Bishop Stubbs, thus appropriating the labour of another author. A simple acknowledgment of the source of his information would satisfy even a sensitive conscience. Who is to decide how many facts may be thus appropriated without blame? Formerly there was no question in the matter. The Rev. J. S. Brewer, in his *English Studies*, writes, "It is true that these ancient historians repeat themselves and perpetually reproduce the very same matter in the very same words. It is true that they sometimes borrow or steal from each other without misgiving or mercy." Nowadays authors are more prudent, and disguise their borrowings as much as possible. But how can a student, who has spent perhaps years in accumulating facts, prove that the appropriation of his work is not the result of independent research on the part of the subsequent writer? It can only be suggested that a judge in such a case should place the onus of proof on the shoulders of the defendant.

Whether there has been any diminution in the number of plagiarists may be doubtful, but there is certainly an increase in that of the literary detectives, who naturally are attracted by the best known names. Tennyson was by far the most popular poet of his day, and the critics vied with each other in tracing to their sources his epithets and metaphors. The poet protested vigorously against the abuse of such a procedure. "There is I fear," he wrote, "a prosaic set growing up amongst us—editors of booklets, bookworms, index hunters, or men of great memories and no imagination, who believe . . . (that the poet) is for ever poking his nose between the pages of some old volume in order to see what he can appropriate. They will not allow one to say 'Ring the bell' without finding that we have taken it from Sir Philip Sydney, or to use such a simple expression as 'the ocean roars' without finding out the precise verse in Homer or Horace from which we have plagiarised it."

"Fools!" he exclaimed on hearing that he had been accused of taking "the moanings of the homeless sea" from Horace: "as if no one had heard the sea moan except Horace!"

Tennyson implies that the practice he complains of was of recent growth. But Wordsworth, long before, had voiced a similar protest against "the fiddling way" of critics in picking out phrases for which parallels could be found, "which is detestable as a general practice."

As regards the extent to which a writer may legitimately make use of the work of a predecessor, no rule can be laid down. No historian or scientific writer could possibly ignore the researches of his predecessors, and it would be impossible for him to verify by actual investigation the accumulated facts and theories of earlier writers. The plagiarist may plead that as a lawyer takes his facts as to law from the special handbooks on the point in question, or a scientific writer accepts the dictum of a previous investigator without himself repeating his numerous experiments, so he may avail himself of the facts which have already been published, and thus made public property. Still, every writer may do his best to avoid appropriating without acknowledgment the labour of others: and, guided by that principle, he will not find himself in a court of law as defendant, or even condemned by the more delicate judgment of the members of his craft.

Although a writer may sincerely echo the words of De Musset: "*Je hais comme la mort l'état de plagiare*," it is almost inevitable that he may unintentionally use an idea or an expression which has been used before; it is therefore highly desirable that accusations of plagiarism should not be launched recklessly. The author of *Questions de Littérature Légale* is of opinion that in general the accusation of plagiarism is too readily made, instancing the absurd tracing of *Paradise Lost* to the *Adamo* of Andreini, and the *Sarcotis* of Masenius. The number of plots is limited, and a novelist or dramatist may innocently use one which has done service already. The game of tracing parallel passages is an amusing one, but the player should avoid implying that the author's phrases were necessarily borrowed consciously. Thus Sir A. Pinero was accused of cribbing the plot of *The Squire* from Thomas

Hardy's *Far from the Madding Crowd*, which he had never read. Bronson Howard was charged with using the idea of a play sent to him many years before which he had utterly forgotten.

Instances of unconscious plagiarism are not uncommon: I may be permitted to refer to my article on the subject in the *Cornhill Magazine* for October, 1922. A critic, therefore, should hesitate before accusing an author of borrowing who may in all probability be under the impression that he is original. To use a simile, an epithet, even a phrase which has done duty before is inevitable. *Clichés* such as "dim religious light," "a thorn in one's side," etc., are avoided, not because they have been used before but because they are so hackneyed. But it is a long step from inevitable coincidences to such misappropriations as we have been considering; and though it would be difficult to draw the line between legitimate and illegitimate borrowing, there is no doubt that the line must be drawn somewhere. Where, is a matter for the individual conscience; in case of doubt it is better to be on the safe (and honest) side.

The difficulty, if not impossibility, nowadays of being original is well expressed by Captain Harry Graham in an amusing essay on *Art and Craft*. (*The Sphere*, 20th September, 1919.) "It is, of course, quite unnecessary for a poet to strive after original ideas. All that he must seek to obtain is an original method of expressing the ideas that thousands have already made good use of. . . . How glorious it must have been to live in those primæval days before every possible epithet had been applied to the common objects of life! . . . Our only chance to-day of finding a suitable epithet for (say) a cow or a warm spring afternoon without plagiarising the work of some poetic predecessor is to discover unusual, out-of-the-way adjectives which by their novelty will appeal to the average uncultivated reader."

(Thus he calls a toad "glabrous," confessing that he has no idea what the word means, and that he is afraid to look it out in the dictionary. A fly is "sporadic," and so on.)

Mr. John Bailey, lecturing to the British Academy on *Poetry and Commonplace* stated that the great poets were "at least as much occupied in giving new life to old things

as in discovering new." Taking this as his text, Sir Owen Seaman wrote some excellent verses from which we extract a few lines summing up the subject admirably.

> " Why hustle after something strange
> When we can read in old Horatius
> Such truths as these—that seasons change,
> That Life is short and Time fugacious?
>
> . . . . .
>
> " There's nothing new this time of day.
> No bard should blush to be a debtor
> To those who had the earlier say,
> So long as he can do it better;
>
> " The form's the thing; to poets dead
> And crowned in heaven we give the credit
> Not half so much for what they said
> As for the jolly way they said it."

Sir Owen hits the nail on the head: a plagiarism is justified if it expresses an old thought in better language. Though Butler and Macaulay believe that the plagiarist invariably spoils the phrase he steals, this is fortunately not always the case. Shakespeare, taking the proverb about spilt milk, rings the changes on it in various passages.

> When remedies are past, the griefs are ended.
> *Othello.* Act I: Sc. 3.
>
> Past cure is still past care.
> *Love's Labour Lost.*
>
> Things past redress are now with me past care.
> *Richard II.* II. 3.
>
> Things without remedy should be without regard.
> *Macbeth.* III. 2.

Anyone who could find a new or better variation would not only be free from the blame attaching to the plagiarist, but would command our admiration. (See *Appendix* A II, p. 340.)

I am fully aware of the difficulty of deciding what is plagiarism and what is legitimate borrowing. This very chapter is plagiarism of a sort. If I had indicated the source

of every statement made, the notes would have been so numerous as to interfere with the continuity of the letter-press: I have, therefore, confined myself to occasional references, and have indicated the quotations I have made; but I must bear the blame of having sometimes used the investigations of others with only a general acknowledgment of indebtedness.

From early days, authors have complained that they have been born too late: everything has been already said. "*Pereant qui ante nos nostra dixerunt*," cried Donatus, the teacher of St. Jerome. Seneca laments that the ancients had compelled him to borrow from them what they would have taken from him had he been lucky enough to have preceded them. Terence, who has been accused of many depredations, says, "*Nihil est dictum quod non sit dictum prius.*" Later writers have expressed similar sentiments, as the following Epigram by the Chevalier d'Accily shows.

Dis-je quelque chose assez belle?
L'antiquité tout en cervelle
Prétend l'avoir dite avant moi.
C'est une plaisante donzelle!
Que ne venoit-elle après moi?
J'aurois dit la chose avant elle.

(*E. de N.....Questions de Litterature légale:* 1812).

It is out of the question to ask any writer to be entirely original: he must often confess like the late Dean Beeching:

"It all comes out of the books I read,
And it all goes into the books I write."

Mr. Zangwill, in reply to an editor's inquiry as to how he obtains his plots, etc., wrote: "My plots and characters I get from the MSS. submitted to me by young authors, whose clever but crude ideas I hate to see wasted." (*Without Prejudice.*) With equal irony and humour Mr. Lucas makes Christie (the editor in *Mr. Ingleside*) assert, "I never steal: I always acknowledge the source. I shall certainly use your epigram, but I shall attribute it to Sydney Smith."

It is but natural that the greatest offenders should most vigorously defend their actions. Dryden, Byron and Voltaire I have already referred to: to these may be added

Dumas, who defended his borrowings energetically, pleading the practice of Shakespeare and Molière in justification. He needed all the excuses he could muster, for he borrowed on a heroic scale; entire scenes from Schiller, chapters from Scott, and pages from Chateaubriand. Some critics even now seem to hesitate before condemning the plagiarist. Thus Mr. W. P. Courtney writes in *The Secrets of our National Literature*, "The illustrations and quotations of Sterne have been borrowed from many an ancient tome reposing in the libraries around York, and notably from the pages of *The Anatomy of Melancholy*. Such acts are allowable; indeed they are to be expected." And Mr. Walsh in his *Handbook* is still more emphatic, stating that "On the whole, as between the plagiarist and his accuser, we prefer the plagiarist. . . . Thank God that these great men had no literary conscience." This pronouncement sounds a little odd, coming as it does after his pillorying numerous authors for theft. Besides, why should we be thankful that Shakespeare, for example, stole his plots ready-made? His plots are his weakest part; had he not borrowed them he would have had to invent his own, and to judge from his original ones they would have been superior. That he was indifferent as to the source of his story is not to his credit, any more than the carelessness he showed in retaining the inconsistencies and absurdities of his original.

Some living authors, too, have loose ideas on the subject. In *The London Mercury* of March, 1920, Mr. Crundell called attention to a passage of eight lines in Mr. Sturge Moore's poem *Micah* which are a paraphrase of some (prose) lines in Flaubert's *Salammbo*; and suggested that there ought to have been a note of acknowledgment. Mr. Moore rejoined that such a note would have been an impertinence, and asked if Gray and Arnold called attention by a note when they adapted a few lines from Pindar, etc. Mr. Moore then states that he can help his accusers to make out their case (unconsciously plagiarising Phillippe Desportes, see p. 104), and gives a short list of his borrowings, including a longer passage from *Salammbo* in his *Mariamne*.

Mr. Moore was unfortunate in his appeal to the practice of Gray and Arnold: Mr. Crundell naturally pointed out that "Gray's acknowledgments were if anything too pro-

fuse." He wrote his notes, he tells us, "partly from justice, to acknowledge a debt when I had borrowed anything," etc. Arnold puts a note to *Empedocles on Etna* to explain a quotation from Parmenides.

Mr. Moore returns to the subject in the July number in which he states that "My own practice has been to acknowledge, even at the cost of a note, any debt that might conceivably affect the reputation or income of a living author." (It is not easy to see why a dead author's reputation should not be considered.) He goes on to say, "I have pointed out in *Hark to These Three* why I conceive the custom of treating literary work as private property detrimental both to the public taste and that of authors," a position which is fortunately not generally held. His view is that "literary originality is mainly confined to arrangement, assimilation, and effect: these are invented." But when "thoughts and visions—have been assimilated . . . their origin is then indifferent."

Mr. Moore can scarcely have considered what would be the result were all writers to carry out his principles. An author would only have to discover a passage which he admired or which suited his purpose and would transfer it without acknowledgment to his own pages with such modifications as he thought fit to make, allowing his readers to give him all the credit for original work.

I have no wish to pose as the possessor of a more tender conscience than that of other writers, but such a position makes one indignant, and I cannot but hope that my indignation is shared by the vast majority of writers.

There has always existed a class of men holding that any practice that is legal is permissible. There are such men in the literary profession as in any other. So long as the law allowed the dramatisation of a novel without the author's permission, they appropriated it without regard to any moral obligation; forgetting that the difference between an honest and a dishonest man is at bottom in the intention. If plagiarism is a literary crime, as seems generally admitted, the plagiarist cannot soothe his conscience by pleading that it is not a legal offence. It is evident that the difficulty of defining the offence and of proving it is the reason why no stringent enactment in restraint has been made: the law goes as far in that direction as is practicable. All the more

reason, then, for the author who has the dignity of his profession at heart to exercise especial care not to overstep the limits of what is allowable. Let those who plead that no offence has been committed ask themselves how they would like their own original work to be misappropriated by a rival author. The profession of literature is a high one, and it behoves its members to maintain its high estate by straightforward dealing, the outcome of a sensitive literary conscience.

PART II

LITERARY MISDEMEANOURS, Etc.

CHAPTER X

Parody and Burlesque

SOME enthusiasts for the dignity of literature would condemn all parody as debasing: Dr. Arnold for one, Browning also. The latter wrote an angry letter threatening legal proceedings to an individual who wished to parody one of his poems. But an art which can count amongst its practitioners such names as Byron, Keats, Coleridge, Lamb, Shelley, Rossetti, Swinburne and many others can claim to be considered legitimate in some forms at least. Whether it is not more often illegitimate is another question.

It is so difficult to make a distinction between parody and burlesque that it is better to treat them together. Both imply the ridicule of a serious original. Sometimes it is an actual poem or play that is so made absurd; sometimes it is the style of an author or the mannerisms of a school.

This rendering ludicrous what was meant to be serious is universal in literature. It was common amongst the Greeks: *The Battle of the Frogs and Mice* is a burlesque of Homer; Aristophanes parodied Euripides and others. The Romans followed suit. In more recent times, Chaucer held up to ridicule the long-winded romancers in *The Rime of Sir Thopas*. Shakespeare was parodied by Marston in a burlesque of *Venus and Adonis*. Beaumont and Fletcher's *Knight of the Burning Pestle* (1611) pokes fun at the absurdities of contemporary drama, as do *The Rehearsal* of the Duke of Buckingham (1672) and *The Critic* of Sheridan. (1779). In the former the character of Bayes was meant to caricature Davenant, but on his death Dryden was substituted. John Philips wrote his *Splendid Shilling* (1705) when a youth at college, and it is now his chief title to remembrance. He was a great lover of Milton, and showed his admiration in a curious way, borrowing his master's thundering line to sing the woes of impecuniosity. Addison

called it "the finest burlesque poem in the English language."

Henry Fielding was but twenty-four when he wrote *Tom Thumb* (1730); adding the next year those delightful critical notes which imitate and travesty those of the dry-as-dust commentators of the day. Everyone knows that his *Joseph Andrews* was begun as a burlesque of Richardson's *Pamela;* the indignant author called it "lewd and ungenerous."

Henry Carey also mocked at the prevailing taste in drama in his *Chrononhotonthologos* (1734); it was written of him that "he led a life free from reproach, and hanged himself 4th October, 1743."

A production more in the modern style is *A Pipe of Tobacco* (1736), in which J. H. Browne reproduces the styles of Cibber, Thomson, Young, Swift, etc.

The prominent specimens I have mentioned are sufficient to show that burlesque had made a recognised place for itself in our national literature. The publication of the famous *Rejected Addresses* by Horace and James Smith (1812), proved that modern parodists were at least equal to their predecessors. In the opinion of Messrs. Walter Jerrold and R. M. Leonard (*A Century of Parody*), the *Addresses* "practically marked the birth of modern parody."

The success of the brochure was enormous, and some of its victims acknowledged its cleverness. Crabbe wrote "they have done me admirably." Scott laughed good humouredly. Byron was delighted; probably Wordsworth was not. The verses were true parodies of the style of the various poets, and not of particular poems; for which one can be sure that the original authors were grateful.

The notorious John Wilkes used his talent for ridicule and satire in the same way. He is guilty of an indecent burlesque of the *Essay on Man*, and also of an *Essay on Women:* the latter with notes which he ascribed with malicious wit to Bishop Warburton. The appendix contained an obscene paraphrase of the *Veni Creator Spiritus;* not by any means the first or the last instance of the use of sacred themes for secular purposes.

In the keen fight in the later years of George III between the champions of liberty and the Government, this objectionable form of parody was extensively used. Wm. Hone, well-known for his *Year Book*, etc., was an intrepid leader

in the unequal contest, with the natural result that he was singled out for prosecution. In 1818 he published a book containing a full report of his three trials for publishing three parodies in 1817. The charge on the first day concerned the late John Wilkes' *Catechism*. It begins:

"*Q*. What is your name?
A. Lickspittle.
Q. Who gave you that name?
A. My sureties to the Ministry in my Political Change, wherein I was made a Member of the Majority, a Child of Corruption, and a Locust to devour the good Things of this Kingdom, etc."

On the second day Hone's own parody of the *Litany* was the subject:

"That it may please ye to place within the bounds of economy the Expenditure of all the Royal Family, etc."
"Son of George, we beseech thee to hear us.
"House of Lords, that takest away so many thousands of pounds in pensions, have mercy upon us," etc.

A parody of the Athanasian Creed formed the subject of the third trial. "Whosoever will be a sinecurist, before all things it is necessary that he hold a place of profit. Which place except every sinecurist do receive the salary for, and do no service; without doubt it is no sinecure."

Hone's defence was that his parody of a serious work was not intended to throw contempt on that work, but was written with the object of inculcating certain truths in a striking manner by using a form familiar to all. He quoted numerous instances of the practice, one by Luther; a parody of the Lord's Prayer in a sermon by Dr. John Boys, Dean of Canterbury, in 1613 ("Our Pope, which art in Rome, hellish be thy name," etc.) In 1647 appeared a burlesque by Lord Somers of the *Common Prayer*; he quoted also parodies of Scripture in *The Champion*, *The Rolliad*, and more recently in *Blackwood's Magazine*. *The Poor Man's Litany*, *The Political Creed*, etc., were other instances of a similar kind. He might have added Horace Walpole's skit, *The Lesson for the Day*.

The Government did all they could to obtain a conviction, packing the jury and so forth. The Judges (Lord Ellenborough on the last two cases) charged the jury

directly to find Hone guilty, pointing out that the publication of objectionable libels by others was no defence. Hone demanded to know why he was singled out. The reason was all too obvious, and all three juries gave a verdict in his favour amidst scenes of enthusiasm. A subscription to pay his expenses was largely supported, and public meetings passed resolutions of congratulation.

Such parodies as those mentioned would now certainly be considered to be in bad taste; but it is worth mention that *The Book of Artemas*, published during the War, in the style of *The Book of Kings*, was a great success. Nor does any objection appear to have been taken to a close imitation of part of the Athanasian creed in Mr. Shaw's *Back to Methusalah* and of the Apostles' Creed in *The Doctor's Dilemma*.

Charles Lamb rarely hesitated to make fun of his friends, and it is therefore somewhat surprising and pleasant to find that he had scruples about publishing a parody of de Quincey's *Letters to a Young Man whose Education had been neglected*, which had appeared in the *London Magazine*. It was not until he had de Quincey's approval that he published in the same magazine his *Letters to an Old Man whose Education has been neglected*. Most parodists are not so scrupulous. (H. A. Page, *de Quincey's Life and Letters*.)

The defence of the parodist is, of course, that he does not intend to throw ridicule on the actual work he parodies; that Hamlet's soliloquy remains as fine as ever in spite of the travesties of it. This is the old defence of Hone in regard to the parodies of the creeds. But is it a sound plea? The reader of a clever and amusing parody of "To be, or not to be" finds against his will that the recitation of the original calls up the imitation, and the magic is lost. For the sake of a moment's laugh we endanger the future enjoyment of a passage of enduring beauty.

To parody a single poem of merit is therefore generally speaking unjustifiable. Nothing is easier than to take the step from the sublime to the ridiculous: it is *facilis descensus*. Moreover, it is a distinct form of plagiarism. The parodist must, of course, disclaim originality; he borrows his idea, form, and often his rhymes. In spite of the popularity of certain successful efforts, it must be acknowledged that there is but comparatively small merit in a

composition devoid of originality. To parody the *Seven Ages of Man* as did Horace Twiss, or Byron's Venice Verses in *Childe Harold* as did "Ingoldsby" Barham, can give little pleasure to anyone, and pains many. The only justification for such a proceeding is when the original verses are so artificial or affected that they call for ridicule.

It is this natural resentment at the degradation of a piece of fine literature which makes so many condemn parody. Matthew Arnold called it a vile art: but he had sufficient humour to regard it "with an amused pleasure when applied to his own case by Mr. H. W. Traill." (G. W. Russell: *A Pocketful of Sixpences*.) Mr. J. C. Squire speaks of the art (which he himself practices) as a "not wholly admirable" one. Sir Owen Seaman—a master of parody—condemns it when it is "a mere verbal echo"; but he asserts that at its best "it becomes a department of pure criticism;" and in a lecture at the Y.M.C.A. spoke of "the noble art of parody." "Reverence," he maintained ,"was in the nature of the true parodist."

It is natural for a man to magnify his calling, but Sir Owen surely goes too far. It would be much more true to say that *ir*reverence was the note of the parodist. The man who can burlesque *Hamlet* or *Othello*, or write an *Orphée aux Enfers*, may possess many admirable literary qualities, but reverence is not one of them.

As criticism, the parody and burlesque have often justified their existence. No doubt that *The Rehearsal* and *The Critic* helped to diminish the use of rhodomontade; as Professor Aytoun's delicious *Firmilian* dealt a heavy blow at the "spasmodic drama" later. Shelley's *Peter Bell the Third* was written (so Mrs. Shelley explained) because he felt that certain of Wordsworth's theories must lead to dullness. He had the highest opinion of Wordsworth, whom, however, he did not know personally.

When an author's style is imitated, and not a particular work, it is easier to plead justification. *The Diversions of the Echo Club*, by Bayard Taylor, for example, is entirely unobjectionable; and it would need a severe moralist to condemn Thackeray's Novels *By Eminent Hands*, Bret Harte's *Condensed Novels*, or Barry Pain's admirable Burlesques. Nor will anyone quarrel with such parodies of Meredith's style as can be found in his *Life*, or that amusing

travesty of a novel of Henry James in Mr. H. G. Wells' *Boon*. Such work is a genuine form of criticism and valuable as an effective weapon against affectation, obscurity, false sentiment, or over-refinement of style. But it is a weapon which is too often handled by the unworthy, who often render laughable the part of the original which is admirable, as well as that which calls for criticism. Anyone who makes a practice of parody incurs the risk of being too inclined to look on literature as a subject for ridicule, which must have a bad effect on his appreciation. The gift of parody should be used with great discretion.

It is not so uncommon as one would imagine to discover poets who parodied themselves: Hogg, Lamb, Thackeray and Swinburne amongst others have done so. One regrets to find Thackeray burlesquing his own serious poem; it makes one doubt the sincerity of feeling of the original verses. Swinburne published a book of parodies, *The Heptalogia or the Seven against Sense* (1880). Though published anonymously he was strongly suspected of being the author, and Dr. G. G. Williamson asserts that in later years he acknowledged the authorship. This is how the poem *Nephelidia*, the parody of himself, commences:

> " From the depth of the dreamy decline of the dawn through
> a notable nimbus of nebulous moonshine,
> Pallid and pink as the palm of the flag-flower that flickers
> with fear of the flies as they float: " etc.

But though he parodied his own *style*, he did not scruple to take actual verses of other poets on which to exercise his wit; for example, Tennyson's *The Higher Pantheism*, which is turned into *The Higher Pantheism* (*in a nutshell*).

> " One, who is not, we see: but one whom we see not, is;
> Surely this is not that: but that is assuredly this," etc.

Sir William Gilbert is another poet who burlesqued his own work. *The Happy Land* is a comic version of *The Wicked World*. In his salad days he burlesqued other writers; a practice he afterwards abandoned.

I have referred to the burlesques such as *The Rehearsal* which were caricatures of the then current style of drama. Of a totally different kind were those which were so popular some forty years ago when John Hollingshead up-

held the "sacred lamp of burlesque" at the Gaiety. At that date every new play of importance was immediately seized upon and travestied at some length. The late Sir Francis Burnand had a genius for debasing contemporary dramatic art; and it must be confessed did his unworthy work extremely well. Now that we no longer have a second piece in our theatre programmes these travesties have disappeared; moreover we no longer see burlesques of *Hamlet* or *Othello* advertised as we did in the not remote past; but it is a matter for regret that recently it has become the practice to insert in the *omnium gatherum* of the "revue" short scenes burlesquing the popular success of the day. How can anyone who has seen a popular comedian play the fool in such a scene, enjoy the original serious version?

The question of the legitimate bounds of burlesque is exceedingly difficult. To rule it out altogether would in the first place be impossible, and in the second would deprive us of some works of genius which have justified their existence by surpassing their originals. Still, in the distant future, one cannot but hope that it may be held that the work of a dramatic author is his own, and that no one has the right to appropriate his plot, characters or dialogue in order to ridicule them. It certainly seems strange that a dramatist can sue a rival dramatist who writes a play which is a colourable imitation of his work, but appears to have no remedy against an author who maims and degrades it with the open avowal that he has laid his hands on original work which does not belong to him. The question has been before the Courts on several occasions. In 1920 the proprietors of the dramatic rights of *Tarzan of the Apes* sued the producer of a burlesque sketch called *Warzan and his Apes* for infringement of copyright. The judge refused an injunction, partly on the grounds that the serious incidents copied were rendered comic; though he gave his decision "without going to the extent to which he understood Mr. Justice Younger went in the case of Glyn *v.* Weston, Feature Film Co. (1916), I Ch. 261, in saying 'that a burlesque never can be an infringement of copyright.'" (*The Author*, January, 1921.)

Once more it seems as if the law were eager to find excuses for the pirate who takes another's work and mutilates it, instead of using his own brains.

The victim of the parodist has at least one consolation: no one is parodied who has not attained a certain position in the literary world; indeed a parody is a certificate of popularity, for who would trouble to imitate an unknown original? Authors may as well make up their minds that so long as there are poets there will be parodists; moreover whilst writers indulge in mannerisms or other literary vices the parodist will be justified, provided—a considerable stipulation—that his work is free from malice, envy and all uncharitableness.

I am afraid that I have treated this amusing section of literature in too serious a fashion; that the reader will be left with the impression that I fail to appreciate the wit and superlative cleverness of our best parodists. Let me protest that no one can enjoy more thoroughly the work of such masters as the Brothers Smith, Calverley, Lang, Seaman, Max Beerbohm, Squire, Brierly and numerous others. They have added to the gaiety of one nation at least, and to have accomplished that is enough to earn our gratitude.

CHAPTER XI

The Literary Hoax

THE literary hoax is not a modern invention, and an instance or two may be given of its early existence. Joseph Scaliger (1540-1609) was by far the most renowned classical scholar of his day, and naturally was prejudiced in favour of classical studies. Muretus, probably envious of his fame, sent him "some verses which he pretended were copied from an old MS. . . . He (Scaliger) quoted them in his commentary on Varro *De Re Rustica* as one of the most precious fragments of antiquity." Then Muretus published the facts, to the confusion of his rival.

A similar case, also mentioned by Disraeli in his *Curiosities*, is that of the Abbé Regnier Demarais, who flourished in the eighteenth century. He wrote an ode which he sent to the Abbé Strozzi, who used it to impose on the Della Crusca Academy, pretending that the librarian of the Vatican had found it between two accidentally glued pages of a Petrarch MS. in the Vatican. When the deception was made known the Abbé Regnier was elected to the Academy, as an honourable testimony of his ingenuity; a proceeding which seems to invite similar feats of dubious honesty.

It is not altogether easy to draw the line between a hoax and a forgery. Perhaps we might put it that the former is not intended to deceive permanently, and that an element of fun should be present, even if it is sometimes mischievous fun. If there is none, the hoax loses its savour and becomes difficult to justify. If its object is to cause pain, it stands self-condemned.

Hoaxes have their dangers. They may be read carelessly and taken as fact. In order to satirise the public taste for gruesome crimes, Mark Twain once wrote in a newspaper a skit about an imaginary murder, purposely larded with grossly impossible details; but these were skipped or ignored, and his absurd story taken for gospel. A still better

instance, inasmuch as a wider circle was deceived and for a longer time, is that of the so-called *Armada Mercuries*.

Towards the end of the eighteenth century, Wm. George Chalmers, the antiquarian, found in the British Museum amongst the papers of Thomas Birch (d. 1766) some copies of a newspaper *The English Mercurie* of the year 1588. He accepted them as genuine and published his discovery: then Disraeli, confiding in his accuracy, gave details of them in his *Curiosities of Literature;* and it was not till he published his twelfth edition in 1841 that he was able to announce that the celebrated *Mercuries* were a forgery, as had been discovered by Mr. Thos. Watts. For fifty years historians and writers of text-books had been repeating Chalmers' blunder; from which Disraeli draws the oft-needed inference that multiplied authorities add no strength to evidence, when all are to be traced to a single source.

Disraeli conjectures that the paper was a *jeu-d'esprit* of Birch's in conjunction with the Yorkes (Lord Hardwicke). It is now known that the author was Lord Hardwicke only, who wrote to Birch, "I amused myself by throwing some of the more fabled occurrences relating to it (the Armada) into the form of a newspaper . . . I would have the thing remain a secret between us two."

That he had no intention of deceiving the public permanently may be inferred from his writing in reference to another of his skits, "When a due interval of time has elapsed the truth may be known; the illusion vanishes, it is a masquerade which is closed."

The matter is dealt with fully by Mr. D. T. B. Wood in *The Nineteenth Century* for February, 1914, and by Mr. P. C. Yorke in his *Life of Lord Hardwicke*.

Again, a hoax, which at the time of its publication is recognised as one, may in the next generation be taken as a genuine document. The following is an example:

In 1633 Prynne published his *Histriomastix*, a virulent attack on the stage. In 1649 was issued a tract entitled *Mr. Wm. Prynne his Defence of Stage Players; or a Retraction of a former book of his called Histriomastix*, written "when I had not so clear a light as I now have." Until the accidental discovery of a handbill in which Prynne disclaims the pamphlet, it passed as genuine, and would have permanently misrepresented his attitude to the stage.

The inference is discouraging to the historian. There can be little doubt that reputations have been ruined and facts misrepresented by writings, intended as jokes or satires, the origin of which has in course of time been forgotten.

The eighteenth century provides numerous examples of these *flim-flams*, as they were then sometimes called; other synonyms were *bubble*, *hum*, *catch*, *bite and slam :* the existence of so many names furnishes a proof of their prevalence. In 1702 Defoe published his pamphlet *The Shortest Way with the Dissenters*, advocating the severest measures against them, on the lines of Louis XIV's treatment of the Protestants. It was welcomed by the High Churchmen, one clergyman declaring it to be next to the Bible. The Dissenters were naturally furious. But when it was discovered that the author, a Dissenter, had written it as a satire to ridicule those who were persecuting his co-religionists, the anger of the Church party knew no bounds. The House of Commons ordered the books to be burnt, and Defoe was prosecuted for libelling the Church, and was condemned to stand in the pillory and suffer two years' imprisonment.

The history of another of Defoe's supposed hoaxes is very curious. In 1706 appeared *The True Relation of the Apparition of Mrs. Veal.* Scott and most of the later critics praised it as a good example of Defoe's power of making fiction appear fact. As the book happened to recommend *A Christian's Defence against the Fear of Death*, and greatly increased its popularity, the critics concluded that Defoe's object was to enhance its sale. But Mr. G. A. Aitken (in the *Nineteenth Century*, January, 1895) proves to his satisfaction that the whole narrative is strictly true. He shows that the persons mentioned by Defoe were actual individuals, and that the story of the apparition was told by Mrs. Bargrave to several friends.

This being so, it is possible that it led Defoe to resolve that if his fact were taken as fiction he would try if fiction would be accepted as fact. At all events *Robinson Crusoe* was put forward as a true narrative. In the preface to the fourth edition, 1719, the editor states that he "believes the thing to be a just History of Fact: neither is there any Appearance of Fiction in it. . . . All the endeavours of Envious People to reproach it with being a Romance . . . have proved abortive, and as impotent as malicious."

But oddly enough in the Preface to the second edition of the second part, published in the same year (1719), the editor contradicts his statement flatly. "The religious and useful inferences drawn from every Part . . . must legitimate all the Part that may be called Invention, or Parable in the Story." So if it had been Defoe's original intention to hoax the public, he certainly abandoned the idea later.

The Memoirs of a Cavalier (1720) is another example of fiction founded on fact being put forward as fact only. Lord Chatham thought it true history, and even now it is disputed how far it departs from actuality. Actual deception is not allowable in a work of art; no one rates the painter highly who paints fruit so deceptively that birds peck at the canvas.

Swift was a great master in the art of hoaxing the public. His best-known victim was the unfortunate Partridge, author and proprietor of *Partridge's Almanac* and other publications. Swift thought them objectionable, and their astrological predictions absurd; so in derision he published *Predictions for the year* 1708 *by Isaac Bickerstaff*, in which he foretold the death of Partridge on the 29th March.

On the 30th March Swift published a letter to a Lord purporting to come from a Revenue officer, describing Partridge's last hours and death as predicted. An Elegy and an Epitaph were subjoined.

The unhappy almanac-maker was naturally furious, and brought out a pamphlet to prove that he was alive, giving "a true and impartial account of the proceedings of Isaac Bickerstaff, Esq., against me." This was countered by Swift in *A Vindication of Isaac Bickerstaff, Esq.*, in which he proves Partridge to be dead in spite of his denial, by such arguments as that no man alive could have written such stuff as his *Almanac*. So much ridicule was excited by this duel that Partridge ceased to publish his Almanac.

In the meantime Steele had started *The Tatler* (1709) where he appropriated the name of Isaac Bickerstaff, which was familiar to everybody. Swift seems to have made no objection. For reasons not too clear Steele ended the career of his paper suddenly in 1711, confessing in his last number that he was Bickerstaff.

In 1714 Partridge seems to have thought that the controversy was sufficiently forgotten for him to recom-

mence the publication of his Almanac. In a letter in his first number he certainly scored by pointing out that after Bickerstaff had reported him dead, he had at all events outlived him: alluding, of course, to the demise of *The Tatler*. Anticipating further annoyance he writes (1715), "It is very probable that the beggarly knavish crew will be this year also printing *Prophecies and Predictions* in my name, to cheat the country as they used to do." But so far as Swift was concerned his fears were groundless.

Not that Swift's partiality for these *flim-flams* abated; he even indulged it at his own expense. Writing to Gay in 1730 from Dublin he remarks, "The scrub libel printed against me here and re-printed in London, for which he (Mr. Cæsar) showed a kind concern to a friend of us both, was written by myself."

But he did not have it all his own way, and his enemies often paid him back in his own coin. About 1715 there was published a volume of *Essays: Divine, Moral and Political by the author of a Tale of a Tub*, which was simply a parody of works by Swift, the authorship of which had at various times crept out. (*Craik's Life of Swift.*) This sort of thing was the penalty the Dean paid for his practice of publishing anonymously. He confesses in a letter that of all his voluminous writings he had only published one under his own name: the natural consequence was that he was credited with numerous pamphlets and verses of which he was guiltless.

Swift's account of the illness and death of Partridge no doubt suggested Pope's Pamphlet on *The Phrenzy of John Dennis*. This was condemned by Addison; and Whitworth Elwin, the editor of the monumental edition of Pope, calls it coarse and dull, as indeed it is. Still later Smollett wrote a pamphlet modelled after Pope's unworthy effort, entitling it *A Faithful Narrative of the Base and Inhuman Arts that were late practised upon the Brain of Habbakuk Hilding, Justice, Dealer and Chapman, etc.* This was an attack on Fielding, who had alluded to Smollett in *The Convent Garden Journal*. But perhaps such efforts merit the name of skits or squibs rather than hoaxes.

An instance may be mentioned to show how prevalent was the practice of deceiving the public. Lady Craven, writing from Vienna about 1786, mentions Lady Mary

Wortley Montague's letters: stating that "Lady Bute told me that Horace Walpole and two other wits joined to divert themselves at the expense of the credulity of the public by composing these letters," and Lady Craven makes no bones of asserting her belief in the statement. (G. Paston. *Little Memoirs of Eighteenth Century*, p. 153.) She would hardly have been so ready to accept such gossip as fact had not the perpetration of similar hoaxes been no uncommon event.

Goldsmith gives an amusing example of a genuine hoax, at the expense of Pope. The poet read his *Rape of the Lock* to Swift before it was completed, Dr. Parnell hanging about the room unnoticed. But he was listening, and his prodigious memory enabled him to remember the description of the toilet pretty exactly. This he versified, and the next day, when Pope was reading his poems to some friends, Parnell insisted that he had stolen that part of the description from an old monkish MS. An old paper with the Latin verses was soon brought forth, and it was not till some time after that Pope was delivered from the confusion which it at first produced.*

Burke's *Vindication of Natural Society* (1756) was said to have been written for a wager to pass as the work of Bolingbroke. It was published anonymously as "by a late Noble writer," which Burke certainly was not. Written in imitation of Bolingbroke's style and philosophy, it long passed as his; even such a critic as Warburton believed it to be a genuine work.

It has been suggested that Chatterton's forgeries should rather be regarded as hoaxes. Possibly as remarked in Chapter III, he intended, when he had gained the public ear, to confess the deception, in the same way that Horace Walpole in the second edition of his *Castle of Otranto* owned that his original statement as to its foreign origin was untrue. Scott and many other authors have confessed to deceiving their readers in a similar manner. (See *A Dubious Licence*, Chapter 12.)

William Beckford, the author of *Vathek*, as a youth of seventeen, was much amused by hearing the old housekeeper at Fonthill make "howlers" when exhibiting the pictures to visitors. In pure high spirits he composed *Biographical Memoirs of Extraordinary Painters* (1780) and

* Goldsmith's *Life of Dr. Parnell.*

had it printed; the housekeeper innocently adopting it as her text book. Imaginary painters and their wives were foisted on the sightseers, who learnt for the first time that Og of Basan was an artist. Other unknown celebrities were Herr Sucrewasser of Vienna, Blunderbussiana of Venice, Watersouchy of Amsterdam, etc., to whom were attributed canvases of Rubens and Murillo. The author used to listen unobserved until he "was ready to kill myself with laughter." But the book was not altogether a joke; Lockhart saw in it "the results of already extensive observation and the judgments of a refined . . . taste." (Lewis Melville—*Some Eccentrics*.)

Scott was victimised more than once. He writes of a letter from *Detector*, which "found me guilty of stealing a passage from one of Vida's Latin poems, which I had never seen or heard of," viz:

> When pain and anguish wring the brow
> A ministering angel thou!

A reference was given to *Vida*, *Ad Eranen*, *El. II*, *v.* 21

> "Cum dolor atque supercilio gravis imminet angor,
> Fungeris angelico sola ministerio."

However, it was found on examination that there are no such lines and no such poem in *Vida*. (*Lockhart's Life*.)

When Scott was at the height of his fame, a German, G. W. Häring, who wagered he could produce a work which would be accepted as a genuine *Waverley*, published at Leipzig in 1824, the romance of *Walladmor* as an actual translation from Sir Walter Scott. De Quincey seems to have been taken in, and, after writing an article on it, undertook to translate it for the publishers of the *London Magazine*; but found it so full of atrocious absurdities that he gave up translating and published a version of his own, dedicating it to the German translator. Thus, without any original intention of doing so, he perpetrated a second hoax; his version purporting to be a translation of *Walladmor* which pretended to be a translation of a non-existent novel. Scott alluded to it without animosity in his introduction to *The Betrothed* (1825).*

* H. A. Page—*Life, etc., of de Quincey*: and *de Quincey's Collected Works*, Vol. 16.

Scott himself is not innocent of attempting to deceive his readers. The *Advertisement* to *Rob Roy* (1817) states that the story in outline was sent him by an unknown correspondent, whom he formally thanks. But in the preface to the edition of 1829 he owned that "the communication alluded to is entirely imaginary."

Again, Lockhart relates that originally *The Fortunes of Nigel* was to have taken the form of a series of *Private Letters* supposed to have been discovered in the repositories of a Noble English Family. Scott printed them as he wrote them, and in the margin placed a commentary of notes, drawn up in the character of a Radical chaplain. But, being told that he was throwing away the materials of a romance, he acknowledged his mistake. "You were all quite right: if the letters had passed for genuine, they would have found favour only with a few musty antiquaries, and if the joke were detected there was not enough story to carry it off." (See also *A Dubious Licence*, Chapter XII.)

Lovers of Lamb will not be surprised to find that he indulged in the sport of "leg-pulling," not only in his letters but in his published work. Thus he writes to Miss Hutchinson (20th January, 1825): "But did you read the *Memoirs of Liston*?—and did you guess whose it was? Of all the lies I ever put off, I value this the most. It is from top to toe, every paragraph, Pure Invention, and has passed for gospel; has been republished in newspapers, and in the penny playbills of the night, as an authentic account." One cannot help wondering whether Liston's relatives saw the joke in the same light as the writer.

Hood once paid him off in his own coin. When editing *The Gem* (1829), Hood published an essay called *The Widow* written in Lamb's style, and with his name attached. Lamb then wrote to Hood—"Dear Lamb,—You are an unprecedented varlet, but I will keep your secret," etc., and signed it "T. Hood, Esq."

But good-tempered as he proved himself when he was a victim, he was roused to fury when a friend's interests were in question. In 1819 J. Hamilton Reynolds had published a *Peter Bell*, in imitation of Wordsworth, and had asserted "I do affirm that I am the *real* Simon Pure." Lamb's indignation knew no bounds, and he wrote to Wordsworth in a rage. "Is there no law against these rascals? I would

have this Lambert Simnel whipt at the cart's tail. Then there is Rogers! He has been re-writing your Poem of the Strid and publishing it at the end of his *Human Life* ! Tie him up to the cart, hangman, while you are about it."

The early part of the nineteenth century might be called the era of the practical joke; which, when it took a literary form, was perhaps less reprehensible than in its other manifestations. Wm. Maginn was a past master in the art. He was a highly educated man with a gift for turning ballads, epitaphs, etc., into Latin or Greek. In his *Miscellanies* he writes: "I translated a song by Wm. Glass the other day, and I passed it on the Baillie, a man of letters, you know, for Tibullus." His propensity landed him in an awkward situation. Wishing to introduce himself to Blackwood, he "called at the shop in Princes Street, and just as I was going in I recollected that poor Dowden and Jennings, and one or two more in whose names I had written squibs for the magazine, were, after writing very wicked notes to Blackwood, demanding the author's address." The publishers evidently did not think very seriously of the offence, for Maginn became a frequent contributor.

Francis Mahony (Father Prout) of *Fraser's Magazine* was another of the irresponsible free-lances whose high spirits often led them into perpetrating hoaxes which would now be condemned. Wolfe's *Burial of Sir John Moore* was published anonymously and was popularly attributed to Byron. "For many years," writes Sir Edward Cook, "the piece was claimed, as Mr. Henley said, by liar after liar in succession. Father Prout wickedly added to the confusion by publishing a clever French translation, which he pretended to regard as the original of Wolfe's piece." He also translated some of Moore's poems—"Go where glory waits thee" and others —into French, and then asserted that Moore had merely translated the French original, and passed them off as his own. He published the French version side by side with Moore's to prove his case; even stating that he had supplied Moore with the originals at his request, and that Moore had laughingly said to him:

"The best of all ways
To lengthen our lays
Is to steal a few thoughts from the French, my dear."*

* Walsh: *Handy Book of Literary Curiosities.*

Impudence could surely go no further!

The Rev. R. H. Barham, of the *Ingoldsby Legends*, in a letter of 1st March, 1837, tells the story of Sydney Smith's sending to Archdeacon Singleton his pamphlet of the Synod of Dort. "He did not take in the Bishop (of Llandaff), who hit upon the forgery at first sight. The name of Vorstius alone fixed the chronology and detected the imposition, which, after all, is the funniest I have seen. I am told that the pamphlet has had a great effect upon the Commissioners, and that he will carry his point as to the patronage." (From *Four Centuries of English Letters*. W. B. Scoones.)

Prosper Merimée's productions stand on the border line between forgery and hoax. In 1825 he published the *Dramatic Works* of a Spanish lady, Clara Gazul, with a preface stating how the supposed translator, one Joseph L'Estrange, had met the gifted poetess at Gibraltar. "The lady was non-existent in spite of a detailed biography, though a Spanish critic declared that though the translation was good it was inferior to the original. Two years later Merimée took in Sir John Bowring, Poushkin and others with a faked translation "from the Illyrian of a supposititious Hyacinthe Maglanovich." Fortunately Merimée's fame does not rest on these fabrications.

In recent years the taste for this kind of literary practical joke has declined. Moreover, the public is not so easily gulled, and literary detectives are keener. There are specialists in every department of literature, and there would be no chance now of an Ireland or a Chatterton imposing on the public. Still, human credulity is almost unlimited, and scarcely any claim unblushingly made but will find some champions. Under *The Literary Thief* (Chap. I) will be found sufficient instances to prove the statement.

Mr. H. Belloc sometimes amuses himself by experiments to show the ignorance of some editors. When a certain paper asked for *Favourite Extracts from Shakespeare* he sent some lines of his own, with the superb ending:

> " Naught was ever done
> Unless at some time it were first begun."(*)

* *The New Statesman* October 8th, 1921.

The only line of Shakespeare to compete with it is in *A Midsummer Night's Dream.*

"O night! which ever art when day is not!"

appropriately put into the mouth of Bottom.

This form of hoax has always been a favourite one. Ruskin characterised as "not the least significant of the utterances of the Master" a letter about public bores attributed to Carlyle. Editors innumerable have been taken in by these conscienceless jokers. Mr. Birrell notes how the *London Gazette* printed one of Shakespeare's *Sonnets* as an original contribution; Mr. Walsh states that in the *St. James's Gazette* appeared letters from various publishers declining to accept *Samson Agonistes* which had been sent to them under another name as an original poem, and had not been recognised by any. Mr. St. Loe Strachey in his *The Adventure of Living* confesses that he published in *Macmillan's Magazine* a poem he had written with an introduction referring to a MS. Mus. Aix B 754: all pure invention. Reference may also be made to *An Englishwoman's Love Letters*, which created a furore in 1900, and the recent *The Diary of a Young Lady of Fashion.*

Certain kinds of hoaxes are difficult to explain, and impossible to justify. Why should anyone take the trouble to incur the expense of perpetrating such a one as the following? In 1840 there was published a sale catalogue of the library of the late Comte de Forras, of Belgium. It consisted of the rarest books and editions; many items were unique. Orders poured in from all parts of Europe, but on the eve of the sale, notice was given that it was cancelled. The whole affair was a gigantic hoax on the part of a certain René Chalons, and gave rise to numerous pamphlets and letters, and even to a volume entitled *Documents, etc., sur le Catalogue du Comte de Forras, etc.* (Mons. 1850.)

To conclude, there is but little to be said in favour of the large majority of such cases as those of which specimens have been given. The fun, such as it is, is largely discounted by the annoyance, not to say pain, which must be inflicted. No doubt there are authors whose undeserved fame can be legitimately attacked by such squibs as some I have quoted, and ridicule is often a more effective weapon than direct

attack; still, on reflection—or even before it—one's sympathies are rather with the victim than the perpetrator of the joke. And the fact that the attack is generally made anonymously adds to the reprehension which is often engendered in our minds.

But the main objection is the one I have already alluded to: the danger lest the exposure of the hoax should be overlooked or forgotten, and the spurious article accepted as the true one. Doubtless many a reputation has suffered from being burdened with some lucubration put forth as a joke, but accepted at its face value by the non-critical; and many a historian has been similarly misled. (See Appendix B.)

CHAPTER XII

A Dubious Licence in Fiction

A FORM of literary deception which has some affinity to the hoax, but presents distinguishing features, must now be considered.

The licence to which I refer is as follows. It is a not infrequent practice to introduce a work of fiction by a preface, or note, on the title-page, in which the author, speaking in his own person, gives a misleading account of the origin of his story. A well-known example is the "Advertisement" to the first edition of *Rob Roy* (1817) where Scott writes: "It is now about six months since the Author . . . received a parcel of Papers, containing the Outlines of this narrative, with a permission, or rather with a request . . . that they might be given to the Public." Scott then apologises for errors due to the editor of the papers, and ends, "he takes this public opportunity to thank the unknown and nameless correspondent."

In the preface to the edition of 1829 he writes: "As it may be necessary in the present edition to speak upon the square, the Author thinks it proper to own that the communication alluded to is entirely imaginary."

The practice certainly has the authority of antiquity. Defoe, who is considered by many the earliest English novelist, set the example. On the title-page of his *Journal of the Plague* (1722) it is stated that it was "written by a Citizen who continued all the while in London." Defoe was only two years old in 1665. His object is clear: the book was published anonymously, and no doubt he calculated that its sale would be increased if it were believed that the author was an eye-witness of the scenes he described.

When he published anonymously the *Memoirs of a Cavalier*, he was at greater pains to give his narrative the hall-mark of authenticity. In the preface to the first edition it was stated that the memoirs had been above twenty years

in the possession of the persons concerned in the publication: that they "were long ago found by great accident, amongst other valuable papers, in the closet of an eminent public minister, of no less figure than one of King William's secretaries of state." A memorandum attached signed I. K. asserted that the MS. "formed part of his father's plunder after the battle of Worcester."

In the second edition the publisher addresses the reader, taking for granted the authenticity of the *Memoirs*, and even hazarding a guess at the author's name.

A still more noticeable instance is *Robinson Crusoe*. Whether the adventures of Selkirk afforded the foundation of the book is still a disputed question; what admits of no doubt is that Defoe certainly at first led the public to believe that the narrative was not fiction but fact. (See p. 143.)

After his confession that the story is fiction, it is surprising to read as follows in the *Serious Reflections during the Life and Surprising Adventures of Robinson Crusoe*, published as a sequel in the following year. "This supplying a story by invention is certainly a most scandalous crime. . . It is a sort of lying that makes a great hole in the heart, in which by degrees a habit of lying enters." Defoe seems to have been quite unconscious of the boomerang-like nature of his remarks.

Certainly Defoe had little to learn in the art of throwing dust in the eyes of the public, though a few years later Swift showed that he was a still greater master of the art. When *Gulliver's Travels* appeared anonymously, the volume was introduced by a preface headed "The Publisher to the Reader," signed by Richard Sympson, who stated that "the author of these travels, Mr. Lemuel Gulliver, is my antient and intimate friend," that he was still alive and residing at Newark. Mr. Sympson offered to show anyone interested the original MS., "as it came from the hand of the author." A portrait of Gulliver appeared as the frontispiece.

For the further mystification of the reader, there is attached a letter, dated 1727, from Captain Gulliver to his editor and friend, Mr. Sympson, in which he alludes to his cousin Dampier, the renowned explorer. This is a piece of pure "cheek," which Dampier could not expose, as he died

twelve years previously. Gulliver also complains that "you have either omitted some material circumstances, or minced or changed them in such a manner, that I do hardly know my own work."

It may, however, be held that in this case the utter impossibility of the whole book was too great for anyone to be deceived; though legends exist that there were innocent souls who took everything for gospel, and journeyed to Newark to find the renowned Captain.

By the middle of the century, the practice had become common. Goldsmith published in 1764 a *History of England*, which purported on the title-page to be a series of letters from a nobleman to his son. The public was deceived, the letters being attributed to Lord Chesterfield, Lord Orrery, and others, and the book had a considerable sale.

In the same year, Horace Walpole published anonymously his *Castle of Otranto*, a book which had an extraordinary vogue. In the preface he stated that the book was a translation of an Italian original "which was found in the library of an ancient Catholic family in the North of England. It was printed at Naples, in the black letter, in the year 1529," etc. The translator apologises for not having done justice to the merits of the original, and expresses his hope of publishing the Italian version at a future date.

There is no doubt that these statements were received in good faith, but when the second edition was published in the following year the public learnt from the preface that "it is fit that he (the author) should ask pardon of his readers for having offered his work to them under the borrowed personage of a translator. As diffidence of his abilities and the novelty of the attempt were his sole inducements to assume that disguise, he flatters himself he shall seem excusable. He resigned his performance to the impartial judgment of the public, determined to let it perish in obscurity, if disapproved; not meaning to avow such a trifle, unless better judges should pronounce that he might own it without a blush."

It must be acknowledged that the wily Horace knew how to make himself safe in any event. It is, however, worth noting that Chatterton did but follow Walpole's example in attributing his work to another hand; and if (as Mr. J. A.

Farrer suggests in his *Literary Forgeries*) Chatterton may have intended to confess the forgery after Rowley had proved a success, he would have exactly copied his intended patron's example. Walpole seems decidedly inconsistent in proclaiming his detestation of the manner in which Chatterton had tried to make his name known to the public. Well might the poet exclaim, in his lines *To Horace Walpole:* "Who wrote Otranto?" Perhaps it was a fellow-feeling which made the successful forger so unkind. His attitude to Chatterton seems the more ungracious when it is remembered that he also fabricated a letter from the King of Prussia to Rousseau and other similar trifles "only to make mischief," as he confesses. (Disraeli's *Curiosities of Literature.*)

In 1807 appeared *Letters from England*, by Dom Manuel Alvarez Espriella, "translated from the Spanish." They were written by Southey, and the Spanish Dom was a myth.

I have already alluded to *Rob Roy* and Scott's confession of deception in the second edition. But supposing no sec ond edition had been called for? Presumably, the deception would have never been acknowledged.

In the Appendix C I have given a few further instances to show that the convention of imaginative prefaces was not allowed to die from disuse. No reference need be made to cases of direct forgery, or to such instances of deception as those of which de Quincey was guilty, whose biographer speaks of his "humorous *jeux d'esprit* disguised as real narratives of circumstantial fictions that look as if they were *most* historical." The ordinary reader can himself bring to recollection numerous cases in which novels have been ushered into the world as founded on old papers in some ancient chest, or on the diary of some apochryphal ancestor of the author. A century ago in the Author of Waverley's Answer to the Introductory Epistle to *The Monastery*, Scott poked fun at the editors who find mysterious MSS. in trunks washed up by the sea; valuable papers wrapped round butter, etc. The tradition has continued to the present day.

Andrew Lang, in one case at all events, was a sinner in a similar way, and a repentant sinner; for he ruefully describes how he suffered for his misdeed. In the preface to *The Monk of Fife* he pretended to have discovered the con-

tinuation of a genuine MS. account of Joan of Arc, and he went to the trouble of forging extracts in old French in order to give verisimilitude to his statement. This, as he acknowledged later, was a mistake: the ordinary novel reader, believing his assertions, objected to reading real history; whilst the historian was not likely to resort to a novel for an addition to his historical knowledge. (Lang's Introduction to Farrer's *Literary Forgeries*.)

In fact, nowadays no one gives much credit to the assertion of the novelist as to the origin of his work, however straightforward and circumstantial his account. Of this I may quote as proof an example of somewhat recent date, *The Private Papers of Henry Ryecroft*, by the late George Gissing. In the signed Preface, Gissing states straightforwardly that he compiled the book from the papers of his dead friend, and he gives a brief biography of him; reticent, but circumstantial so far as it goes. Yet by general consent the whole book was Gissing's work, and Ryecroft merely a stalking horse behind whom he sheltered himself. (F. Swinnerton's *George Gissing*.)

An author who might be challenged to justify such an act would probably plead that no one would be deceived by his innocent ruse; that it was a parallel case to that of the conjurer who proclaims that there is no "deception." But suppose that the general conclusion in this instance was wrong; that Henry Ryecroft was a real person. The preface of his editor would stand without the alteration of a word. How is the public to know whether it is or is not offering its praise at the wrong shrine?

The reader may be inclined to ask, "What does it matter?" No one gives any credence to the introduction to a novel (see Appendix C); it is supposed to be as fictitious as the work itself by a well-understood convention; a convention, too, which has its origin in the modesty of the author, or is adopted to give an air of verisimilitude, and so help the illusion which the reader is only too willing to enjoy. But the matter is not quite so simple.

The body of the work is the author's, to do as he likes with. If he says he is Robinson Crusoe there is no one to say him nay. But in the introduction he speaks in his own person, and the reader may be pardoned for thinking that when an author addresses him directly he is telling the

truth. But the novel reader soon discovers that he is mistaken; that he must give no more credence to the author's direct statements than to his acknowledged fictions. This breeds a habit of incredulity which reacts injuriously on the more scrupulous writer. How is he to make the public believe his statements of fact when his fellow novelists have made similar statements which have no foundation? —sometimes showing a diabolical ingenuity in making their inventions bear the impress of truth? The result is that, however straightforwardly an author may address his readers in explanation of the genesis of the work which he is introducing, he is met with incredulity.

Mr. H. G. Wells states that as he had written the introduction to *The Life of George Meek, Bath Chairman*, in America the book was ascribed to him. (Introduction to *Boon*.) An equally striking instance was afforded by Miss Daisy Ashford's *Young Visiters* (1919). This amusing little book had an introduction by Sir James Barrie, who gave some account of its genesis and history, with a photograph of the original MS., etc. In spite of this, most of the reviewers threw doubt on the genuineness of the book: the *Saturday Review* took for granted that Barrie was the author. A remarkable article appeared in *The Sphere* of 27th September by C. K. S(horter). Speaking of the doubt that existed, he acknowledges that "we have his (Sir James Barrie's) explicit contradiction in the preface, and his statement that it is the unaided effort in fiction of an authoress of nine years." Mr. Shorter goes on to say: "We may assume that Sir James Barrie always speaks the truth, although it may be urged that truth in authorship is not quite the same thing as any other kind of truth." He gives as an instance Sir Walter Scott's denial of the authorship of *Waverley*. Mr. Shorter concludes that "if Sir James Barrie did not edit this MS. . . . someone who is a diligent student of Sir James Barrie's work must have touched it up . . . that this book is the work of a child of nine without editorial assistance from someone is incredible."

No stronger instance could be given of the undesirability of the practice which has so long been condoned. Here we have a well-known man of letters and critic acknowledging that a distinguished brother author has made a direct statement, and yet he unhesitatingly condemns that statement

as "incredible." If truth in authorship differs from every other kind of truth, it is quite time that the difference should cease to exist, or so much the worse for literature. It therefore certainly seems desirable that writers of fiction—and their introducers—should hesitate before importing into prefaces the fiction which properly belongs to the book itself. It is a practice which, as we have seen, leads to doubt, even when the preface records facts and not fiction.

CHAPTER XIII

Publishers

THE statement that Barabbas was a publisher is often attributed to Byron, who, however, had no cause to complain of the treatment he received from Murray. Although, with some exceptions, publishers are not literary men in the sense that they write books, their influence on literature is so great, and their relation with authors so intimate that they claim some notice in this study. In fact, incidentally their misdeeds have already been referred to.

Publishing as a separate trade is not much more than 100 years old; previously the booksellers added publishing to their other activities, and in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries they were known indifferently as "booksellers" or "stationers." The lack of adequate protection for their property led the members of the trade to apply for a charter, which they obtained in 1556. Some account of the establishment and history of the Stationers' Company will be found under *Piracy* and *Copyright* (Chapters IV and XIV) and need not be repeated here. The main object of their incorporation was to obtain a more definite right to the sole control of the books they purchased from the author, who was ignored after the purchase was completed. Thus *Paradise Lost* was known as Mr. Tonson's; the *Pilgrim's Progress* was Mr. Ponder's. Under the monopoly of the company the author's lot was extremely hard, and their rights non-existent. Frequent and bitter were their complaints. Ben Jonson protested against the way the booksellers would save expense by "buttering o'er again, once in seven years," antiquated pamphlets and issuing them as new. A melancholy condition of affairs is shown in George Wither's *Scholler's Purgatory* (1625) *Imprinted for the Honest Stationer.* (*An appeal to the Archbishops, etc., in Convocation.*)

This curious book is a character-sketch of "The Dishonest or Mere Stationer." He writes "He makes no scruple to put out the right Author's name and insert another in the second edition of a Booke. . . . If he can get any written Coppy . . . whether the Author be willing or no, he will publish it, and it shall be contrived or named alsoe according to his owne pleasure," etc.

Wither also protests against a still more outrageous proceeding of the Stationers' Company. When they seized unlawful books they sold them again for the private profit of their members. He denounces the Commonwealth of Stationers as "a Tyranny unheard of in former ages." (Page 61.) He complains that the Stationers accuse him of writing his Hymns for his own profit, and asks why should he be accused more than others for a wish to profit by his own labours.

At that time the Stationers held that no one but a bookseller was entitled to any benefit from sale of books. Though this was a claim strenuously upheld by the company as a rule, in a few cases (of which Wither's was one) they gave authors the privilege of publishing their own work. (Dr. Phœbe Sheavyn, *The Literary Profession in the Elizabethan Age*, p. 77.)

Another trick of these conscienceless booksellers was to alter the title page of a book by superimposing a fresh one. A copy exists of *The Merchant of Venice* 1600 the title of which is superimposed on that of *Pericles* 1619, which date can be read below the earlier one.

It is humiliating to authors to recognise the fact that most of the ameliorations in the law which have resulted in the recognition of the dignity of literature are the work of the booksellers; that commercial and not literary interests have been the cause of such recognition. But the reason is easily found. The booksellers were a close Corporation with common interests; authors were isolated individuals, generally rivals of each other, and consequently helpless. It is to the booksellers alone that the Copyright Act of Queen Anne is due; their pecuniary hardships appealed to the sympathy of the authorities; whilst as regards authors it was held at that time and even at a much later date that an author as such ought to be above such sordid considerations as payment for his work. (See Chapter XXX.)

As by degrees the competition increased amongst booksellers for the right of publishing the works of a popular writer, it led inevitably to the improvement of the status of the author, and as a consequence to the introduction of the system of payment by royalties instead of the purchase of a book outright. Occasionally even in the eighteenth century, in the case of long and expensive works, an arrangement was made under which the author and publisher became a sort of partners. Thus Gibbon made a contract with Cadell and Strahan for his *Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire* under which they took the risk and paid Gibbon two-thirds of the profits: an excellent bargain for Gibbon.*

But the old system of purchase held its ground in most instances. Byron and Scott, for example, were paid lump sums for their works. In fact, the system is still in existence, though that of royalties has to a great extent superseded it.

The separation of the two trades of bookselling and publishing has assisted the improvement in the status of both publisher and author. The second John Murray was perhaps the first member of the stationers' craft to separate the two trades.† His example was soon followed, greatly to the advance in dignity of the publisher. The change is enormous between the old bookseller who would keep a crew of squalid hacks at a starvation wage, and the modern publisher with his sometimes palatial office.

I have pointed out how universal at the time was the practice of an author's selling his book outright to the bookseller. Not only did he part finally with his pecuniary interest, but the bookseller held that the book became his to do what he liked with: even to the extent of altering it to suit his purposes. This was an old grievance. In George Wither's *Scholler's Purgatory* (p. 10) we read, "For many of our moderne booke-sellers are but needlesse excrements, or rather vermine, . . . yea, since they take upon them to publish bookes contrived, altered and mangled at their own pleasures, without consent of the writers; and to change the name sometymes, both of booke and Author, (after they have been ymprinted)." The booksellers upheld their claim for a long time, but as the position of the author im-

* Chas. Knight. *Shadows of the Old Booksellers. p.* 199.

† S Smiles. *A Publisher and his Friends.* p. 357.

proved he was less inclined to submit to such treatment. In the numerous complaints about pirating in the first half of the eighteenth century, the grievance was as often of the mutilation of a book as of its being pirated. This implies that an author of any standing expected his work to be printed as he delivered it; though when there was any question of possible trouble arising from libellous matter, the bookseller still exercised his old privileges. This was so in the case of Swift's *Gulliver*. The work was anonymous, and also, as Swift acknowledged, any publisher would run the risk of his ears who printed it as written. So it was hacked until Swift scarcely recognised it. (See p. 206.)

Later authors were still less inclined to suffer the interference of the booksellers. Blackwood (backed by Gifford's opinion) wrote to Scott about *The Black Dwarf*, suggesting improvements, etc. Scott wrote to Ballantyne: "I have received Blackwood's impudent letter. G—d d—n his soul, tell him I . . . neither give nor receive criticism. I'll be cursed but this is the most impudent proposal that was ever made."* This indeed implies an enormous change from the time when a publisher altered at his will the book he had purchased. But old customs die hard, and publishers are tenacious of what they consider their rights.

For example, the firm of Constable bought Mrs. Markham's *History of England*, which fell still-born from the press. Murray then bought it, and "had it revised, corrected and enlarged, and brought out in an entirely new form." (S. Smiles: *A Bookseller and His Friends*.) As the result was a great success, it was not probable that the authoress objected; but to publish under her name work that was only hers in part seems an improper proceeding, even if done in all good faith.

The right of an author to damages if any work is published under his name which he has not written is no longer in dispute. I cull from *The Times* of 1st May, 1908, a case which is often referred to when similar questions are before the Courts. Mrs. Humphreys (who writes under the pseudonym of "Rita") published a serial story under the title of *The Grinding Mills of God*, afterwards published as a novel entitled *The Sinner*. The serial rights in this novel she sold to Messrs. Tillotsons, who sold them to Messrs.

* H. Curwen: *History of Booksellers*.

Thomons. The latter firm republished it as Rita's new serial *Katie Thorne*. But before doing so they drastically altered it: a part was cut out, the names of all the characters were changed and other mutilations made. An action was brought against them, and the jury found that this proceeding was injurious to the plaintiff's reputation as an authoress and awarded her a hundred guineas damages.

There is also a practice in vogue which I cannot but think is undesirable: the publication of old books under a new title. Rita's case I have just mentioned: Arthur Machen's *Confessions of a Literary Man* has now become *Far off Things*. Several other cases are mentioned in a letter to *The Times Literary Supplement* of 11th December, 1919. In Nelson's pre-War shilling library are Conrad's *A Personal Record* and G. W. E. Russell's *Fifteen Chapters of Autobiography*. The original titles were *Some Reminiscences* and *One Look Back:* whilst Trevelyan's *Recreations of a Historian* is practically a reprint of *Clio, a Muse*.

Of course this is not a new practice. But it is misleading and should be avoided; nor is it easy to see the object of such action. I observe that in the case of McKenna *v. The Referee*, in October, 1923, the counsel said that the book in question (*Gloria*) would be published under a different title from the serial. Why?

Similarly in the theatre: when Sir Arthur Pinero's farce *The Magistrate* was turned into a musical comedy it became *The Boy*. In the film world the adaptation of a book or play rarely bears the same title as its original. There must be some underlying reason for this custom, which at first sight seems to be somewhat disingenuous.

There is also the difficult question of titles for new books: how can a new title be found for a *History of England?* I believe it is illegal to publish a work under a title which intentionally misleads the purchaser, but intention is hard to prove. Still it is eminently desirable that new books should not bear the same title as those by well-known authors. I observe that in 1919 new novels were issued under the following titles, already used by the authors named:

Eve by Baring Gould.
The Valley of Decision by Edith Wharton.
The Divine Adventure by Fiona McLeod.

Surely an effort should have been made to avoid duplicating the names of works by such well-known writers.

The publishing profession, like every other, has its black sheep; the Law Courts provide sufficient proof. *The Author*, the organ of writers of all kinds, frequently calls attention to the improper proceedings of a certain class of publisher. We still have the man who pays by a cheque drawn in such a form that the endorsement conveys to him all rights; whose contract forms are one-sided to the verge of dishonesty, and who tries to trap the budding author into signing agreements of which he does not grasp the meaning. On the other hand, it is a pleasure to recognise the straightforward and often generous dealing of the higher class of publishers, who show that so far from being an author's enemies they are his colleagues, and are as jealous of the dignity of letters as he. In such cases the relations between author and publisher are a source of pleasure and an honour to both.

CHAPTER XIV

Copyright

QUESTIONS of copyright have inevitably entered into the discussions of *Piracy* and *Publishers*, which should be read in connection with this chapter; but there remain a few points of interest which may be treated separately.

If a Corporation has no soul to be saved or body to be kicked, *a fortiori* a Parliament has no conscience. The legislature has always been indifferent to the rights and wrongs of authors, except when it was definitely hostile to the whole tribe, as under the Tudors and Stuarts. Nor has the Judicature shown itself lax in interpreting the law to the detriment of the author; sufficient instances of which will be found under *Abridgment* and *Piracy*.

So far from encouraging literature, Parliament and the Crown have generally put every possible obstacle in its way. At an early date, they grasped the danger to autocracy which a free press would involve; so, on the principle that prevention is better than cure, they forbade the publication of any book which had not received official approval.

Soon after the invention of printing, "privileges" and grants of monopoly from the Crown insured to a certain extent the property of the author or bookseller. The booksellers of the day were evidently an enterprising body. In 1556, they applied for and obtained, as we mentioned in the preceding Chapter, a Charter from Henry VIII, which gave them a virtual monopoly. This enabled the Government to exercise a greater control over the books issued: a weapon against the danger of a free press which they were only too anxious to wield. The authority of the Stationers' Company was further strengthened by the Star Chamber, which enforced its decisions. In 1640 and again in 1660, the Parliament renewed the powers of the company. During all this time there existed a censorship over books; but in 1679

the existing Licensing Act expired, and "any person might therefore print, at his own risk, a history, a sermon or a poem, without the previous approbation of any public officer" (but not political news).* Moreover, the powers of the Stationers' Company expired in 1694, and authors and booksellers thought that all protection had gone. The booksellers agitated for remedies against the pirates, with the result that the Act of 1709 was passed. In this the right of the author to his work was first acknowledged.

This, the first Act for the encouragement of Literature, resulted in taking away the perpetual right of the author or proprietor of a work, and limiting it to a short term of years: though the point was not finally decided till later. The booksellers at once took steps for a Bill to remedy their grievance, but it was thrown out by the Lords in 1774. (See *Piracy:* p. 49.)

The limitation of copyright has inevitable drawbacks. Serious and valuable books which are in advance of their age take time to become popular. The authors or their heirs then see their books become public property; they are published by firms which make money of which not a shilling goes to the rightful owners. Dr. Johnson suggested a hundred years as a reasonable limit; he thought that by nature an author's rights were perpetual, but that the custom of nations was against it. By the general consensus of opinion, the limit then in existence was far too short.

In 1814 the duration of copyright was fixed at twenty-eight years from publication. This did but little to remedy the grievance: Miss Martineau in her *History* points out the injustice of robbing Scott's family of his valuable copyrights. Wordsworth, who had gradually educated the public, lost his profit just as it began. Southey emphatically protested, and declared that he would write no more works of research of the profits of which he would be robbed. Carlyle presented a petition to the House of Commons. He states that if he even gets recompense for his labours he will be deprived of it when those dear to him will be in need of it, and so forth; ending with the prayer that the House will forbid "extraneous persons . . . to steal from him his small winnings for a space of 60 years at the shortest."

* Macaulay: *History of England:* Chap. III.

In 1841 Serjeant Talfourd brought in a Bill to extend the copyright for sixty years from the death of the author. This was rejected owing to the opposition of Lord Macaulay of all men. But in the following year Lord Mahon brought in a Bill extending the term to twenty-five years from death; Macaulay proposed forty-two years from publication and carried it. (*Life and Letters of Macaulay.*) By the Act of 1910 the term is extended to fifty years after the death of the author, except under special circumstances.

Even now the restriction to a term of years is considered a grievance. Forster in his *Life of Goldsmith* makes a strong protest against the existing limitations. It was pointed out by Warburton so early as 1747 that it is unjust that whilst a man who makes a watch can own it for ever, he who makes a book is deprived of it after a limited period. Authors have often expressed their indignation at being mulcted of the fruit of their labours, the late Sir W. S. Gilbert, amongst others, declaring "it is a shameful thing that copyrights should expire—it ought to be freehold like land." (*Life and Letters:* p. 176.) Even some publishers recognised the injustice of the law. In a letter by Alexander Macmillan to Lord Coleridge, 30th July, 1873, he writes, "Why . . . Wordsworth's poems should be open to be made money of or mincemeat of, by me or any publisher who chooses to be reckless in what he does, provided only he does business, I cannot understand." He points out that Wordsworth's family would now be making £1,000 a year if copyright existed. He dilates on the subject, and urges Lord Coleridge to take steps to remedy the injustice. (*Life of Alexander Macmillan.* G. A. Graves: p. 319.)

Perpetual copyright seems beyond hoping for, and it must be acknowledged that it would have its drawbacks. At the same time, the view taken by Mr. Macmillan is so just that it would be worth while trying to find some way in which an author or the public generally might benefit from the sale of his works after the legal term of copyright has expired. I would suggest that in the first place the term should be considerably extended, and next that on its expiration the copyright should revert to the Government, who might grant the privilege of further publication for a limited number of years to the highest bidder: the sum so received to be divided between the author (or his heirs) and the

Government. Naturally in most cases the right of republication would be worth little or nothing, but in some the profits would be enormous; and in these both the author's heirs and the public purse would benefit. At present the only person to profit is the publisher who rushes in to reprint a book for which he has not paid a penny; a state of things which all must agree is unjust to everyone.

The remedy I have suggested would also put an end to those constant pathetic appeals on behalf of poverty-stricken descendants of celebrated writers, a few only of whom are relieved from an exiguous Civil List.

Another drawback to the present system is that no restriction exists on the mutilation of books out of copyright. Piracy is legalised; editions are published with alterations or omissions at the whim of the publisher: a scandal which would cease if the suggestion made above were adopted.*

Though we may have to wait many years for such alteration in the law as would do away with the present injustices, we must acknowledge that the whole tendency of legislation in recent years has been to acknowledge the rights of the author to his work; and the Society of Authors is endeavouring to extend them still further. Various acts have been passed, but still further legislation is needed.

The law of libel needs amendment; (see the case of Artemas Jones under *Personalities:* p. 250), the question of Abridgments should be settled decisively, and various other points in the matter of copyright need attention: amongst them that of copyright in a character. It seems to be still doubtful whether it is not open to anyone to write (say) a detective story with Sherlock Holmes as the hero without the permission of Sir Arthur Conan Doyle. In America it was decided that the very popular "Nick Carter" of the detective stories could be taken as the hero of a film without infringement of copyright. The question is discussed in *The Author*, July, 1920, without any definite result.

* I see from a letter in *The Observer* of 23rd May, 1924, from Mr. G. Gwennet that a Bill to secure to the state expired copyrights has been introduced into the Swedish Parliament; and that he published a similar scheme for Britain in 1916. No doubt the same idea has occurred to others. Mr. Gwennet's proposal apparently ignores the rights of the author and his executors; he would employ the proceeds for public purposes. I cannot see why the descendants of an author should not have a share, even if it is supposed to be necessary to deprive them of the full benefit of his work.

Copyright in titles I have treated under *Publishers:* that of Private letters under *Biography*. As regards Lectures, under the Copyright Act of 1835 publication of unpublished lectures is prohibited, and copyright given for twenty-eight years. But some of its provisions are impracticable, and it exempts lectures delivered in Universities or other public institutions. The unfairness of reporting a lecture which the author means to deliver many times is manifest; yet the lecturer cannot forbid it, he can only appeal to the press not to report. Of course in many cases he is only anxious to have his deliverance as widely spread as possible, and is more likely to complain of neglect than of publication.

In sum, the indications are clear that however dilatory Parliament may show itself in remedying the injustices which still exist, its attitude to literature is not the hostile one which formerly existed. It is recognised that the danger from the freedom of the press is not so great as the danger of limiting it; that the right of the author to his work is a natural right which must be acknowledged even if it is unduly restricted. That the existing restrictions in one direction at all events are unjust and injurious I shall endeavour to show in the following chapter.

CHAPTER XV

Censorship

" Art made tongue-tied by authority."
Shakespeare Sonnet 66.

As shown in the previous chapter, the attitude of Government towards literature has been on the whole repressive, and not long after the invention of printing it established a censorship of the Press.

As early as 1501, Pope Alexander VI issued a Bull against unlicensed printing. In 1535, Francis I of France prohibited the publication of books without permission under penalty of death: but this drastic law was soon relaxed. In England, the Crown claimed and enforced a general right of censorship, and granted patents for printing various classes of books which practically resulted in monopolies. When the Stationers' Company was incorporated in 1556, the right of printing was confined to its members: though, according to Selden, there was no *law* to prevent others from printing. But such a trifle was not allowed to prevent the issue of the most rigid regulations; and the Star Chamber, as we have seen, backed up the Stationers' Company, and enforced their decisions with the co-operation of the equally despotic Court of High Commission. Moreover, as all printing presses had to be registered, private printing was rendered increasingly difficult.

The licensing of books, etc., was largely in the hands of the Court of High Commission, whose "authority over the Press arose out of the appointment of the Archbishop of Canterbury and the Bishop of London as supreme licensers for all printed publications." This Court, condemned by many as illegal, used its power in a most arbitrary manner, and a Member of Parliament was imprisoned for two years for speaking against it from his place in the House. In

1559, an injunction had been issued under which no book or paper could be published without a previous licence from the authorities; and in 1586, by a decree of the Star Chamber, all books and pamphlets must receive the *imprimatur* of the Archbishop of Canterbury and the Bishop of London, who reserved and sometimes exercised the power of suppressing books which they had licensed;* as in the case of Holinshed's *Chronicles of England* (1577).

Other cases of the mutilation or suppression of historical work will be found in the chapter on *History;* p. 263) and Disraeli has treated the whole subject in his *Licensers of the Press* (*Curiosities of Literature*).

Moreover, the discussion of current politics was a dangerous proceeding; any indiscretion was treated as a "lewd libel," and the author severely dealt with. Thus the writer and publisher of a pamphlet against the projected French marriage of the Queen (1599) had their right hands cut off. Plays that could be supposed to refer to royalty, or to imply disrespect to the Government were freely suppressed or altered.

Satirical writing was anathema to Archbishop Whitgift, who not only severely censored it, but entirely suppressed the work of several authors, amongst them all the pamphlets in the quarrel between Harvey and Nash; the Archbishop even forbidding the printing of any satires or epigrams, and for a time of any book, by either author. On the death of Whitgift in 1613, the satirists grew bolder, and George Wither wrote his *Abuses Stript and Whipt*. He soon found out the spirit of the dead Archbishop survived, for he was sent to prison for his offence.

Notwithstanding all regulations, there must have been a great deal of unauthorised printing; however careless the licensers may have been, there were some pamphlets which could not have been passed by them. It is true that, as Stubbes complains, books "full of filthiness, scurrility and cosenage" passed the licenser easily; still, that would not account for the mass of pamphlets, epigrams, satires, etc., which poured from the Press, many of which must have been refused a licence if ever presented. In fact, the authorities might have learnt at an early date that their enact-

* Dr. Phœbe Sheavyn: *The Literary Profession in the Elizabethan Age.* G. H. Putnam: *Books and their Makers in the Middle Ages.*

ments would be largely ineffectual. The knowledge that a book has been forbidden only excites a keener desire to read it, and either by a secret press or by smuggling copies from abroad, the public manage to satisfy their curiosity.

There is another drawback to the censorship, of which Stubbes complains: that whilst lewd books are easily passed (and this by clerical licensers!) there was great difficulty and delay in passing books of a serious nature. This has been a grievance of serious authors even up to the present day (see p. 179). W. S.(tafford), writing in 1581, complained bitterly of the way learned men were harassed simply for "declaring their opinions in things that have arisen in controversy." He asks who is likely to have the courage to study when its reward is hindrance and dishonour.*

Moreover, the ecclesiastical element in the licensing authority grievously cramped the writer on subjects with which the clerics had no sympathy. When Thomas Lodge wrote *A Defence of Music, Poetry and Stage Plays*, a licence was refused, though Stephen Gosson's answer to it, based on "a private and imperfect copy" was readily allowed publication. No wonder that Shakespeare included in his list of drawbacks to existence "art made tongue-tied by authority."

The vindictive severity with which infringement of the regulations was punished is well illustrated by the case of Wm. Prynne's *Histriomastix* (1632). Various licensers had refused to pass it, but Prynne at last by strategy obtained a permit; though on its publication the licenser, Buckner, asserted that he had only licensed a part of it. His excuse was not accepted, and he lost his post; the publisher was fined £500, and barred from printing in future, whilst Prynne was condemned to pay a large fine, to be pilloried and imprisoned.

That unlicensed printing continued in spite of all efforts is shown by a regulation of the Star Chamber in 1637, forbidding the publication of any book not previously licensed. As this was simply a repetition of former injunctions, it would have been quite unnecessary unless the previous ones had been disregarded.

Notwithstanding the protests of the Long Parliament against the tyranny of the Government and their passionate

* Dr. P. Sheavyn: *The Literary Profession, Etc.*, p. 60.

pleas for liberty, they were no more inclined to allow unrestricted criticism than the authorities they denounced. The proceedings of the Star Chamber and Court of High Commission were not to be endured by a free people, yet in 1643 the Parliament issued an ordinance practically renewing the restrictions imposed by the Star Chamber, and in the following year their action was still more drastic. They ordered that "No Book, Pamphlet or Paper shall be henceforth printed unless the same shall be first approved and licensed."

One result of this decision was the appearance in 1645 of Milton's *Areopagitica*, itself an unlicensed book. This is an eloquent, even passionate claim for the liberty of unlicensed printing, and should be read even now by those who think it necessary to try to prevent the publication of opinions which they deem against the public interest. He is especially severe on the censorship. "A man is like a boy at school, under the rod of a licenser instead of a schoolmaster; however learned and able he may be he has to submit to the jurisdiction of a temporary examiner, and cannot appear till his censor certified "that he is no idiot or seducer"—a dishonour and a derogation to the author . . . to the privilege and dignity of learning."

But in spite of his indignation, and perhaps partly in revenge for his angry sarcasms, the republican licenser suppressed a part of his *History of the Long Parliament*, and he suffered also by similar action when Charles II succeeded Cromwell.

Fate, however, ironically, decreed that Milton himself should exercise the censorship against which he so strongly protested. When in 1649 he became Foreign Secretary, one of his duties was to examine pamphlets and papers to see if they contained seditious matter. Professor Masson, however, points out that he mitigated the severity of the existing practice, whilst the Act for the licensing of books was relaxed and practically ignored. (*Life of Milton*, Vol. IV.)

The Restoration did not appreciably improve the position of the author, for the Licensing Act of 1662 was similar to the previous Acts. This one was in force till 1679, when it expired and was not renewed till 1685. This time its existence was not so prolonged, for on its expiry in 1697 the Commons refused to renew it, and a writer was at last at

liberty to print his opinions without having first to submit his book for the approval of the licenser. Not that every book had been so submitted; unlicensed publications were numerous, and no notice was taken of them as a rule; but should a book contain opinions which were disapproved of by the authorities they had in the Act a weapon ready to their hands.

The abolition of all restrictions resulted in a multiplication of presses, and incidentally to an extension of piracy, which led to the Copyright Act of Queen Anne 1709-10 (see p. 48). It contained an interesting relic of Elizabethan times when ecclesiastics controlled the output of the Press. The Archbishop of Canterbury was given power to lower the price of any book if unreasonably high.

From this date there were no more prosecutions for printing without a licence, but the Government possessed another weapon of almost equal force for the suppression of unwelcome criticism in the law of libel, of which they made cruel and frequent use. Throughout the eighteenth century the fight for the freedom of comment on political matters continued; the notorious John Wilkes atoned for many of his misdoings by the courage with which he fought for the freedom of the Press. But censorship, in the strict sense of the word, was now ended, and a writer could publish what he liked if he chose to risk the consequences.

The injustice and also the futility of a Government censorship of literary productions cannot be better shown than in the case of the censorship of plays. At first the Master of the Revels and afterwards the Lord Chamberlain exercised a general authority over theatres, and suppressed or altered any play or scene which was not in accordance with their views. But their powers were undefined except by custom. When, however, in 1727 Gay produced his *Beggar's Opera*, containing (as the public believed) a satire on Walpole and his cabinet, the Lord Chamberlain resolved not to be caught napping again; and on the announcement of the forthcoming sequel, *Polly*, the following year, Gay was instructed to forward his MS. to the Lord Chamberlain. He shortly received it back again (he writes) "with this answer, that it was not allowed to be acted, but commanded to be suppress. This was told me in general without any reasons assigned,

or any charge against me of my having given any particular offence."

Public indignation followed this arbitrary act, and Gay reaped a large sum from the sale of the suppressed play; his patron, the Duchess of Queensberry, actually canvassing for subscribers at the palace, for which she was forbidden the Court. She boldly replied that the command was welcome as she never went there except as an act of civility to the King and Queen.

The Government showed their resolve to exercise a more strict control over the theatre, which was often the vehicle of covert satire of the authorities. An Act was introduced and passed in 1737 under which all plays, interludes, etc., were to be submitted for licence before performance; an Examiner of Plays was appointed under the Lord Chamberlain whose fiat should be final. Subservient as the Houses were to Walpole, Lord Chesterfield made a protest which did him honour. "If poets and players are to be restrained, let them be restrained as other subjects are, by the known laws of their country; if they offend, let them be tried as every Englishman ought to be, by God and their country. Let us not subject them to the arbitrary will and pleasure of any one man. A power lodged in the hands of a single man to judge and determine without limitation, control or appeal, is a sort of power unknown to our laws and inconsistent with our constitution."

The first licenser soon got to work. He forbade Brooke's *Gustavus Vasa* "on account of some strokes of liberty which breathed through several parts of it." The Government seemed to go out of their way to appoint unsuitable Examiners. George Colman, for example, was the author of *Broad Grins*, and of several plays of undoubted coarseness and profanity, yet of all men he was chosen for the post. He was especially strict, and would not allow *heaven* or *Providence* to be mentioned, and all oaths were ruthlessly expunged. A lover must not call his mistress an angel, as that was profanity. But his censorship was not very effective; he publicly announced that he was a censor and not a spy, so the original text was often reverted to without interference.

Subsequent examiners were equally inept. In the *Life of Sir W. S. Gilbert* it is related that in 1871 he adapted *Great*

Expectations for the stage. The convict Magwitch on seeing Pip's rooms exclaimed that his chambers were fit for a lord. The censor did not permit the word *lord*, so altered it to "chambers fit for heaven."

When Sir Martin's Shee's *Alasco* was banned, the author remonstrated; the Lord Chamberlain replied, "Whilst I am persuaded that your intentions are upright, I conceive it is precisely for that reason—though it may not strike authors—that it has been the wisdom of the Legislature to have an examiner appointed." This astonishing defence is only equalled by that of the Censor who in 1878 vetoed an adaptation of Augier's noble play *Les Lionnes Pauvres*, on the ground that "though profoundly moral in its ultimate purpose . . . if presented to an English audience it would give much offence." This seems to presuppose a profoundly immoral audience whom morality would offend.*

The absolute futility of the actions of the Examiner can be easily shown. The late Paul Merritt told me that twelve sentences were struck out of *The World*, produced at Drury Lane in 1880, but that they were all replaced within a fortnight. I was myself at a rehearsal one day many years ago when the Lord Chamberlain's licence was received. The stage manager exclaimed, "That's all right: now we can put in a bit of blue!" I have known a whole act entirely re-written and not submitted to the Lord Chamberlain; alterations in the text are constantly made and gags inserted of which the authorities have no cognizance. This is, of course, in absolute defiance of the Act 6 and 7 Vic. Cap. 68, which orders that no new plays *or additions to old plays* can be acted for hire in Great Britain till they have been submitted to the Lord Chamberlain. The regulation is obviously impossible to carry out; gags are changed nightly, alterations are innumerable; and in fact no attempt is made to procure authority for changes of even considerable extent.

The only efficient action of the censor is in the suppression of plays which treat social questions seriously: such as Ibsen's *Ghosts*, or G. B. Shaw's *Mrs. Warren's Profession*. This accounts for the restricted output of the serious drama in England as compared with France; an author is not

* For other instances see my article *The Dramatic Chaos*, p. 283, *Fortnightly Review*: February, 1908.

likely to spend months over a play which may never be allowed to see the light.

Protests against the injustice of vesting in one man the power to suppress the work of a dramatist without appeal have been numerous, and on several occasions Royal Commissions have been appointed before which the authors have enlarged on their grievances. The censors have also defended themselves, and their defence has been their condemnation. Mr. Pigott explained to the Commission of 1892 that he considered all Ibsen's characters as morally deranged; and when reminded that he had passed several of his plays he stated that he had done so because he considered them so inept that he did not think they could do any harm. He assured the Commission that the censorship "has worked well and unobtrusively . . . without so much as a murmur of dissatisfaction from any authorised representative of those whom it immediately concerns." This astounding statement was made in face of the numberless protests from dramatists, who evidently were neither "authorised" to express dissatisfaction, nor were "immediately concerned!"

To put the finishing touch to this exhibition of ineptitude he announced with satisfaction that "The essence of my office is that it is preventive, and above all *secret*."

But no relief was afforded to the unhappy playwright, who was left at the mercy of this extraordinarily incompetent individual. It was not till 1909 that the growing dissatisfaction led to the appointment of another Commission, when the new censor, Mr. G. Redford, came under examination. He made an almost more pitiable exhibition of his unfitness for the post than his predecessor. He had to acknowledge that he issued his edicts without any principle to guide him: asked why he had banned Laurence Housman's *Bethlehem*, he asserted that plays on sacred subjects were not allowed, yet he acknowledged he had passed Miss Buckton's *Eager Heart* which introduces the same sacred characters. The question of dramas founded on scriptural subjects has always been a sore one with the censor. *Salome* forbidden as a play yet allowed as an opera (*like La Dame aux Camelias*); a play on the story of David barred but passed when the names of ten characters were altered; Joseph and his brethren tabooed, but *Joséphine et ses Sœurs*

permitted; the tale of Joseph and Potiphar's wife forbidden, but passed when given in modern dress (or undress)—there is no end to the inconsistencies of the authorities. Details of the way in which the late Stephen Phillips was hampered by the vagaries of the censor are given in Mr. Stephen Gwynn's *Experiences of a Literary Man*, p. 188, etc. No one must represent a sacred character on the stage, yet in the Old Vic Christmas drama, *The Hope of the World*, the reverend author himself played St. Joseph! To crown all, in *Everyman* the Deity himself appears.

A piquant item in the Censor's list of plays refused production is Mr. C. R. Kennedy's *The Chastening*, which has been played more than once in St. Paul's Church, Covent Garden. (*The Times*, 25th June, 1924.) Those who are curious to see to what sort of man the destinies of the British drama are subjected *without appeal* should read the evidence of these two Commissions.

Once more the dramatists were disappointed; the Report recommended the continuance of the existing state of things. Whereupon the authorities took the opportunity by an extraordinary action to emphasise their contempt for the profession which had troubled them with its continual protests.

One of the points most insisted on by authors at the Commission was that whilst farces of a dubious character were readily licensed, plays of a serious character dealing with actual social problems were either passed with difficulty or absolutely suppressed. An example of a play of the former category often mentioned by the Commissioners was *Dear Old Charlie*, an adaptation of a comedy by Labiche in which Gallic licence was accentuated in the English version. The Commissioners evidently thought that such a play should not have been allowed. Yet, after the sittings had ended, that very play was revived in view of the advertisement given to it by the discussion; and, the post of Examiner of Plays becoming vacant shortly afterwards, the Lord Chamberlain appointed the author of *Dear Old Charlie* to fill the vacancy! Such is the way in which the authorities try to purify and elevate the stage.

The post of Examiner of plays is now put in commission, and more liberal views are held, but the injustice is in no way lessened; the fact that plays formerly under the ban are

now permitted only shows how absurd their suppression was. Nor do the new examiners show any hesitation in branding authors as immoral if their views are in advance of the current opinions, or in insisting on alterations which seriously impair the artistic value of a play. A recent instance of the first is the suppression of Dr. Marie Stopes' play *Married Love*, and Miss May Edgington's *For Better, for Worse*. Amongst other plays recently disallowed are Mr. Noel Coward's *This Was a Man*, Pirandello's *Six Characters in Search of an Author*, and Mr. J. van Druken's *Young Woodley*: "an exquisitely delicate, sincere and beautiful treatment of adolescent love," in the opinion of the critic of the *Morning Post*. To make the matter more absurd, the Lord Chamberlain, after a personal visit to the two last mentioned plays, promptly withdrew the ban. Of course no compensation is given for the loss of time and money caused by the action of his official examiners.

To conclude this melancholy subject, I cannot resist the temptation to quote from a recent *Punch* (21st May, 1924), part of a dialogue between the Censor and a miner, the latter being supposed to be in the position of the dramatist. He has spent six months in extracting his coal and has then to confront the Censor.

Censor: Two guineas.
Miner: (*forking out*). What's this for?
Censor: For telling you whether I approve of your coal or not.
Miner: And do you approve of it?
Censor: I do not.
Miner: Well, what's the matter with my coal?
Censor: I am not obliged to give any reason for my decision.
Miner: Then I shall appeal.
Censor: You speak as if you had the rights of a murderer. There is no appeal from my decision.

Censorships are of various kinds. The Governmental variety we have now considered; there are in addition those exercised by Municipal authorities and those by private firms. The municipal affect all forms of art and literature; private censorship only that particular form in which they are interested.

The vagaries of Municipal bodies are comic: a few ignorant councillors are able to ban without appeal books which they think prejudicial to morals as they understand them.

Works by such men as Hardy, Kipling, Shaw, etc., have been excluded from the shelves of public libraries; even *Midshipman Easy* has been banned. There seems to be no remedy for these eccentricities: their perpetrators are too thick-skinned to feel the shafts of ridicule which are showered on them.

The action of the circulating libraries in boycotting certain works was the subject of an acrimonious discussion some few years ago, and is a grievance of more importance to the author whose book is banned than its exclusion from a public library. Which books the directors will refuse to purchase is apparently a matter of chance; there seems no principle on which they have agreed to act; a book banned by one firm is circulated by another. For example, *Lummox* by Miss Fannie Hurst (1924) was banned by one large firm but not by the others. One library refused to place a certain work in their catalogues, but supplied it if demanded. Probably, it had laid in its stock before the reviews informed it of the book's unsuitability for general circulation. Havelock Ellis, D. H. Lawrence, John Davidson and Caradoc Evans may be mentioned as authors who have suffered at various times.

A more recent instance is that of *My Life* by Isadore Duncan. Certain libraries refused to circulate it;—a proceeding which called forth a characteristic protest from Bernard Shaw. The subject is ably discussed by Mr. Arnold Bennett in *Books and Persons*, p. 167 *et seq.*

The position of the directors of a large circulating library is not an enviable one. They must be allowed to be in some degree the guardians of public morals. They claim that their books penetrate into every family, and pass consequently into the hands of "the young person." Should a book be circulated which some paterfamilias deems improper, he writes indignant letters and withdraws his subscription. Moreover, it is extremely difficult to decide whether, for example, a book which describes scenes of vice does so legitimately or illegitimately. More especially is this the case with foreign books, which not infrequently overstep the line between the pornographic and the artistic portrayal of sexual subjects.

With the fear of their subscribers before their eyes, the librarians are naturally inclined to take the safe course, and

decline to circulate books about which there is a doubt; risking the protests of those subscribers who rush to obtain a book which has been denounced as improper.

The position of the author is peculiar. If his book is sufficiently advertised as scandalous, his sales to the public increase, even as those to the libraries diminish. If he wrote with the idea of obtaining *un succès de scandale*, he has not much to complain of. But the serious student of humanity and social conditions who writes with the highest aims, but airs views which are in advance of the time, feels indignant that he should be classed with the pornographic writer, and his book branded as immoral. Yet he has no remedy. He cannot bring an action against the library, for its proprietors simply plead that they do not profess to purchase every book, but only a selection; and manifestly they have the right to make their own selection. He has to content himself with the hope that (as sometimes happens) the ban on his book is removed in course of time, and the rectitude of his conduct tacitly acknowledged. In the meantime, he is branded as an immoral writer whose work is not fit for general circulation.

Still more unfortunate is the position of the author of a book which is prosecuted by the police. It is the publisher who is prosecuted, and almost invariably he agrees to suppress the book without going into court, with the consequence that the author is proclaimed an immoral writer without being given an opportunity of defending himself. Such cases actually occur.

In America the author is in a still worse position; the vagaries of Mr. Anthony Comstock and his followers seem to have more success than those of his imitators on this side. Prohibition in its various aspects seems to be popular in the States.

During the War the public came to consider censorship inevitable, as perhaps it was; but its convenience as a weapon in the hands of the authorities for the suppression of any views of which they disapprove constitutes a danger which is not yet sufficiently grasped. This results in an indifference to the threat of further censorship in a new direction, that of the cinematograph exhibitions. It may be urged that a moving picture has no relation to literature, the subject of this book; and I should be the last to suggest that the sen-

tences displayed on the screen have the least literary flavour. But the film tells a story and represents life, and so far approaches the drama.

The censorship of the pictures is at present in England non-official; the trade appoints its own censor, and his certificate is supposed to ensure a film's passing everywhere without question. But foreign films, which furnish about 80 per cent. of those exhibited, need not be submitted.

Opposed as I am to all kinds of censorship, I must admit that the question is a difficult one in practice. From the standpoint of the exhibitor it is a great convenience to be fairly certain that the film he exhibits will not be forbidden by some strait-laced local body, which might be the case if his film had not received the certificate of the censor. But he cannot be sure even now that he will not be molested, (in fact he sometimes is), in the same way as plays passed by the Lord Chamberlain are sometimes banned by local authorities. Producers of films are also hampered by the knowledge that their work may not meet with approval; and therefore restrict themselves, as must the dramatists, to subjects which they think will pass the censor.

The only satisfactory solution is to give absolute freedom to all branches of literature. As regards the Press the evils of censorship have been clearly shown to outweigh the good; and the arguments in that case may be legitimately used in respect of the drama and all other forms of literature. Milton's noble *Areopagitica* and Lord Chesterfield's impassioned plea still remain unanswered, and should be studied by all who have an interest in the freedom of literature.

Note. An excellent instance of the way in which many worthy people consider themselves justified in laying down the law for others is given in a letter in the *Spectator* of 6th February, 1926.

A country clergyman having seen a film he considered objectionable writes, " I may say that upon my expostulating I was warmly thanked by the ' Voluntary Censor,' who informed the manager of the cinema that if he showed such a film again he would lose his licence."

It is a pleasing prospect to have an art controlled by the censorship of a country parson and a " Voluntary Censor " (whatever that may mean).

CHAPTER XVI

The Literary "Ghost"

THE "ghost" is the real author of a work which is supposed to be that of its putative author. At first sight it would seem difficult to justify a writer in claiming as his anything which was not the product of his own brain, but it is a question of degree. No one accuses the King of fraud because he does not compose his speech to Parliament. A minister is not blamed because he relies on his secretary for his facts and often for putting them into form. Dr. Johnson was justified in claiming to be the author of his Dictionary, though a good deal of the work was done by his assistants. More on the border line was Pope's *Odyssey*, in a considerable portion of which he had no hand. But in these cases there is no intention to deceive; the facts are well known to those interested.

It is a different matter when a publication appears under the name of one author which is actually the work of another. For example, many "Baconians" hold that Bacon, finding it inconsistent with his position to be known as a writer of plays, employed Shakespeare as a "ghost." That such a practice existed is clearly shown in Robert Greene's *Farewell to Folly* (1591).

"Others, if they come to write or publish anything in print—which for their calling or gravity being loth to have any profane pamphlets pass under their hand, get some other to set his name to their verses. Thus is the ass made proud by this underhand brokery."

The practice of employing a ghost to whose work the name of a well-known author could be attached was so convenient to the booksellers that there was no chance of its being abandoned. It was in full force in the eighteenth century. I have mentioned under *Forgery* some instances of the practice. These "sharking booksellers" had obscure writers in their pay who acted as "ghosts" of better men.

The notorious Curll employed several; amongst them a certain John D. Breval who wrote books under the misleading name of Joseph Gay (see page 30.) Goldsmith alludes to the trick of employing "ghosts" in *The Citizen of the World* in the interview between Lien Chi and a bookseller.

"But, sir, it is time I should come to business. I have just now in the press a History of China, and if you will but put your name to it as the author, I shall repay the obligation with gratitude." This cool offer was rejected by the heathen Chinee with indignation; much to the bookseller's surprise.

Instances are numerous. In 1757 *La Serva Padrona* was produced at the Marylebone Theatre purporting to be the translation of the Rev. J. Trusler, but he had no hand in it though taking the credit. This notorious divine more often acted as a ghost than made use of one. His activities I have detailed under *Sermons* (p. 94). Sir John Hill (1716-75) "contracted to translate Swammerdam's work on insects for fifty guineas. But he knew no Dutch, so he gave twenty-five guineas to another translator. But this one was equally ignorant, so he passed it on to a competent man for twelve guineas." (Disraeli: *Curiosities.*)

Wm. Coombe, the author of *The Tours of Dr. Syntax*, seems to have had no objection to acting as a ghost. In 1801 was published *The Life of Col. Geo. Hanger, written by himself.* The Colonel was one of the "bucks" of the Regency, and presumably doubted his own literary powers: at any rate it was Coombe who was the real author of this supposed autobiography. He also forged Letters of Sterne, which had a considerable circulation.

Across the Channel the ghost was equally active: I will give an example. Of E. Dumont, Sir Samuel Romilly writes, "He has seen his compositions universally extolled as masterpieces of eloquence, and all of them ascribed to persons who had not written a single word of them; and he has never discovered that he was the author of them but to those from whom it was impossible to conceal it."

Mirabeau was one of those who benefited by Dumont's labours; in fact he freely availed himself of the services of others. An eight-volume work on Prussia, ascribed to him, was practically the work of a Prussian officer. Other cases

might be added, but the most unpardonable was the use he made of other authors in his love-letters to Mme. Monnier. Copying entire pages out of works by his contemporaries, he thus made unconscious ghosts. (*Souvenirs sur Mirabeau.*) Elderly readers will remember how Mr. Bouncer in *Verdant Green* employed a similar dodge when gravelled for lack of matter for his duty letters home, using *The Guide to Oxford* to supply him with material.

It is somewhat of a shock to find that Charles Lamb saw no harm in the practice, to judge from a letter of 11th October, 1802. Coleridge had suggested that he should translate for a journal some German poems into prose, and that Lamb should versify them. Lamb demurred, but continued, "But I will think of your offer in another light. I daresay I could find many things, of a light nature, to suit that paper, which you would not object to pass upon Stuart as your own, and I should come in for some light profits and Stuart think the more highly of your assiduity."

But Lamb's idea of literary honesty was peculiar; he published a *Memoir of Liston* which he acknowledged was "pure invention."

The Law Reports furnish further proof of the prevalence of the practice. Many readers will recollect a book *How I lost £250,000 in two years*, by Ernest Benzon: (known as "the Jubilee Juggins.") The entire work was written by Vere Shaw, as came out in an action brought by him against the publishers.*

I cannot do more than refer to those authors whose output was so great that it is impossible they could have written them without "ghostly" assistance. Dumas, for example, in his *Mémoires*, alludes to his 1,200 works. There is a tale that on his asking his son, "Have you read my last story?" he replied, "No, sir; have you?"

It certainly seems hard on his concealed collaborators that they received no credit for their share in his works. This is not, however, the opinion of Mr. Walsh (*Hand-book of Literary Curiosities*), who thinks it is monstrous to pretend that men who were dull in their own books should have any right to share in the fame of the man whose genius made a dull work into a brilliant one. But it seems to me that a collaborator, however humble, earns at least a mention.

* *Bohemian Days in Fleet Street*, p. 285.

In journalism, the employment of ghosts is more or less recognised as inevitable and justifiable; though sometimes it is abused. It is a matter of degree. The question is most interestingly treated by Mr. Galsworthy in his *Captures* in a tale entitled *Conscience*. Taggart is ordered by his editor to write a series of articles to be signed by various celebrities; (in the same way that he writes the leaders which the chief signs). His conscience revolts at such devilling, though his colleagues think him a fool. His chief simply doesn't understand when he says (*à propos* of an article which a celebrated clown is to sign), that he can't write it. "Good gracious, man, any drivel will do!" When Taggart ventures to say, "Isn't it a matter of commercial honesty?" the chief was silent for a time. "Well," he said at last in an icy voice, "I've never been so insulted." And Taggart is sacked on the spot, and the story ends with his sleeping under the stars.

To judge from modern novels and plays, the ghost still walks as freely as ever. The hero of one of Gissing's novels, an able writer who cannot get his work accepted, is reduced to acting as ghost to a fashionable lady novelist who can sell anything that has her name attached. She assures him that any rubbish will do. A still more recent instance is that of Mr. Wm. Caine's *The Author of Trixie* (1923). The story turns on a novel written by an Archdeacon who does not wish to be known as the author, and who bribes a young literary man to accept the responsibility. A converse case can be found in *The Mob* by Ibanez.

If further proof were needed, reference could be made to the advertisement columns of *The Times*, in which the following appeared a couple of years ago.

"A Literary 'Ghost' will dispose of novel (accepted by publishers at part risk) to would-be celebrity for publication under own name."

In the case of works requiring research, the modern tendency is to acknowledge freely the assistance given in the compilation. The prefaces usually give a list of those who have helped to collect the facts which the author has made use of. "Devilling" is a recognised form of literary work, as the secretary of every public or literary man knows. The degree to which an author may avail himself of the services of another without acknowledgment is a question which every one must decide for himself.

From the examples I have quoted, it seems beyond question, therefore, that readers in all ages have accepted as genuine works with which their supposed authors have had nothing to do. The practice is the more reprehensible because of the difficulty of detection; it being to the interest of both parties to keep the transaction secret. A writer has no right to owe his reputation to the work of another and thus deprive him of credit; and to deceive the public is as much a crime in literary matters as in anything else. There may be some excuse for the man who sells his labour and foregoes any credit for it; there can be none for the man who puts forward, as the production of his own brain, work which is in reality that of some one else.

CHAPTER XVII

Anonymous and Pseudonymous Literature

IT would scarcely be an exaggeration to say that most well-known authors have at one time or another published a work anonymously or under a pseudonym. Defoe, Swift, Pope, Johnson, Gibbon, Walpole, Boswell, Goldsmith, to name but a few in one century, have all tried to conceal their identity, generally in vain; for the literary detective shows extraordinary skill and perseverance in defeating their object.

A chapter in Mr. W. P. Courtney's *Secrets of our National Literature* is devoted to the subject, of which, however, he is only able to touch the fringe. Quérard's imposing four volumes, and those of Delepierre are well known to students, and there have been several more recent works in various languages. A few facts will give an idea of the extent of the subject.

The first volume of a German compilation of pseudonymous, etc., works extends from A to D only, but contains 12,295 entries. In *Notes and Queries* for 13th March, 1880, is given a list of over twenty works on the subject, some of them of great size. They date from 1686; the earlier ones are in Latin, the later in French, German, Italian and English. The list is by no means an exhaustive one.

All sorts of devices are adopted by the author, who does not wish his name to be known. He may omit his name altogether, or may disguise it in various ways, using initials, asterisks, a reversed name, or one of the opposite sex, etc. There are thirty-one recognised methods, duly enumerated by Quérard. Each form of disguise has its name: those for the above-mentioned cases are respectively initialism, asterism, boustrophedon and pseudandry; technicalities which do not err on the side of elegance.

The concealment of identity is either justifiable or the opposite according to the motive. As has been pointed out

under *Forgeries*, the practice of early Christian writers in putting forth their gospels and epistles under the name of an apostle was to obtain greater consideration for their views; a proceeding then deemed permissible. When theological controversy was at its height, as in Tudor times, it was so dangerous to voice an opinion which might be obnoxious to the authorities that a writer naturally tried to conceal his identity, and we can hardly blame him. Thus John Penry, the chief author of the *Marprelate Tracts* (1587, etc.) published them anonymously; they were, however, traced to him and he was imprisoned. By means of a secret press, he continued to issue his pamphlets, but he was finally convicted and hanged in 1593. The Jesuit, R. Parsons, ran similar risks, and he had to flee the country.

In order to mislead the authorities, many writers published their works under another name, generally fictitious. Thus Bayle (1647-1706) published his plea for toleration, *Contrains-les-entrer*, as translated from the English of Sir John Fox of Bruggs, par M.J.F. at Canterbury at Thomas Litwell's.*

Similarly, a political writer often endangered his liberty or even his life if he criticised the Government with too great freedom. For this reason Defoe published his *Shortest Way with the Dissenters* (1703) anonymously; but, the authorship being discovered, he was fined, pilloried and imprisoned. It is quite needless to quote further examples of theological or political victims; history is full of them, and the anonymous attacks of which ecclesiastical and government apologists complain, are the natural consequences of persecution.

Sometimes anonymity seems to give a force to an attack which would be lessened if the name of an author were attached: the *Letters of Junius* for example. Also the very fact that the authorship was kept so secret added to the interest they excited; as no doubt the author was well aware.

Various other reasons, not dishonourable, may have led authors to conceal their names. Humility has been suggested as the reason why the *De Imitatione* was published anonymously. Hannah More did not put her name to *The Manners of the Great, etc.*, because "she hoped it might be

* Lecky: *History of Rationalism in Europe.*

attributed to a better person." It was: various celebrities were credited with it. Mrs. Shelley did not acknowledge the authorship of *Frankenstein* and other novels for fear of offending Sir Timothy Shelley; unfortunately her precautions were ineffectual and the stern Baronet stopped her allowance. Godwin, knowing that he had the reputation of an atheist, wrote his *Histories for Children* under the pseudonym of Edward Baldwin. Scott thought that to be known as a novelist would be injurious to his professional prospects, so the authorship of the Waverley novels was kept a profound secret. The Brontës feared that "authoresses are liable to be looked on with prejudice;" and no doubt the same reason accounts for the numerous ladies who have written under men's names. Lucas Malet "did not think it right to trade on the Kingsley name." Grant Allen feared that his scientific reputation would suffer unless he wrote his stories under a pseudonym.

Less justifiable are the following. Horace Walpole would not put his name to *The Castle of Otranto* at first; he wanted to see how it succeeded: if satisfactorily, he would acknowledge his authorship, a very cautious proceeding. Moreover, as he asserted in the preface that he had taken the story from an old manuscript, he made himself doubly safe in case of failure. When Boswell published his *Ode to Tragedy* by a gentleman of Scotland, he dedicated it to himself; the inscription ends, "I, Sir, who enjoy the pleasure of your intimate acquaintance, etc." No doubt his idea was that he could disclaim the authorship in case it did not win approval, whilst the dedication implied that he was important enough to have a poet dedicating his work to him.

Goldsmith in 1764 published a Series of *Letters from a Nobleman to his Son*; attributing them to a Nobleman purely in order to gain more attention for his book. He complained that "whenever I write anything I think the public *make a point* to know nothing about it." The book was a success, and various noblemen were credited with it.

Though Dr. Johnson wrote several works anonymously, he affected not to approve of the practice. In 1756 he complained to Joseph Warton that he had recognised the latter as the author of the *Essay on the Genius and Writings of Pope* before he had read above ten pages. "That way of

publishing without acquainting your friends is a wicked trick."

But only too often the anonymous writer is actuated by the worst motives; concealed by a mask he stabs his enemy in the back. More than that, some men are so constituted that it is a positive pleasure to them to give pain to others, and when they can do so without fear of detection they indulge their idiosyncracy without restraint. Such men were given a great opportunity by the custom of the Reviews and Magazines of publishing unsigned articles, and keeping their authorship a secret.

This abuse of anonymity forms a painful chapter in literary history. The eighteenth century is full of complaints by Pope, Swift and others of the slanders of anonymous rivals. "Mad" Ritson made his attacks on Pinkerton under the name of Anti-Scot. In the chapters on *Criticism* and the *Editors of Reviews* I have given some details of the abuse of anonymity; instances, unfortunately, are only too numerous. The general question is discussed further on in this chapter.

Though certain journals and newspapers still afford opportunities to the man behind the mask, the change of tone and the increased stringency of the law of libel render the anonymous writer's attacks less venomous. Whilst the old reviewers such as Christopher North, Lockhart and others made their attacks anonymously, more modern ones seemed to feel that such action was unworthy, and though sheltered by the custom of the Reviews, they preferred to come out into the open. When the late J. Churton Collins had occasion to criticise very severely in the *Quarterly Review* a book by a fellow author, he hastened to let it be known that he was the reviewer. Similarly, the caustic criticism on the *Revised Version of the New Testament* in the same Review was known at once to be by Dean Burgon.

Few things are more exasperating than to be the victim of an anonymous attack. He cannot hit back: he is fighting the air: he can only make his defence without being able to discover his enemy. Even if he ask a suspected person the direct question, he does not know whether to credit the denial; for some men think it justifiable to lie in such a case. Whether such a proceeding is justifiable or not merits some examination.

That the problem is not a new one can be shown by a few examples. In the sixteenth century Sigonio flatly denied that he had written the supposititious *De Consolatione* which he attributed to Cicero, though his authorship was finally fully proved. The attitude of the authorities, both political and legal, towards Voltaire almost forced him for a long time to write under an assumed name, and he had no scruples at all about lying to conceal his identity. As regards a certain play he contemplated on the Prodigal Son, he wrote to a friend in the secret, "It is necessary to lie like the devil; not timidly or for a time, but boldly and always. Lie, my friends, lie. I will repay you when I can."

He was equally emphatic in respect of his *Philosophical Dictionary*, which was honoured by being burnt by the common hangman. He wrote to a friend, "If there is the least danger about it please warn me, and then I can disown it in all the public papers with my usual candour and innocence."

Yet Voltaire was by nature a truthful man; Carlyle states that "he has never yet in a single instance been convicted of . . . uttering in all his controversies one deliberate falsehood."

Lady authors followed the example of the men. The famous blue-stocking Mrs. Montague published her *Essay on the Writings and Genius of Shakespeare* in 1768, anonymously. She confesses in a letter, "I look very innocent when attacked about the Essay, and say 'I don't know what you mean.'" This is a lady-like fib, compared with the full-blooded lie in which the coarser sex indulged.

Dr. Johnson's strictness in the matter of veracity is well known. Yet he felt himself obliged to compromise on the delicate point in question, as can be gathered from his talk about Junius. "I should have believed Burke to be Junius," he remarked . . . "but Burke spontaneously denied it to me. The case would have been different had I asked him if he was the author; a man so questioned, as to an anonymous publication, may think he has a right to deny it."

We now come to the oft-quoted case of Sir Walter Scott, whose denial for years of the authorship of the Waverley Novels is notorious. *Waverley* was published in 1814, and in the same year he writes as follows to J. B. S. Morritt, one of the few friends in the secret.

"I shall *not* own *Waverley*: my chief reason is that it would prevent me of the pleasure of writing again. . . . I hope charitable people will believe my *affidavit* in contradiction to all other evidence," etc. "P.S. I do not see how my silence can be considered as imposing on the public," etc.

He also wrote to his brother Tom, referring to a rumour that he (Tom) was the author, and suggesting that he should not contradict the report.

When further *Tales of my Landlord* (*Old Mortality*, etc.) were published in 1816, Murray, the publisher, wrote to Scott on 14th December: "Although I dare not address you as the author of certain *Tales* (which, however, must have been written either by Walter Scott or the devil)," etc., going on to express his delight in extravagant terms. Scott replied on the 18th December:

"I give you heartily joy of the success of the *Tales*, although I do not claim that paternal interest in them which my friends do me the credit to assign to me. I assure you I have never read a volume of them until they were printed. I do not expect implicit reliance to be placed on my disavowal, because I know very well that he who is disposed not to own a work must necessarily deny it, and that otherwise his secret would be at the mercy of all those who choose to ask the question, since silence in such a case must always pass for consent, or rather assent. But I have a mode of convincing you that I am perfectly serious in my denial . . . and that is by reviewing the work."

This he did, intimating that his brother Tom might be the unknown author.

As late as 1821, he complained to Dr. Dibdin of the inconveniences he had suffered "in consequence of public opinion having *inaccurately* identified me" as the writer. But in 1823, in a note to the same friend, he virtually acknowledged the truth, and shortly after he did so openly at a banquet in Edinburgh.

Sydney Smith—a clergyman too!—writes in the preface to his *Works* (1840) as regards *Peter Plymley's Letters*, "Somehow or other it came to be conjectured that I was the author. I have always denied it, but, finding I deny it in vain, I thought it might be as well to include the letters in this Collection."

The identity of Wm. Sharp and Fiona MacLeod was not finally settled till after his death. When Grant Allen had Fiona's first book to review, he at once decided it must be by Wm. Sharp and taxed him with it. Sharp denied it; whereupon Grant Allen wrote an appreciative private letter to Fiona, who replied; but the reply was not in Sharp's hand. To back up his denial, Sharp showed to certain friends a photograph of a beautiful woman, who, he stated, was his cousin Fiona, and promised to bring her to visit them, but of course the promise was never kept.

Samuel Warren, the author of *Ten Thousand a Year*, denied his authorship for fear of endangering his professional prospects. A friend, however, discovered the truth by a scarcely justifiable ruse. He confided to Warren as a secret that *he* had written the book. Warren, whose vanity was overwhelming, told him that he lied; that he (Warren) had written every line. "That is all I wanted to know," was the reply.*

How is it that these authors—and many others—so unhesitatingly denied their works, even in cases where it was inevitable that the truth must be known in course of time?

That a falsehood is sometimes allowable has been held by most casuists, from Father Sanchez (so castigated by Pascal) to Paley, who goes so far as to hold that it was no lie to deceive a person who has no right to know the truth; which, as a critic observed, is a comforting doctrine. Newman, in his *Apologia pro vitâ suâ*, treats of the point in question in a note too long to quote, but I will give the gist of it. "Supposing," he writes, "a man wishes to keep the secret that he was the author of a book, and he is plainly asked on the subject. Here I should ask the previous question whether anyone has the right to publish what he does not avow." (This only begs the question and does not advance matters.) "Next, supposing another has confided to you the secret of his authorship: there are persons who have no scruple at all in giving a denial to impertinent questions asked them on the subject." He instances a well-known man who justified doing so on the ground that he had an existing duty towards the author, but none towards the inquirer. "But here again," continues Newman, "I desiderate some leave, recognised by society, as in the case

* Sergt. Robinson: *Bench and Bar*, p. 128.

of the formulæ *Not at home* and *Not guilty*, in order to give me the right of saying what is *material* untruth." After further discussion he states, "I am not attempting to solve these difficult questions"; and so leaves the matter undecided.

I cannot presume to solve a problem given up by such a casuist and at the same time lover of truth as Newman. One thing is certain, that when an author is asked the direct question he must answer according to the dictates of his conscience, and not look for guidance to his predecessors.

When a writer wishes to remain concealed but hesitates at the lie direct, he sometimes resorts to practices of almost equal dubiousness. Southey's *Doctor* appeared anonymously, and its authorship was hotly disputed. Southey, unsolicited, asserted that he could not guess at the author, and then suggested the names of Frere, E. Dubois and the Rev. E. Neale. In a letter to a friend, he writes, "It amuses me to find myself suspected." This was sailing very near the wind for a man of such austere morality.

Pope was an adept at this sort of deception. He published attacks on his own work to avert suspicion. He was the anonymous author of the *Key to the Lock*, designed to show that the *Rape of the Lock* was a political poem. There seems no doubt in the minds of those who have investigated the subject that Pope, in order to have an excuse to publish his letters, engineered a most intricate plot in which he used deception and misstatement to a most unworthy extent.*

To attack oneself in order to mislead is not an uncommon trick. I have already mentioned Pope and Scott; Swift did the same. Writing to Gay from Dublin (10th November, 1730), he remarks, "The scrub libel printed against me here, and reprinted in London, for which he (Mr. Cæsar) showed a kind concern to a friend of us both, was written by myself." Owing to his position in the Church, Swift became a wholly anonymous writer; Dr. Birkbeck states that it is said that he "only once directly owned any piece of writing as his." (*Unpublished Letters.*)

The practice was not confined to England. Langlet du Fresnoy (eighteenth century) published anonymously *L'usage des Romans*, and to prove that he was not the author

* Elwin and Courthope: *Pope.*

wrote *L'Histoire justifiée contre les Romans*, attacking his own book.* Voltaire employed the same ruse more than once.

Visitors to certain parts of Cornwall know how the natives resent the accusation that in former days the wreckers used to lure vessels to the rocks and plunder them. The authority quoted for the accusation is generally *The Autobiography of a Cornish Rector*, by the late James Hamley Tregenna. This is the title of the actual book: in the British Museum Catalogue, Hamley is said to be the pseudonym of R. B. Paul, and the book by the late J. H. Treggenna: a somewhat confusing entry. There is a note by the editor at the end stating that Mr. Tregenna's journal had not been long in his possession when he was summoned to the reverend writer's deathbed. He continues, "How far I am justified, as his executor (in publishing) I leave my readers to decide for themselves. *Non meus est sermo :* the story is none of my telling." The date is 1872.

I was informed by a Cornish antiquary that there was no such parson Tregenna: that the book was compiled by a man who had lived in London most of his life from stories told to him in his childhood in Cornwall. My acquaintance was highly indignant at the way in which the unsupported evidence of a writer who concealed his name was taken as proof of crimes of so dastardly a kind.

The danger of another individual claiming the credit of an anonymous book I have already treated under *The Literary Thief*. I may, however, insert here one more illustrative case. The famous pamphlet *Killing No Murder* (1657) by Wm. Allen is generally believed now to have been by Colonel Saxby, the leveller. "After the Restoration Col. Titus claimed the honour of having written the pamphlet, and it was afterwards reprinted as his, with the doctrine of assassination freshly applied to the French King." (H. Morley. *Famous Pamphlets.*)

The important question of the use and abuse of anonymity in Reviews and Newspapers now calls for examination. In the eighteenth century the practice was varied; contributors to the various magazines sometimes signed their articles, though more frequently, as in *The Spectator*, etc., a pseudonym was used, or no signature at all appeared.

* Disraeli: *Curiosities.*

When the *Edinburgh* and the *Quarterly* were started (1802 and 1809) it was decided that all contributions should be anonymous, and the greatest pains were taken that the identity of the writers should remain unknown.

One result of this decision was to place in the editor's hands power to revise to any extent the articles he accepted. (See *Editors*.) The contributors might complain, but had to submit. Lamb was furious at the mutilation of his review of *The Excursion*, but wrote, "They had a right to do it, as no name appears to it." Of course it was impossible always to conceal the authorship of certain articles: Macaulay's, for example, were not difficult to recognise; in fact, in writing to the editor he states that he cannot ignore the fact that his articles are one of the attractions of the Review. Moreover, some contributors were only too glad to let it be known that they were writing for these important publications.

Another result of the rule of anonymity was that writers allowed themselves too great freedom in criticising the works of their fellow authors. Under the head of *Criticism* (Chapter XXVI), I have given instances of cruel and vindictive attacks which one imagines would not have been made in so coarse and unscrupulous a fashion had not the writer been wearing a mask. I will insert here a more modern instance of a similar kind.

In the *Contemporary Review* for October, 1871, there appeared a venomous attack on Rossetti, Swinburne and other writers under the title *The Fleshly School of Poets*. The article was signed by Thomas Maitland, but *The Athenæum* stated that it was written by Robert Buchanan, himself a well-known poet, who had endeavoured to conceal his identity by referring to himself by name in the course of the article. He, however, denied that he was responsible for the signature of Maitland, and republished the article with amplification under his own name.

Further consideration evidently modified his views, and in 1882 he dedicated his novel *God and the Man* to Rossetti with some appreciative verses.

The old practice of unsigned articles in Reviews and Magazines has now been abandoned: they admit signed articles freely: the anonymous contribution is an exception. Reviews of important books often bear the name of the

reviewer, and no longer contain the scurrilous abuse of former days. The new method must be welcome both to author and reviewer: the former knows from whom his criticism comes, the critic gains whatever credit is due to him for the ability shown in his review.

Even in journalism anonymity is being gradually abandoned. Every newspaper now admits signed articles; even editors sometimes abandon the mystic *we* and put their names to their leaders: e.g., Mr. Garvin in *The Observer*. Some adhere to the old custom. There is something to be said for the view that a leader in *The Times* in former days carried more weight when unsigned than if the name of an unknown Mr. Smith or Jones were at the foot. But the fictitious value thus given was counterbalanced by the knowledge that perhaps the writer was not an expert in his subject, whilst had it been signed by a known authority it would have carried greater weight.

The former practice was the object of many an onslaught. The late Lord Morley, in *The Fortnightly* in 1867 (reprinted in November, 1923), wrote of "The gigantic objection against the present system—that it entrusts the most important of all social influences to what is, as far as the public is concerned, a secret society . . . who are wholly irresponsible." He held that "secrecy demoralises." He set forth at length the advantages which would accrue from the acknowledgment of authorship, and met the objections to that course.

Many agreed with him; the phrase "Journalism is the grave of talent" shows that the anonymous contributors felt that they were sacrificing their work without recognition; and they sighed for the day when the custom might be changed, and by signing their articles they might establish a reputation. They now often have their wish, but the result has not been so advantageous as they hoped. Naturally, the editor seeks out well-known names to place at the end of his columns, which makes it more difficult than ever for an unknown man to get a footing. Moreover the able but not well-known writer has the mortification of seeing his own good "stuff" crowded out to make room for some platitudes attached to a celebrity's signature.

Lord Morley's view is exactly the opposite to that of the late editor of *The Spectator*, Mr. J. St. Loe Strachey. He

holds "that anonymity makes, not for irresponsibility, but for responsibility, the writer feeling that he is representing the paper, and not expressing his own personality." (*The Adventure of Living*, p. 318.) But that is exactly what an able writer wishes to do. Moreover, the salaried anonymous journalist is frequently obliged by the conditions of his employment to go further, and instead of expressing his own opinions must write in contradiction to them, which he would not do if his article bore his signature. The thorny question of how far such action is justifiable must now be considered.

The journalist may argue that he is paid to write as he is told: that a Cabinet Minister sometimes has to defend a policy with which privately he does not agree: that often a clergyman has to repeat a creed of which he does not believe the whole: that a barrister has to defend a client whom he knows to be guilty. "To save that client by all expedient means . . . is the highest and most unquestioned of his duties." (Lord Brougham quoted by T. E. Crispe, K.C., *Reminiscences*.) Why then should not the journalist similarly defend the principles of the paper which employs him?

This is a view very generally held and explicitly approved by, e.g., Mr. St. Loe Strachey, who writes that "Little need be said in defence of the advocate journalist." He may claim that he writes not to express his own views but those of his paper.

The question is a difficult one, and it is impossible to give a direct answer. Let me give an illustration of the practical difficulties by a quotation from Sir Philip Gibbs' *Adventures in Journalism*.

"It was at Newport, in Wales, I remember, that I nearly blighted my young life by over-sympathy with the sufferings of a fellow-mortal. This was a correspondent of the *Daily Mail*, who had been a most convinced and passionate free trader. He had written, only a few weeks before, a series of powerful and crushing articles against tariff reform, which had duly appeared in the *Daily Mail*, until Harmsworth announced one morning that he had been talking to his gardener, and had decided that tariff reform would be a good thing for England. It would be, therefore the policy of the *Daily Mail*

"By a refinement of cruelty which I am sure he did not

realise, his free trade expert was sent down to reveal the glories of tariffs, as expounded by Chamberlain. It went sorely to the conscience of this Scot, who asked me plaintively, 'How can I resign—with wife and bairns?'"

The question is one about which Sir Philip evidently feels strongly, for he makes it the *motif* of a recent novel, *Heirs Apparent*. The whole book is the tragedy of an editor who conducts a paper he detests under a proprietor whom he hates and despises. He confesses to his son who has called him "a bought man," "In a way we're all bought men. We all have to compromise with our ideas in order to earn a livelihood." Again he owns (p. 191) "Of course journalism is not an exalted game these days, unless one's a professional idealist on papers that don't pay. One has to pander to the mob mind," etc. The News Editor confesses that "we carry out the policy of its proprietor, according to contract, keeping our own ideals for private use on Sundays and bank-holidays. That's the law of the Street, from which there is no escape."

The problem is alluded to in a less serious vein by Mr. E. V. Lucas in his novel *Mr. Ingleside*. Describing Christie, the assistant editor of an evening paper, he writes: "The paper being Conservative, he was of course a Radical, if not a Republican." A friend, Alison, ventures to remonstrate. "I think," said Alison, "that you ought to join a paper of your own way of thinking."

"That wouldn't be journalism," said Christie, "that would be too real. . . ."

"But it's so immoral," said Alison, "to say what you don't mean."

"Journalism is immoral," said Christie; "I guess that's its greatest charm."

Under *Literary Ghosts* (p. 187) I have referred to Galsworthy's *Captures*, where a journalist sacrifices his living rather than his conscience. No one can withhold from such a man a tribute of admiration. Yet it is, after all, a question of degree. No journalist can expect to find himself in agreement on every point with the editor or proprietor of his paper, and it is for him to determine when the divergence is so great that as an honest man he can no longer help to disseminate views which he regards as harmful. He is not likely to determine too soon.

To summarise the general question of anonymous writing: in view of the variety of motives which lead an author to conceal his identity, it is impossible to lay down any definite rule. It should be remembered, however, that many of the reasons for anonymity which formerly existed do so no longer; there is no danger now of imprisonment or worse for the expression of opinion unless libellous. Speaking generally, it is desirable that a writer should have the courage of his opinions, and be prepared to suffer the minor inconveniences which may be involved in the utterance of unpopular views. And when he attacks others it may be laid down as a principle that he should not shelter himself behind the screen of anonymity, or pseudonymity; a principle which we must be glad to know is widely acknowledged. To write what one thinks and own to what one has written would at all events obviate those tricks of evasion and even direct falsehood of which I have given examples.

CHAPTER XVIII

Editors—Books

In his charming *Eighteenth Century Vignettes* Mr. Austin Dobson writes, "We now know that the correspondence to which Spence referred had been considerably 'edited' by Pope with the view of misrepresenting his dealings with Wycherley." The phrase is interesting as showing that the very word "edited" implies alteration or addition, and possibly falsification.

But it would be highly unjust to attribute the underhand motives of Pope to editors as a class: no doubt the great majority are conscientious and upright men. Unfortunately, however, the best of men may be a bad editor. In fact, his very conscientiousness may be a drawback, as he may deem it a duty to "edit" his author in the interests of morality, or what he considers to be so; as has often occurred with disastrous results.

Then again, speaking generally, an editor (especially of a classic) is inclined to magnify his office, and regard the text as affording an opportunity to display his knowledge. Extraneous and unnecessary notes are added which interrupt the continuity of the original. This was one of the chief complaints of Macaulay in his attack on Croker's *Boswell*. These and similar points will, however, be more conveniently treated later on, after examples have been given of the actual practice of editors at various periods in literary history.

It may be interesting to glance cursorily at editorial usage in connection with the *Bible*, as showing the view taken in past times of an editor's duties and privileges. I append a few extracts from *The Canon of the Bible* by the Rev. Dr. S. Davidson.

After Rehoboam "a redactor put together the Elohistic and Jehovistic documents, making various changes in them, adding throughout sentences and words that seemed

desirable, and suppressing what was unsuited to his taste" (p. 13), whilst "Ezra did not scruple to refer to Moses what was of recent origin" (p. 21). "We know that in the captivity itself, and immediately after, older prophecies were edited. Men of prophetic ability wrote in the name of distinguished prophets, inserted new pieces in the productions of the latter, or adapted and wrote them over" (p. 24).

Similar insertions and changes were made in Maccabean and later times (pp. 47-9), whilst Jeremiah accused the Scribes of falsifying the law by their lying pen. (VIII. 8.) Later on, Dionysius of Corinth (A.D. 170) complains of the falsification of his writings, but consoles himself with the fact that the same is done to the "Scriptures of the Lord," i.e., the gospels containing the Lord's words, or rather the two parts of the early collection, "the Gospel" and "the apostle together" (p. 103). All through the history of the New Testament Canon the same practice was prevalent.

The Times Literary Supplement of 18th February, 1921, thus summarises Prof. Jastrow's conclusions in his work *The Book of Job*. "The whole work was brought into its present shape by a group of editors whose only concern was to present the book as a support for the current orthodoxy. They incorporated in the text hundreds of comments, glosses, additional lines, popular maxims, and reflections of pious commentators . . . crucial passages have been transformed to impose on them an orthodox sense."

Similar evidence has been accumulated by numerous other writers on the Canon, which shows that also in patristic times the alteration of the text to support particular views was a common practice (see p. 21).

From the fourth century the Vulgate was generally accepted, but at the Reformation the text of the Scriptures was again the subject of controversy. As a specimen of the sort of accusations which flew thick and fast from both sides, I will refer to a volume which was published at Rheims in 1582. (Parker Society, 1843.) It has the following pleasant title: *A Discoverie of the Manifold Corruptions of the Holy Scriptures by the Hereticks of our Daies and of their foule dealing therein, by partial and false translators*

to the advantage of their heresies, in their English Bibles used and authorised since the time of Schisme. By Gregory Martin. He writes "Another way is to alter the very original text of the Holy Scripture by adding, taking away, or changing it here and there for their purpose. So did the Arians in sundry places, and the Nestorians in the first epistle of St. John, and especially Marcion, who was therefore called *Mus Ponticus*, the mouse of Ponticus, because he had gnawn (as it were) certain places with his corruptions, whereof some are said to remain in the Greek text to this day." He asserts also that the heretics altered or added or omitted texts relating to sacred images, priesthood, purgatory, free will, penance, etc.

Martin's attack was promptly answered by Wm. Fulke, Doctor in Divinitie, in a volume dedicated to Queen Elizabeth with the title *A Defense of the sincere and true Translations of the holie Scriptures into the English tong. Against the manifold cauils, frivolous quarels, and impudent slanders of Gregory Martin, one of the readers of Popish divinitie in the trayterous Seminarie of Rheims.* Dr. Fulke is not content with replying to the assertions of his opponent, but carries the attack into the enemy's camp; not sparing to use invective. When Martin writes "it cometh from the same puddle of Geneva, that in their Bibles (so called) the English Bezites translate against the unity of the Catholic Church," Fulke rejoins "He that hath any nose may smell that his censure cometh from the stinking puddle of popish malice."

Even after the publication of the authorised English version in 1611, liberties were taken with the text. Apparently anyone was able to print the Bible, with such alterations as he pleased. At any rate, the old editions swarmed with blunders, unintentional and intentional. Of the latter class a well-known instance is the alteration of Acts vi. 3, of *me* to *ye* to sanction the practice of lay ordination. The printer is said to have received £1,500 to make this change.

The satirists were not silent on the matter; witness Butler's lines in *Hudibras*, Part III.

> "Religion spawn'd a various rout
> Of petulant religious sects,
> The maggots of corrupted texts."

Cowley also in *Puritan and Papist* condemned the practice of corrupting texts:

> "They a bold pow'r o'er sacred Scriptures take,
> Blot out some clauses and some new ones make."*

If the scriptures were treated with such freedom, it is to be expected that ancient classical authors should suffer in the same way; in fact, we know that emendations and glosses were introduced somewhat freely and omissions made when thought desirable. How much of the original text of Homer, for example, has come down to us is largely a matter of conjecture. It scarcely seems likely that an editor of the time of Pericles should be more conscientious than one of the seventeenth century, and de Quincey tells us that "slashing Bentley" as Pope calls him, "corrected the entire *Iliad* and *Odyssey*, rejecting those lines which would not bend to his theory" (about the digamma). But no doubt Bentley was exceptional in his views of an editor's duties, as will be shown later.

Before discussing further the question of texts, it may be well to give an instance or two of other ways in which editors of the early part of the eighteenth century treated the works entrusted to their care.

Swift in 1726 wrote that he was hunting for a "printer who would risk his ears" and bring out *Gulliver's Travels*. He found one at last, but one who evidently did not mean to stand in the pillory, for he applied to a certain Mr. Took, a clergyman, to look over the work and revise it. This was done so thoroughly that Swift wrote a protest, detailing the alterations, and stating that the reviser had also *inserted* "a good deal contrary to the author's manner and style and intention." Moreover, he writes in 1727 that his MS. has been so mauled "that I do hardly know my own work."

This was no doubt partly owing to the fact that Swift did not mean to let his name appear as the author. He vented his annoyance in a letter to Pope (17th November, 1726), who certainly had reason to sympathise with him. The compilations complained of, however, were not edited in the strict sense: they were simply mutilated by some bookseller's hack.

* H. B. Wheatley: *Literary Blunders* p. 134.
Disraeli: *Curiosities, etc.*

In the eighteenth century, it is gratifying to find that protests began to be made against the mutilation of masterpieces. Though Tate's version of *King Lear* held the stage for generations, we find *The Spectator* blames him for his perversions, and declares that the tragedy has lost half its beauty: a statement to which Johnson called attention. The critical spirit had arisen, and although the public received with applause the garbled versions of Shakespeare on the stage, scholars were at work whose influence gradually but decidedly led at least the reading public to appreciate the necessity for a reverential treatment of classical works. Pope protested in *The Dunciad* (Book IV) against the liberties taken with books.

> Let standard authors, thus, like trophies borne,
> Appear more glorious as more hacked and torn . . .
> Leave not a foot of verse, a foot of stone,
> A page, a grave, that they can call their own."
>
> *The Dunciad:* Book IV. 124 etc.

The *Declaration* affixed to *The Dunciad* (1732) emphasises the point. "Whereas certain Haberdashers . . . have taken upon them to adulterate the common and current sense of our Glorious Ancestors, Poets of this Realm, by clipping, coining, defacing the images, mixing their own base alloy, or otherwise falsifying the same, which they publish, alter and send as genuine. . . ." the poet forbids anyone to mangle his work, and earnestly exhorts his brethren to follow his example, "which we heartily wish our great Predecessors had heretofore set as a remedy and prevention of all such abuses."

As an example of how indifferent were men of letters to the retention of the *ipsissima verba* of others, we find Atterbury writing to Pope, in 1721, to say he has amused himself by trying his hand at improving the poems of Waller; amongst others, he amended the gems "Go Lovely Rose" and "On a Girdle."* But the classical instance of such indifference is that of Bentley's *Milton*. I have already alluded to Bentley's treatment of Homer, but in his *Milton* (1732) he went much further. This edition "contained no less than 1,000 conjectural emendations." He considered that as he had no MSS. to collate he must rely on his own "happy

* (Canon Beeching: *Francis Atterbury* p. 229).

conjecture" as to what Milton really wrote. I can only give a couple of specimens of the Doctor's happy conjectures. The well-known line:

> "No light, but rather darkness visible"

he changed to

> "No light, but rather a transpicuous gloom."

Again

> "Our torments also may in length of time
> Become our elements."

he improved to

> "Then, as 'twas well observed, our torments may
> Become our elements."

But even at that date respect for Milton, and a growing sense of the sacredness of an author's text, caused Bentley's labours to be received with a chorus of disapproval, and Pope, with others, pelted the learned Doctor with stinging epigrams. In fact, he may almost be bracketed with a certain Mr. Green, who (Disraeli tells us) published a specimen of a new version of *Paradise Lost*, "bringing that amazing work somewhat nearer the summit of perfection." (*Curiosities* I, 305.)

Pope, in 1725, was the first to edit Shakespeare in the modern sense, but he was lamentably deficient in the necessary scholarship. He was followed in 1733 by Theobald, who performed his task much more ably. Pope in his second edition adopted many of Theobald's emendations and then characteristically abused him, and even made him the hero of *The Dunciad*. Prof. J. Churton Collins (*Essays and Studies*) calls Theobald the Porson of Shakespearean criticism; but the contempt expressed for him by Pope, Warburton and Dr. Johnson has settled his position for the superficial reader.

Warburton was the last man who ought to have abused the careful Theobald, for his own edition (1747) is a monument of reckless guess-work, almost rivalling Bentley's *Milton*. Let me give a specimen from *Romeo and Juliet*. For "the city is much obliged to him," Warburton reads "hymn: i.e., to laud." He rejected "allowed, with absolute power," as not English, and suggested we should read *hallowed*.

In his preface he accuses Theobald of appropriating his observations, and Hanmer of rank plagiarism. But his biographer (Watson) acknowledges "These passages contain much, we fear, that is disingenuous, not to say false." The curious part of the affair is that the Bishop states that he published his edition "to deter the unlearned writer from wantonly trifling with an art he is a stranger to, at the expense of the integrity of the text of established authors."

Naturally, his edition was not received without comment; Thomas Edwards in particular showed up Warburton's errors in his *Canons of Criticism*: thus earning the Bishop's enmity. An opportunity not occurring to gratify it, Warburton made one. When he edited *The Dunciad* he boldly stated in his notes that he made them the instruments for chastising his adversaries; so poor Edwards was lugged in without rhyme or reason to receive his chastisement. Warburton clearly held the view that all is fair in war; and, as he wrote, "The state of Authorship is a state of war." His *Life* throws an interesting light both on the condition of literature at the time, and the mental and moral idiosyncrasies of a leading man in the religious world.

The temptations of an editor when dealing with his text are well expressed by Dr. Johnson in the preface to his *Shakespeare* (1765). "The allurements of emendation are scarcely resistible. Conjecture has all the joy and all the pride of invention. . . . To alter is more easy than to explain, and temerity is a more common quality than diligence."

It is certainly curious that at the very time when so much erudition was being spent on the text of Shakespeare's plays, their mutilation on the stage was in full swing. Still more curious is it that Garrick's alterations of *Macbeth*, *Lear*, *The Winter's Tale*, etc., had the approval of his friends and of the editors of Shakespeare;* though it is difficult to credit that they did not revolt against the addition of twenty-seven of his own songs to the *Midsummer Night's Dream*. And at any rate Theophilus Cibber (1705-58) the son of the better known Poet Laureate, raised his voice against Garrick's feats of perversion.

In 1776 appeared an edition of *Moll Flanders*, by F. Noble, with many additions and alterations, which he

* Mrs. C. Parsons: *Garrick and his Circle* p. 324.

jusitfied by stating that his father had obtained from Defoe's corrected MSS. as now published. *Roxana* was also altered similarly. There was not a word of truth in his statement: Defoe left no such papers. (W. Wilson: *Life of Defoe.*) Bryan Edwards, who composed the first account of *Mungo Park's Travels* for the African Association (1798), had an interest in the Slave trade, and omitted all passages against it. Mungo Park complained that not only were his opinions omitted, but that others were interpolated which he utterly disclaimed. The next year he published his own version. (Disraeli's *Curiosities.*) This garbling of a book to make it serve a purpose other than the author designed reminds one of the Catholic version of the *Pilgrim's Progress* which omits Giant Pope, but fortunately does not edit him into Giant Protestant.

Coming to the nineteenth century, Mr. A. Dobson, writing of Mrs. Barbauld's edition of *Richardson's Letters*, 1804, states that "after the old, imperious fashion of old time editors, she seems to have excised freely."* The "old imperious fashion" lasted some time longer; in fact, it is not yet extinct. Nor did the leaders of critical literature see any harm in excising or revising if they thought it necessary. Gifford wrote to Murray, who had shown him Jane Austen's *Emma*, "I will readily undertake the revision." (S. Smiles: *A Publisher and his Friends.*) But this sort of high-handed treatment was not submitted to by authors who knew their own value. Coleridge, in a letter to his nephew, J. T. Coleridge (8th April, 1825), comments on "The insolence of one of his (Murray's) proposals to me, viz., that he would publish an edition of my Poems, on the condition that a gentleman in his confidence (Mr. Milman! I understand) was to select, and make such omissions and corrections as he thought advisable," etc. (*Letters of Coleridge*, Vol. II, p. 737.) Similar indignation was shown by Scott in his reply to a proposal to alter his *Black Dwarf.* (See *Publishers*, p. 163). Carlyle states that Diderot denounced an editor with whom he disagreed as "a Goth, a Hun, a sacrilegious Attila for whom the hottest of Dante's Purgatory were too temperate." Swinburne, with his usual vehemence, wrote that "1,000 years of purgatorial fire would be insufficient expiation for the criminal on whose deaf and desperate head

* A. Dobson: *Richardson* p. 54.

must rest the original guilt of defacing the text of Shelley with this most damnable corruption."*

In the introduction to the edition of Blake by J. W. Sampson, 1905, he states that *Blake's Poems* have been subjected to deliberate falsification; the text emended and improved "largely and habitually." The same freedom was constantly practised. Mrs. Gaskell proposed to edit and change *The Professor* of Charlotte Brontë, but fortunately Mr. Nicholls (her husband) refused to allow it.† When Dr. Sadler edited Crabb Robinson's *Diary* in 1869, "both in the way of suppression and alteration he allowed himself a very free hand." Suppression was inevitable, for the original MSS. ran to 106 volumes, but alteration is quite unjustifiable. One more instance of how a man of letters can misconceive his duties with regard to others. Mr. A. C. Benson in his *Edward FitzGerald* (p. 60) writes as regards FitzGerald's *Readings in Crabbe* (1882) "In some cases he transposes Crabbe's narrative to make it clearer, and it seems that he must have amused himself by making marginal alterations in his own copy, of expressions which seemed to him to be faulty, for he apologises for the possible intrusion of such alterations into the text."

Poets, an irritable race, ought to be especially careful how they correct the verses of their fellows. Campbell altered Blair's lines

> " Its visits,
> Like those of Angels, short and far between,"

to

> " Like angels' visits, few and far between,"

the form in which it is usually quoted. But Hazlitt (*Living Poets*) pointed out that he had spoilt them: "*Few* and *far between* are the same thing." It is said that the poet never forgave the critic.‡

Even now editors are inclined to assist the author when they think he requires it. Sir I. Gollancz is guilty of filling up a lacuna in a poem with a line of his own—quoting that very line afterwards in support of an emendation: a "splendid emendax" as a brother Professor wittily remarked. (*Observer:* Correspondence, 1920.)

* Sir E. Cook's *More Literary Recreations.*
† *Charlotte Brontë and her Circle.* C. K. Shorter: p. 465.
‡ A. Birrell: *Hazlitt:* p. 131.

When the copyright of a book has expired, there seems to be no law to restrict its republication with any alterations which the editor may choose to make; one of the drawbacks of limited copyright. But fortunately a living author, even if he has parted with his copyright, can still prevent the editor from making changes, at all events if they are calculated to injure his reputation. So long ago as 1832, Mr. Archbold, a barrister, sued a publisher who had published a new edition of his work with numerous errors, without stating that the book had been revised by another hand. Mr. Archbold gained his case and was awarded £5 damages: not an exorbitant sum. Many similar actions have been decided in favour of the plaintiff. (*The Author*, October, 1921.)

Will editors in the future cease from troubling, and leave the author untouched and unamended? Not if we are to credit Mr. R. A. Knox in his amusing *Memories of the Future*. About 1960 a celebrated poet, Edgar Pirbright, brings out an anthology from the older poets: Wordsworth, Matthew Arnold, etc., "but he had, as he said, adapted them—which meant he had altered them freely to suit his own doctrines." Evidently the millenium will not arrive within the next fifty years.

A very difficult question confronts an editor of a classic written when the standard of morality was different from that of the present day. The question is an old one. For example, in 1779 (after Voltaire's death) a clerical member of the French Academy suggested that "all expressions contrary to religion and morals should be erased by some friendly hand from Voltaire's works,"* but his proposal was not supported. Some editors take upon themselves to omit all passages which in their judgment are improper, superfluous, or against morality: which often means everything which does not fit in with their personal prejudices. This is the reason why clerical editors are so often unsatisfactory. The Rev. S. Bowdler's *Expurgated Shakespeare* meets with little acceptance, and rightly so. Shakespeare's coarseness is the coarseness of the age, and is not a vicious pandering to evil. Chas. Lamb vigorously protested against Bowdler's omissions. The same editor's *Expurgated Bible* is now only a curiosity.

* Tallentyre: *Life of Voltaire:* p. 335.

A sensitive conscience can be a disastrous possession as well as a valuable one. Its owner sets himself up as an unofficial censor, and so far as he is able unwittingly denies by his acts that right of freedom of utterance for which authors are always fighting. The official censor of books (whose actions I have registered under Censorship, Chapter XV) now no longer exists, but the spirit that animated him is not yet dead. Editors of the kind I refer to should consider that their action falsifies the work so expurgated, and gives a wrong or at least incomplete impression of the author.

At the same time, it is difficult not to sympathise with those who would omit, for example, some few lines from *Gulliver's Travels* to render it suitable for general reading. The student has a right to demand the whole, but the ordinary reader is in another category.

Omissions, if made, should be as few as possible and the fact acknowledged. It is unpardonable to omit opinions because they are at variance with those current; mere vulgarities should be retained as a characteristic of the author; in matters of decency it should be remembered that the standard of decency changes with each generation, and in doubtful cases the author should be given the benefit of the doubt. After all, there is no compulsion on anyone to edit a work: if he disapproves of it he can let it alone.

A different but equally difficult problem confronts the man who has undertaken to present to the public the complete works of a writer, or to edit his remains. Those who demand to be furnished with every line the author has written may be asked whether they would like to have all their immature failures revived, their incomplete and unrevised notes placed before the public. Many writers leave behind them a mass of undigested material which they never intended should meet the public eye; is all this to be dragged into the light under the plea that it may show the author's method of working? Even as I write, I see that a volume of O. Henry's newspaper articles has been disinterred from old files and is to be published in volume form. Surely his admirers will regret to see his name attached to "potboilers" written before he had discovered in which direction his talent lay.

Mr. Augustine Birrell has some excellent remarks on the point, suggested by the publication of Canon Ainger's

Works of Charles Lamb. He writes, "Upon the vexed question, nowadays so much agitated, whether an editor is to be allowed any discretion in the exclusion from his edition of the rinsings of his author's desk, we side with Mr. Ainger, and think more nobly of the editor than to deny him such a discretion. An editor is not a sweep . . . it is his duty to exclude what he believes does not bear the due impress of the author's mind. . . . Boldly to assert, as some are found to do, that the editor of a master of style has no choice but to reprint the scraps or notelets that a misdirected energy may succeed in disinterring from the grave the writer had dug for them, is to fail to grasp the distinction between a collector of *curios* and a lover of books. But this policy of exclusion is no doubt a perilous one." (*Macmillan's Magazine*, Vol. 54, 1886.) With this opinion there would, I imagine, be general agreement.

A still more difficult problem has to be solved by the editor of a biography. To what extent is he justified in disclosing or suppressing facts, or in publishing private letters? But this important question I postpone to a subsequent chapter (XXV) that on *Biography*, to which it seems more properly to belong.

In one direction at least we have advanced. The modern editor of the classics of every age—of minor writers also—makes it his first object to obtain as correct a text as possible. Fortunately, on this point it is needless to dwell: practically every new edition justifies its existence by claiming to be more correct than its predecessor. The critic no longer plumes himself on the number and ingenuity of his emendations, but on his skill in clearing his text from the corruptions of his predecessors. The most learned scholars, the most skilled critics, seem unanimous as to their duty in this respect.

But having obtained as accurate a text as possible, an editor has other duties. Macaulay sets some of them out in his criticism of Croker's edition of *Boswell*. He protests against the method adopted by Croker. "Much that Boswell inserted in his narrative is, without the shadow of a reason, degraded to the appendix. The editor has also taken upon himself to alter or omit passages which he considers as indecorous. . . . We complain, however much more of the additions than the omissions. We have half of

Mrs. Thrale's book, scraps of Murphy, etc., etc., and connecting observations by Mr. Croker himself, inserted into the midst of Boswell's text."

He holds that an author's text should be printed as he wrote it, and all additions be confined to notes or appendix. This practice he would pursue even in the case of books out of date such as *The Wealth of Nations*; and he gives his reasons with his accustomed force. He asks "What man of taste and feeling can endure . . . abridgments, expurgated editions?"

A more modern authority, Sir E. Cook, follows Macaulay in his Article on *The Art of Editing*. "All editorial matter superimposed upon another man's work is an impertinence unless it is a real path to the better understanding of that work." On the other hand, he states "books are not edited for the omniscient, but for the general reader," to whom elucidating comments are often a boon.

This is undoubtedly the case; the problem being how to interpolate the comments without interrupting the flow of the narrative. Moreover, the general reader may reasonably ask for some consideration in the matter of foreign or dead languages. In Lord Acton's *History of Freedom*, within a few pages I find in the text or notes passages in Latin, French, German, Italian and Spanish, all untranslated.

Enough has been said to prove that the post of an editor is not an easy one. He must carefully distinguish between his moral conscience and his literary one. If he allows his personal views to have precedence he may show himself to be an admirably moral man, but at the same time he proves himself to be a bad editor. And good ones are not too easy to discover.

CHAPTER XIX

Editors (continued). Reviews, Etc.

THE editing of a *Review* is such a different matter from editing a book that it seems advisable to give it separate treatment. One important question in this connection, that of anonymous contributions to *Reviews*, I have already dealt with under the head of *Anonymous, etc., Literature*, to which the reader may refer (p. 192).

In the later years of the eighteenth century, critical and literary reviews multiplied as interest in literature increased, and it was felt early in the last century that the time had come for a review on a large scale and carrying greater weight. *The Edinburgh* was founded in 1802 and *The Quarterly* seven years later. Though treating also of political or other subjects, these reviews devoted a considerable proportion of space to literary topics. It will be convenient to take these two reviews as typical of others.

From the start it was resolved to insist on contributions being unsigned. This necessarily gave the editor considerable responsibility, and consequently considerable power. How it was exercised I will show by examples.

Jeffrey was the first editor of *The Edinburgh*, and from the beginning exercised his authority over the MSS. of his contributors with severity. Sir Leslie Stephen writes that "he used his powers of excision and alteration very freely, probably too freely," an opinion with which everyone will agree. Two of the earliest contributors, Thomas Brown and John Thompson, took offence and left the *Review* at once. In 1803 or '4 Sydney Smith wrote to Jeffrey: "You will exercise your editorial functions of blotting and correcting at full liberty"; (*Letters*, Vol. II), a permission of which Jeffrey availed himself to such purpose that not long after Smith protested, "I think you have spoilt many of my jokes; but this, I suppose, every writer thinks, whose works you alter." Subsequent editors continued the same prac-

tice. It is clear from Macvey Napier's *Letters* that he exercised unstintedly what were considered the functions of an editor. Macaulay wrote to him on October 30th, 1841, in the matter of Leigh Hunt's contributions. He had tried, he says, to smooth Hunt's indignation by assuring him that "I knew that you (Napier) had refused to insert passages written by so great a man as Lord Brougham. I knew that you had not scrupled to hack and hew articles on foreign politics which had been concocted in the Hotels of Ambassadors, and had received the *imprimatur* of Secretaries of State." This letter was caused by Napier's requesting a "gentlemanly" article from Hunt, which naturally had upset that irritable writer's temper. Macaulay did not in any way deny the editor's right to alter; in fact he acknowledged that Hunt's article on Pepys was "the better for your corrections."

But it is to *The Quarterly* we must turn for the more striking instances of the abuse of an editor's powers; at any rate complaints from contributors seem to be more frequent. When Wordsworth's *Excursion* came out in 1814 Lamb was intrusted to review it in *The Quarterly*. (Hazlitt, by the way, borrowed his copy and got his review in the *Examiner* before Lamb could write his; to Lamb's annoyance.) Of his article when it appeared he wrote to Wordsworth that "the review in *The Quarterly* is a spurious one, which Mr. *Baviad* Gifford has palmed off for mine . . . the *language* he has altered throughout . . . more than a third of the substance is cut away. . . . They had a right to do it, as no name appears to it."*

Southey's indignation at the liberties taken with his work knew no bounds. He asked Murray for *duplicate* proofs that he "may not *lose* the passages which Mr. Gifford, in spite of repeated promises, will always strike out." He asserted that it was always the best portions which were sacrificed. Yet he acknowledged that the editor was within his rights. "You wonder," he wrote to his friend Hill in 1813, "that I should submit to any expurgation in *The Quarterly*. The fact is that there must be a power expurgatory in the hands of the editor, and the misfortune is that editors frequently think it incumbent on them to use that

* Mrs. Oliphant: *Literary History of the Nineteenth Century.*
A. Birrell: *Hazlitt.*

power merely because they have it." (*Life and Correspondence*, Vol. IV, p. 18.) He welcomed the prospect of John Taylor Coleridge becoming editor, because his own papers would be "no longer liable to capricious mutilations"; (Vol. III, p. 456), and, in 1824, when Gifford's resignation was imminent, he wrote to Murray: "No future editor, be he who he may, must expect to exercise the same discretion over my papers which Mr. Gifford has done . . . my age and (I may add without arrogance) the rank which I hold in Literature entitle me to say that I will never again write under the correction of any one." He, however, expressed willingness to curtail or consider objections if desired. (*Some Eighteenth Century Men of Letters*. The Rev. Whitwell Elwin.) In one of his letters written when he thought he was to be the next editor, he anticipates spending his time "in correcting communications when there was anything erroneous, imprudent, etc." Lockhart, who became the editor, gleefully cites this letter in view of Southey's continued complaints. (A. Lang: *Life of Lockhart*.)

When Croker took charge of *The Quarterly* during the illness of Gifford he carried on in the same way. In a letter to Gifford (29th March, 1823), he writes, "This Peninsular article (one by Captain Proctor on Southey's *Peninsular War*) has cost me two days' hard work," and Lord Stanhope was "much annoyed and displeased" at the way his article in April, 1833, was altered by the temporary editor. (*Life of Lockhart*, Vol. II, p. 251.) It is curious to find that Croker, of all men, wrote to Elwin, "I shall always be grateful for any corrections that you may think proper to make."

The Rev. Whitwell Elwin was editor of *The Quarterly* from 1853-60, and his *Letters* have been published by his son (1902). They are interesting as showing the troubles which the post involved. Lockhart once told Murray that there were only three contributors to the *Review* who could produce an article that he could insert without revision. Elwin seemed to have had no better luck. He wrote to Miss Hollay, "I send you the MS. of one of the articles that you may see how much trimming these joints require before they are ready for the spit. I daresay the author will be extremely angry at having been put into the melting pot, and will protest that I have extracted the gold instead of the

dross." The literary incapacity of his contributors gave Elwin more trouble than anything else. "I have not only my own work to do at this period of the quarter," he wrote in 1856 to Lady Westmoreland, a little while before a number was coming out, "but the work of everybody else. Most of the articles come in at the close, and it is a strict fact that I re-write three out of every four in the proof. There is rarely one entire line left as it comes. This has been the practice of every editor of *The Quarterly Review*, and experience soon convinces you of the necessity." It is no wonder that after such treatment protests grew stronger and more frequent. "I was much annoyed," wrote one who had suffered severely from the editorial knife, "to find the mutilation of my article, and the omission of what I considered the plums of the pudding." One writer angrily returned the cheque for his paper, saying that the article which had appeared was not his at all. "Perhaps," writes Mr. Smiles, "the process was carried too far. The theory was that, as the *Review* was responsible for its unsigned contents, the editor could make whatever changes would be for its benefit."*

The editor never divulged the name of the author, and Murray, the publisher, took extraordinary pains to secure anonymity. But, of course, in some cases the authorship became known; the style might be recognised or the author may have divulged the secret himself.

The contempt which Elwin had for his contributors showed itself in even more objectionable ways. "Quantities of MSS. were never opened at all." Naturally, a large number were lost. "Knowing by experience that the mass of proffered contributions were worthless, he sometimes took a humorous pleasure in treating them at their proper value, and if any one took the precaution of registering his poor manuscript, would do it up for the post in as flimsy a style as was consistent with any probability of its reaching its destination." (*Letters*, Vol. I, p. 138.)

It certainly is a matter for wonder that these editors found such appalling difficulties in getting decently written articles, especially when one reviews the names of the writers; and one inclines strongly to Southey's explanation of their drastic alterations—a love of exercising power. It

* *A Publisher and his Friends*, page 134.

is absurd to think that men like Lamb or Southey could not write an article fit for insertion as it left them. It is a matter for congratulation that modern editors take a very different view of their functions. For one thing, the abandonment of anonymity has transferred the responsibility for the views expressed to the author who signs the article; and doubtless also the modern editor has willingly relinquished the convention that he must show his power by exercising it. At any rate, the practice of mutilation has practically ceased. My own contributions to leading *Reviews* would fill a considerable volume, but I have never had a word altered or a phrase cut out. Willing as I naturally am to attribute this to the exceptional merit of my articles, I have reason to think that the experience of other writers is similar.

In condemning the former high-handed methods of the editors of both *Reviews*, one cannot but wish that they had frequently exercised their powers drastically in the direction of eliminating the coarse and often malignant abuse with which the articles were frequently polluted. As they did not, they become equally responsible with the writers; in fact, they frequently were themselves the offenders. In the chapter on *Criticism* I have discussed the subject at sufficient length, so there is no need to do more here than deplore the fact that the editorial functions were not thought to include the excision of coarse and unfair criticism and personal abuse.

Magazines.

The same editorial freedom existed more or less in magazines; I must find room for one instance in proof. Dickens, as editor of *Household Words*, showed generosity to and consideration for his contributors. Forster speaks of "a scrupulous consideration and delicacy evinced by him to all his contributors," and Percy Fitzgerald confirms this. (*Recreations of a Literary Man.*) Yet having found eleven available MSS. out of nine hundred he had read, he entirely re-wrote them. (*Eighteenth century Men of Letters:* Elwin.) He writes on June 22nd, 1856, "I have had a story to hack and hew into some form for *Household Words* this morning which has taken me four hours of close attention. And I

am perfectly addled by its horrible want of continuity after all"; at which we can scarcely wonder.*

Gissing remarks on this: "Any ordinary editor, or rather his assistant, would have contented himself with a few blottings and insertions." Forster continues, regarding Dickens' practice in respect of . . . "longer serial stories, published with the names of known writers; and to his own interference with these he properly placed limits." Dickens writes: "When one of my literary brothers does me the honour to undertake such a task . . . I do not consider myself at liberty to exercise that control over his text which I claim as to other contributions."

I remember when I was a youth an editor of a magazine added a verse (and a very bad one) to a poem of mine, which appeared with my signature as author. He died soon after; I should like to think that remorse hastened his end. Nowadays editors either publish as written or reject;—more frequently adopting the latter course.

The Author has had occasion to call attention to an action on the part of editors which only needs mention to ensure indignant condemnation. I append an extract from the number for July, 1920. "There were two disputes in which editors had continued the use of pseudonyms used by former contributors, after they had ceased to contribute. One case had to be dropped as it was found impossible to prove damage, and the other had been settled. The committee regret that the society had to withdraw in the first case, as the practice is an objectionable one to authors, although there is often no legal redress."

It is a pity the names of the Magazines in question were not given. Such barefaced frauds ought to be exposed in the public interest.

* *Forster's Dickens:* Book XI., Chapter 3.

CHAPTER XX

Editors (continued). Newspapers and Journalism

To treat of editors of newspapers without trenching on the ethics of journalism generally is impossible, so I have combined the two subjects in this chapter.

Last century it was the custom to draw a distinction between Journalism and Literature. "Journalism," said Carlyle, "is just ditchwater." Ruskin called it "so many leagues of dirtily printed falsehood."

In a French play (was it *Les Filles de Marbre?*) of many years ago, one of the characters exclaimed, I remember, in a burst of frankness, "*Enfin, je suis journaliste!*" and evidently looked upon his confession as an act of almost superhuman courage. More recently, Leslie Stephen explained, "By journalism we mean writing for pay upon matters on which you are ignorant." This view is confirmed in Barrie's *When a Man's Single*. Rob Angus, after three months on a provincial paper, "was in danger of thinking that the journalist's art is to write readably, authoritatively, and always in three paragraphs, on a subject he knows nothing about."

Things have changed now. In 1923, Mrs. Belloc Lowndes suggested that modern newspaper writing might be a model to "young literary aspirants." The pendulum has swung with a vengeance if Mrs. Lowndes' suggestion is justified.

The history of Journalism in England begins with a fraud. Towards the end of the eighteenth century some copies of *The English Mercurie* of 1588 were discovered, the earliest English newspaper; which, however, proved to be a forgery. (See *The Literary Hoax :* p. 142). Not long after the above date, however, genuine News-sheets, Diurnals and Mercuries were started, and rapidly increased in number. *The Mercurius Britannicus* began in 1625, the first periodical with a title; but ended two years later. Then came *The*

Mercurius Aulicus and others. In Ben Jonson's *The Staple of News* (1625) we read, "Pamphlets of News, set out every Saturday, but made all at home, and no syllable of truth in them; than which there cannot be a greater disease in Nature, or a fouler scorn put upon the times." This seems somewhat inconsistent with the statement that up to 1641 "to print domestic news was barred by the Royal Prerogative." (J. B. Williams: *History of English Journalism.*)

The editors of the early papers were not particularly scrupulous: when the Civil War broke out, they let themselves go. Sir John Birkenhead conducted the *Mercurius Aulicus* on the Royalist side; and the notorious Marchmont Needham (or Nedham) started in 1643 an opposition paper for the general public, reviving the title *Mercurius Brittanicus*, which he so spelt till the rival paper *Mercurius Aulicus* refused to deal with his libels until he could spell his own name. (Disraeli: *Quarrels.*) These two girded at each other like the *Eatanswill Gazette* and *Independent*. Needham may have been a good journalist, but he had his faults. Anthony Wood describes him as "this most seditious, mutable and reviling author." He changed sides as often as the Vicar of Bray. Starting as an advocate of Charles I, he became the champion of the Roundheads; only to follow the rest of the nation and welcome Charles II. Mr. Williams writes, "History has no personage so shamelessly cynical as Mr. Nedham, with his powerful pen and his political convictions ever ready to be enlisted on the side of the highest bidder." (*History of English Journalism.*)

The restrictions on the Press under the Stuarts were but little modified under the Commonwealth Parliament, which found that the free expression of opinion was dangerous to the stability of the new Government, then fighting for its existence. Milton's monumental *Areopagitica* (1645), an appeal for liberty of printing, remains at once as a fine piece of literature, and a warning of the inefficacy of argument in influencing the authorities. In spite of Milton's protest, the Government continued their restrictive measures, and in 1655 suppressed all but the two official newspapers.

There was some relaxation of the harsh conditions after the Restoration, but in 1663 Roger l'Estrange proposed the appointment of a Surveyor of the Press, and was appointed to the post at his own suggestion. He appealed to

the King to institute a press censorship, and obtained the "sole privilege of writing, printing and publishing all narratives, advertisements, mercuries, etc." with power to search for and seize unlicensed papers. This post did not, however, last long, and in 1697 the House of Commons refused to pass a Bill forbidding the publication of news without a licence.

Under the Georges, the infamous law of libel then existing was a powerful weapon in the hands of the Government, whose object was undoubtedly the suppression of opinion. When obliged to acknowledge the power of the Press, they resorted to bribery: sometimes only too successfully. Walpole in ten years spent over £50,000 in subsidies to the Press and pamphlet-writers, and his successors resorted to the same tactics. Grub Street hacks were numerous, and ready to sell their pen to the side which paid the best. "John Phillips, whom Milton trained for nobler purposes, disgraced himself for ever by selling a hireling pen to Titus Oates."* Another specimen of the tribe was Nicholas Amherst, the editor of *The Craftsman* in 1726. "From caricaturing the Tory party in the Oxford *Terrae Filius*, he became the humble servant of that party and sold his pen to Pulteney." (*The Press and its Story:* J. D. Symon.)

The struggle for the right to report Parliamentary debates was long and bitter, and did not end until 1771. For some time before that date, surreptitious reports appeared from time to time. As is well known, Johnson wrote the speeches of Pitt and others, which he reported for Cave the publisher. "For this deception, such as it was, Johnson expressed penitence at the end of his life, though he said he had ceased to write when he found they were taken as genuine. He would not be 'accessory to the propagation of falsehood.'"† He wrote from notes furnished him; sometimes all he knew was the name of the speaker. He confessed he was careful in his reports to see that the "Whig dogs" did not get the best of it.

Later in the century, Woodfall, the editor of *The Chronicle*, by the aid of his marvellous memory, would reproduce with fair accuracy some sixteen speeches without the aid of a note. In 1771, the battle for the right to report the debates

* C. Whibley: *Literary Studies*, page 317.
† Leslie Stephens: *Johnson*.

came to a head; imprisonment was inflicted on those bold enough to defy Parliament, but the upshot was a tacit withdrawal of the veto.

To aid them in the fight for keeping the debates secret, the Government found another weapon against the Press in the Stamp Act (1712) which practically killed the cheap newspaper. Fixed at a halfpenny at first it gradually rose to fourpence in 1815, with deadly effect on the respectable journals. In 1836 the tax was reduced to a penny, and in 1855 was abolished.

If the Press has often truckled to those in power, on the other hand, its history is full of noble efforts for the benefit of the nation as against the tyranny of the Government. The list of editors who have been in prison is a long one, and if they have sometimes deserved it, there are many cases where their punishment was the result of brave and almost reckless attempts to thwart the authorities in their endeavour to suppress free speech and comment. Of these Defoe was a conspicuous example: it was in prison that he started his *Review*.

John Walter (1739-1812), the founder of *The Times*, also knew the pillory and prison. In 1789 he was found guilty of a libel on the Duke of York, was fined and committed to Newgate and the pillory. Wm. Cobbett in 1810 was fined and imprisoned for two years for a strong article about military flogging: the punishment broke his health but not his spirit. Leigh Hunt in *The Examiner* wrote of the Prince Regent, afterwards George IV, as "a corpulent man of fifty . . . a libertine, over head and ears in disgrace, a despiser of domestic ties, a companion of gamblers and demireps, etc." For this he was fined and imprisoned, but he still conducted his paper from prison, as had Defoe and Walter before him; Walter having his sentence extended for a year for futher libels whilst confined.*

Reading the history of the times of the Georges, it is easy to forgive the brave men who fought for the liberties of the people, for the vehement indignation which sometimes led them into excess of vituperation for which they paid heavily. Let us remember that Cobbett refused to be bribed into silence, though Lord Liverpool offered him £10,000. (*The Press and its Story*.) John Wilkes, too,

* *The Press and its Story:* J. D. Symon.

merits gratitude for his bold fight for freedom of utterance, however much he may be blamed for his conduct in other directions.

The vehemence and even scurrility with which the writers for the Press attacked the authorities were not lessened when they fell foul of their contemporaries. In 1813 Hazlitt, after quoting a passage from *The Courier*, wrote "To produce such a passage at such a moment required that impudence and folly which has no parallel elsewhere . . . written by creatures that would sell the lives of millions for a nod of greatness; and make their country a byword in history to please some punk of quality."

This attack was almost justified: *The Courier* was doing its utmost to involve the country in an unnecessary war.

Every one remembers the comical account in *Pickwick* (1837) of the wordy duel between *The Eatanswill Gazette* and *The Eatanswill Independent*. "That disgraceful and dastardly Journal *The Independent*," "that false and scurrilous print," "that vile and slanderous calumniator"; such are the flowers of speech which adorned their columns. We read them now as an amusing caricature of the provincial Press of the day. But they are not caricature; they are duplicated in the leading papers of the period. In 1832 *The Times* called *The Standard* a stupid and priggish print which never by any chance deviates into candour. *The Standard* spoke of *The Globe* as "our blubber-headed contemporary." *The Times* described *The Chronicle* as a squirt of filthy water: *The Morning Herald* called *The Courier* "that spavined old hag."* So late as 1839 *The Times* always spoke of Macaulay as Mr. Babble-tongue Macaulay. When he was made Privy Councillor, *The Times* wrote—"These men Privy Councillors! Faugh! . . . why, they are hardly fit to fill up the vacancies that have occurred by the lamented death of her Majesty's two favourite monkeys." Macaulay was then the Secretary for War and in the Cabinet. (*Life and Letters of Macaulay*.)

Fortunately, the general amelioration of manners which resulted from a pure Court was not without its effect upon the amenities of controversial literature. Dickens bore a distinguished part in the struggle for decency in the journalistic world. In his manifesto of the principles of *The Daily*

* *The Press and its Story.*

News (1846), he wrote, "We discern nothing in the editorial plural that justifies a gentleman or a body of gentlemen in discarding a gentleman's forbearance and responsibility, and in venting ungenerous spleen against a rival by a perversion of great power."

There is, however, a lower depth than that of vituperation to which the journalist may descend. About 1830-40 *The Weekly Despatch*, *The Town*, *The Satirist*, etc., pandered to the lowest tastes, and were credited with blackmail by threatening to publish indiscretions. But the taste for "spicy" journals died down after the accession of the Queen, largely owing to the influence of the Court on Society. (Serj. Robinson: *Bench and Bar*.) Of a very different type of society journal was *Vanity Fair* (1868), which was very successful. Not long after its career had begun, Mr. C. Grenville Murray started *The Queen's Messenger*, which was in effect an attempt to revive the scandalous prints of the 'thirties. He was horse-whipped by Lord Carrington at the door of the Conservative Club. During the subsequent Police Court proceedings, he swore that he had nothing to do with the paper, but it was proved that he wrote nearly the whole of it. He was charged with perjury and absconded, and the paper ceased.

In the early 'eighties *Town Talk*, a similar paper run by a German (A. Rosenberg) distinguished itself by atrocious insinuations regarding persons in the public eye. Rosenberg was convicted of libels on Mrs. Langtry and Mrs. Cornwallis West and was sentenced to eighteen months' imprisonment. (Montague Williams: *Later Leaves*.)

Although papers of this type are either extinct or exist in a very modified form, the attitude of the Press to private life still leaves much to be desired. A public man may be said to have no private life; a journalist thinks himself at liberty to pander to any extent to the taste of a certain class of reader: "filling the trough with insipid and unsavoury swill collected from the refuse pails of the town," as Mr. St. Loe Strachey puts it. A celebrity cannot go to a theatre or play a game of golf without the fact being recorded; and he is lucky if he escapes being snap-shotted if his hat blows off and he chases it. The journalist must not, however, receive all the blame: part attaches to those seekers after notoriety who are never content unless they are in the

limelight. The creed of the journalist is summed up in a sentence I read in a high-class paper some time ago *apropos* to a play to be produced. "Great efforts are being made to keep the authorship a secret, but as it is my business to reveal secrets I give the name of the author." It is a business which does not commend itself to those who possess delicacy of feeling. There is an interesting *Letter to a young Journalist* in Andrew Lang's *Essays in Little*. He appeals to his correspondent, "Do not be an eaves-dropper and a spy." If he joins the ranks of the unscrupulous journalist, "Not even the welfare of your country will prevent you from running to the Press with any secret you may have been entrusted with, or which you may have surprised. . . . You are to scheme to surprise gossip about the private lives, dress and talk of artists, men of letters, politicians. In the *Memoirs* of M. Blowitz he tells you how he began his illustrious career by procuring the publication of some remarks which M. Thiers had made to him. He then "went to M. Thiers not without some apprehension!" . . . "Do you think it agreeable," Mr. Lang continues, "to become shame-faced when you meet people who have conversed with you frankly? . . . You must also be aware that they call you, and think you, a reptile."

These are severe words but not too severe. M. de Blowitz did not abandon his methods even when a celebrated man. He describes in his *Memoirs* how he bribed a young man of family, who was in difficulties, to obtain a post with a diplomatist, who took him to the Berlin Conference. Each day he reported to de Blowitz secretly by exchange of hats containing notes at the hotel. De Blowitz's evidently intimate knowledge of the proceedings of the Conference enabled him to take a position by which he ultimately obtained a copy of the Treaty of Berlin in advance of other papers. "Smart," no doubt, but——?

The author of *The Press and its Story* mentions a case of a sensational trial in which a certain paper saw an opportunity of advertising itself and increasing its circulation. The paper paid for the defence; the trial was prolonged as far as possible; and when sentence of death was pronounced the criminal was pursued to the last by a reporter, "who did not scruple . . . to fabricate that which he could not obtain from the lips of the condemned." (page 71.)

It is curious that in the year 1909 two plays should have been produced dealing with journalism: Mr. J. B. Fagan's *The Earth* and Mr. Arnold Bennett's *What the Public Wants*, the latter having been recently (1923) revived. It is a powerful indictment of the theory too often acted on, if not acknowledged, that it is the duty of the Press to supply what is demanded by the public; and as the demand for high-class matter is necessarily limited, and a paper must aim at a large circulation, it follows that the appeal must be made to the wants of the largest number. If reports of crimes and unsavoury divorce cases increase the circulation, they must take precedence of other matter. It is a theory which few would maintain with the directness of the hero of Mr. Bennett's play, but inevitably it must more or less be in the mind of those who direct our newspapers. The first duty of an editor is to make his paper pay; and if he runs counter to the general feeling the circulation suffers. The temptation to follow the crowd instead of lead them is great. That editors sometimes yield to temptation is only to say that they are human; and, speaking generally, we may congratulate ourselves on the high standard of rectitude of the majority of the leaders of the Press of the day. The time has passed when John Burns could denounce the Yellow Press in the House as "owned by blackguards, edited by ruffians, and read by fools."

Amongst the signs of improvement may be mentioned the success of the recent movement for ceasing to report details of divorce cases: such publication is now illegal.

I have discussed under *Anonymous, etc., Literature* (pages 200 *et seq.*) the problem of journalistic writing contrary to the opinions of the writer. Even the reporter has to question his conscience in the pursuit of his comparatively humble avocation. It is so easy to give facts in such a way as to convey an impression favourable to the policy of his paper; and the temptation to do so, and so to please his editor, is a strong one. The accounts of the same event in papers of different political views are frequently irreconcilable. For instance, when Mr. Lloyd George addressed a meeting at Cleveland, *The Daily Chronicle* stated that "according to the most careful computation of the City authorities, 40,000 persons were assembled." *The Daily Telegraph* stated that 30,000 were present; *The Times* reduced the

figure to 25,000. No doubt a reporter is often unconsciously biased by his predilections, and at a political meeting where one man will only hear half-hearted cheers another will hear thunders of applause.

It is for an editor to decide what shall be inserted in his paper, and he is not bound to publish anything which militates against the position he has taken up on any question. This view was formerly much more strictly held than now. In 1867, the late Lord Morley wrote in *The Fortnightly*, "Not every journal—certainly not the most important of all—will admit a single word on the other side." This refers evidently to *The Times*, and I may quote a good instance in proof from Whistler's *The Gentle Art of Making Enemies*. He wrote to *The Times* in November, 1886, in regard to an offensive criticism; the editor returned his letter "as its tone prevented its appearance in the paper." On Whistler's protest, a small portion of his letter was subsequently published which did not touch the point in question. "Amazing!" wrote Whistler to the all-powerful editor.

Such proceedings would be improbable now: newspapers insert with commendable frequency letters in criticism of their statements or opinions, and indeed sometimes invite their opponents to express their views; as when *The Times* opened its columns to members of the Labour Party, and *The Daily Mail* offered to report verbatim a speech of Mr. Ramsay MacDonald outlining the views of his followers. (January, 1924). (See Appendix D.)

The editors of newspapers were not always the important and respected individuals of the present day. When Dr Dodd, the Macaroni parson, who was hung for forgery in 1777, had tried to bribe the wife of the Lord Chancellor and was exposed, he was so reduced in funds and reputation that a contemporary wrote "he descended so low as to become the editor of a newspaper." (A. E. Newton: *Amenities of Book Collecting*.) This implies a descent in the respectability of the post, when we remember that fifty years earlier Dr. King, who edited *The Examiner* with Swift, Atterbury and Bolingbroke as contributors, was appointed the Principal of St. Mary's Hall, Oxford, on leaving the paper.

As the influence of the Press increased so did the importance of editors, till they reached the lofty station they have now attained.

John Delane, editor of *The Times* from 1841 to 1877 may be taken as typical of the later editor. He was an autocrat and let his staff know it. He exercised his power of revising their work "indefatigably and ruthlessly. He corrected the English of his contributors to suit his own notions. Of an article by Lowe or Bright he wrote 'I have had to alter it almost beyond recognition.'" How must then the smaller fry have fared! (Sir Thomas Cook: *Life of Delane*.)

Moreover, Delane yielded too often to the great temptation besetting editors: the publication of news which comes to their knowledge by methods which they would not care to avow, and without due care as to the effect of such premature disclosure. To a Cabinet Minister who complained of such a disclosure Delane replied, "You seem to forget that my business is publicity." In order to get a "scoop," as it is called, he had no hesitation in taking advantage of such unscrupulous tactics as those employed by M. de Blowitz, which I have already described. (p. 228.) But every profession has its special temptations; and certainly his rival editors, so far from condemning him for yielding, would envy him the opportunity of doing so.

The limits of time and space are so exigent in producing a newspaper that the necessity for keeping the right of alteration and omission must be reserved to the editor. Still, now that articles are frequently signed, the writer has the same claim to considerate treatment as in any other case where he puts his signature. No hard and fast rule can be laid down: those who know anything of the workings of a newspaper office must acknowledge that cases will arise when the most conscientious editor has, however unwillingly, to exercise his old-time privileges.

The unreasonable contributor who fails to grasp the limitations under which an editor works, is deliciously satirised in Lowell's *Biglow Papers*, where the Rev. Homer Wilbur, in submitting his sermon to *The Jaalam Courier*, suggests that "by omitting the advertisements it might easily be got within the limits of a single number."

Though considerations of space, etc., entail considerable freedom, certain editors have been known to exceed the bounds of justifiable interference. Mr. W. E. Henley, when editing *The National Observer*, actually revised the lyrics which W. B. Yeats wrote for him, putting in lines of his

own. Mr. Yeats found malicious compensation in the knowledge that Henley would also tamper with the works of Kipling.*

This is astonishing, and it is but right to confess that I have never heard of any modern editor who has taken such liberties. Nor, one hopes, are there many poets who would submit to such indignities. But that editors still consider that they have a right to cut and alter signed contributions is shown in the recent case of the novelist, Mr. Stephen McKenna, against *The Referee* for mutilating his novel *Gloria*, then in course of publication as a serial in that paper. (1923). It had been accepted by a former editor as it stood, but the new editor considered some parts offensive and unsuitable for the paper, and freely cut and altered it; claiming that he had a right to do so by the general custom of the profession. The existence of this custom was asserted in various affidavits; and cases were quoted where well-known authors had allowed their writings to be mutilated. Amongst the affidavits was one by Mr. Clement Shorter, the editor of *The Sphere*, who stated that an editor "has an absolute right to cut and alter as he may deem necessary or expedient within reasonable limits." This apparently equitable restriction "within reasonable limits" is simply useless, for who is to settle what is reasonable? Manifestly the editor, and the author has no remedy; for the alteration is made without his knowledge, and he only becomes aware of it when he sees the published result. If he is bold or rash enough to seek a remedy in the law-court, he will find arrayed against him the whole vast body of the Press; moreover, he has to prove damage, a notoriously difficult thing to do.

In the case in question an arrangement was arrived at, *The Referee* undertaking to announce in the paper that omissions were being made, and to restrict such omissions as far as possible.

This altering another man's signed work really strikes at the foundation of literary ethics. It is a form of forgery, for it puts alien matter under an author's signature. It really is astounding that writers of ability, and presumably possessing a conscience of sorts, should so lightly commit a serious literary crime. Yet during the course of this section numer-

* (See *The Morning Post* 10th November, 1922).

ous instances have come to our notice; whilst many others will be found in preceding and succeeding chapters. (*Hymnology*, etc.) The practice argues not only a lack of consideration for a fellow-author's feelings, but a want of literary sensitiveness. Granting that the substituted line in a poem, for example, may be a better one, it must necessarily want that personal touch of the original which gives the value to a work of art. The above case will certainly confirm editors in the opinion that they have a free hand in altering or omitting to any extent which they may think reasonable. This position of affairs is so derogatory to the dignity of authors that they should do more than protest. Fortunately, the remedy is in their own hands: all they have to do is to follow the practice of Mr. Kipling, who (as came out in the evidence) inserts in his contract the express condition that no cuts are to be made. Otherwise they will remain at the mercy of a (possibly) incompetent editor, who will destroy without compunction the artistic unity of a work by any alterations which the exigencies of his paper demand.

Minor deceptions of the public which some editors permit themselves are letters or articles written in Fleet Street which imply that they came from abroad; moreover the Correspondence columns are undoubtedly sometimes partly written by the staff. In the *Notebooks of Samuel Butler* (p. 304) it is related how he wrote a letter purporting to come from "An Earnest Clergyman" who had ceased to believe. Ought he to throw up his living, etc.? Fifteen letters appeared in *The Examiner* on the subject, all but two of which were by Butler; moreover in different letters he recommended opposite courses to the supposititious parson. More recently Mr. J. Adderley, in *The Spectator* of 1st March, 1924, writes, "I lately came across two mutually contradictory articles, one in favour of and the other violently opposed to revision (of the Prayer Book). They were both written by the same person, and he was a Roman Catholic."

There has been a marked improvement in recent years in the separation of the advertisement and the literary departments of a paper. Formerly a theatrical manager who advertised freely expected and indeed claimed a good notice for his productions, as appears from certain theatrical

memoirs, and is, in fact, known to those who were behind the scenes in the theatrical world. I have myself heard an editor bewail the fact that his proprietor insisted on the insertion of an article in favour of a firm which had advertised at considerable length. And not many years ago the prospectus of a new paper stated that the literary and advertisement departments would be distinct;—implying that this had not hitherto been the invariable custom.

The practice of interviewing is a comparatively recent development of journalistic enterprise, and is often a very convenient one both to the paper and to the individual who wishes to put his views before the public. But it is a method which is often abused. Dickens complained of how he was pestered in America by the ubiquitous interviewers, who did not hesitate to alter (or even to invent) his replies. Their persistence is satirised in the anecdote of the unwelcome interviewer who, on being kicked downstairs by his victim, remarked, on picking himself up, "Now, sir, joking apart, what is your opinion, etc.?"

The modern practice with respectable papers is to send a proof of the interview to the interviewed before publication, which obviates the objectionable features of a legitimate form of obtaining information.

The interviewer, however, is not quite so modern an institution as is usually imagined: witness the lines in Pope's *Epistle to Dr. Arbuthnot:*

> "By land, by water, they renew the charge,
> They stop the chariot and they board the barge.
> No place is sacred, not the church is free;
> Even Sunday shines no Sabbath day to me."

For many years past, there has been a tendency in the newspaper world towards the formation of a gigantic trust, which aims at a practical monopoly of journalistic enterprises. In October, 1923, the question was rendered acute by the extension of the Rothermere and Beaverbrook control; calling forth indignant protests not only from the independent newspapers, but from literary men, statesmen and the public generally. Although some defence was attempted, the consensus of opinion was decidedly against this control of a large portion of the Press by a very few individuals. In *The Spectator* of 1st December, 1923, Mr. H. W.

Massingham wrote, "The Rothermere Press is a dangerous trade, poisoning the minds of the English." Mr. G. K. Chesterton, in a debate at Cambridge in October, was equally emphatic. A writer in *The Observer* pointed out that formerly if you read twenty papers you obtained twenty genuine varieties of opinion: now is repeated in all "the dull, stereotyped, insupportable monotony of plutocratic instruction." The ordinary reader is deceived; he gets no idea of the general views of the nation, as the news with which he is supplied is carefully "edited" to support the ideas of the proprietors. Without implying that they abuse their power, there is no question that the temptation to do so is tremendous. The reader's opinions are inevitably influenced in the desired direction when the same views are forced upon him wherever he turns for information.

Punch (October, 1923) commented on the recent amalgamation with some caustic lines:

> The Beaver and the Rotherbrock
> Were walking hand-in-hand:
> They laughed to hear the newsboys shout
> "Two-thirty" down the Strand.
> "If we could own the total Press,"
> They said, "it would be grand."

Remembering the struggles of past centuries for a free Press one must admit that the situation is aptly satirised by allusion to *Alice in Wonderland*.

The remedy is, however, in the hands of the public, though they are not likely to resort to it: viz., to avoid the papers run by the syndicated Press and purchase those which still remain independent. It is surely to be deplored that a few rich men should be able to do what successive governments have failed to accomplish: the muzzling of the free expression of public opinion.

CHAPTER XXI

Hymnology

I HAVE reserved for a separate chapter a branch of literature which has suffered from the misdoings of editors in an exceptional degree. Few people have any idea of the extent of the literature which may fairly come under the head of Hymns. The famous Julian collection now at the Church House contains more than 6,000 volumes; and a collection of 50 more, of which 40 are not in the library, has recently been added. Yet, so far as England is concerned, no collection of hymns dates very far back. The first attempt at the compilation of a hymn-book was made so late as 1623, when George Wither brought out his *Hymns and Songs of the Church*. Since then there has been a constant stream of similar publications: how vast may be gathered from the fact that in the Anglican Church alone between 1800 and 1890 no fewer than 250 collections were published: at least as many, probably many more, were issued for the various other bodies of worshippers.

Of course these various collections constantly overlap: for example, no hymnal would be complete without specimens of the prolific Dr. Watts. Only a few years after his death in 1748, his hymns were extensively plagiarised in Scotland by J. Willison and R. Erskine; whilst in the *Paraphrases* of 1781, prepared by the General Assembly, nineteen out of sixty-seven pieces are based on Watts, but all more or less altered. (*Encyclopedia of Religion and Ethics.*)

It is this point—the unauthorised alteration of hymns—which belongs to this branch of our study. Plagiarism has already been dealt with under that head.

No doubt the writer of a hymn would not feel so much hurt if his work were appropriated as would a secular poet:

—it is conceivable that he might feel glad that his strains were raised in praise in wider circles than would be possible if they were confined to his own publication; but it is incredible that he should not be annoyed when his verses were mutilated.

Though the sanctity of literary property became gradually recognised, the hymn long remained an exception. It is only within the last half century that editors of collections of hymns have shown any hesitation in making alterations to suit their particular views, or considered it necessary to acknowledge the authorship of any hymn that they appropriated.

It may seem curious that in such a matter as literary honesty the clerical, or religious, standard should be lower than the secular. In the history of literary misdemeanours the parson takes a prominent place, as will be acknowledged by those conversant with the subject. This lack of a literary conscience is explicable on the ground of the importance of combating error in sacred things; a legacy from the early days of the Church when ecclesiastics had no hesitation in issuing an Epistle of their own composition under the name of some Father whose name would carry more weight. It is an undoubted fact that when religious truth is supposed to be involved, pious people will descend to practices which they would unhesitatingly condemn in a secular matter. Thus, whilst the editor of a volume of secular poems would not dream of correcting an epithet, the editor of a collection of hymns would consider it his duty not to allow a theological error to pass, even when the verses to which he takes exception may have been the very ones for which the hymn existed.

Though, therefore, the alteration of a hymn on a doctrinal point is unjustifiable, it is not without some excuse; to correct heresy is no doubt the desire of every sincere believer. But what excuse is there for the wanton alteration of the words of an author simply because the editor thinks his own are better? It is a piece of gross impertinence which ought to be universally condemned. Yet, as will be shown, no practice is more common.

But it is time to give examples of the treatment to which objection is now being made. I will take one or two

wellknown hymns. One of the best known is undoubtedly Cowper's

> "There is a fountain filled with blood
> Drawn from Emmanuel's veins;
> And sinners, plunged beneath that flood
> Lose all their guilty stains."

It first appeared in the Rev. Richard Conyers' *Collection of Psalms and Hymns* (1772). James Montgomery, a hymn-writer and editor of *The Christian Psalmist*, took upon himself to alter this verse as follows:

> "From Calvary's Cross, a Fountain flows
> Of water and of blood;
> More healing than Bethesda's pool
> Or famed Siloam's flood."

(Incidentally, it may be pointed out that the first and third lines do not rhyme as they should do.) Cowper's second verse runs

> "The dying thief rejoiced to see
> That fountain in his day;
> And there have I, as vile as he,
> Wash'd all my sins away."

Montgomery changed the last lines to

> "And there may sinners, vile as he,
> Wash all their guilt away."

As Dr. Julian points out, this "gives an entirely false view of the state of Cowper's mind when he wrote this hymn."*

Anything more uncalled for than the above mutilations cannot be imagined. It will scarcely be credited that their author complains bitterly in the preface to his own collected hymns (1853) of the way in which they have been altered: writing of the "peculiar cross of hymn-writers" in having liberties taken with their work. To crown all, he wrote of his version of Cowper's poem "I think my version is unexceptional"—presumably he meant unexceptionable.

I will give one more example: Cardinal Newman's beautiful hymn, *Lead, kindly Light*, referring the reader for the correct text to *The Book of Praise* by Sir Roundell Palmer.

* *A Dictionary of Hymnology*, to which I am much indebted.

It was first published in 1833. In 1845 in Dr. Bonar's *Bible Hymn Book* it opens

"Lead, Saviour, lead"

and "the garish day" is changed to "the glare of day."

In *Hymns for Church and Home* (Philadelphia, 1860) the first line runs

"Send, Lord, Thy light," etc.

whilst "I loved the garish day" appears as "I loved day's dazzling light," and the third verse is hacked about in a still more uncompromising fashion.

"So long Thy power hath blest me, surely still
'Twill lead me on
Through dreary hours, through pain and sorrow, till
The night is gone."

Other editors adopt these amendments with still further alterations, and other minor departures from the original text can be traced; but, notwithstanding, Dr. Julian assures us that the alterations and additions to the text are not numerous. Judge then how other hymns have suffered.

The original poem consists of three stanzas only, but a fourth was added by Bishop Bickersteth which is frequently found in subsequent collections, and which many people would not hesitate to attribute to Newman. It runs:

"Meantime along the narrow, rugged path
Thyself hast trod,
Lead, Saviour, lead me home in child-like faith
Home to my God;
To rest for ever after earthly strife
In the calm light of everlasting Life."

The verse first appeared in the *Hymnal Companion* (1876), and the Bishop states in a note that it was "added by the editor from a sense of need, and from a deep conviction that the heart of the belated pilgrim can only find rest in the Light of Light."

No one can doubt the Bishop's sincerity, or fail to sympathise with his desire to place his belief before his fellow Christians. But it certainly seems strange that it should not have occurred to him that to add to a poem of which he was not the author was a liberty which it would be impossible to

defend. It is the more curious inasmuch as he states in regard to another hymn, *Nearer, my God, to Thee*, that he shrank from appending a closing verse of his own to a hymn so generally esteemed complete as this, or he would have suggested the following: *There in my Saviour's love, etc.*—which is completely out of keeping with the tone of the rest of the verses. Why he should have shrunk in this case and not in others is difficult to guess.

These examples show what has been taking place constantly; the pages of Dr. Julian's monumental manual are full of instances. Yet protests had been raised from an early date by aggrieved authors against the liberties with their work. Thus the Morning and Evening hymns by Bishop Ken (1695) *Awake, my soul* and *Glory to Thee, my God, this night* were republished in 1705 by a certain Mr. Smith in a book entitled *A Conference between the Soul and Body, etc.*, with two additional verses to the latter hymn, and various alterations. The Bishop absolutely disowned them "as being very false and incorrect," but the publication still went on.

There does not seem to have been any formal censure of the practice until Sir Roundell Palmer published *The Book of Praise* in 1862. In the preface to the 1891 edition he writes of "A system of tampering with the text of hymns, which has now grown into so great an abuse that to meet with any author's genuine text, in a book of this kind, is quite an exception. Censurable as this practice is, in a literary point of view, it must be confessed that those who adopt it may plead, in their excuse, the examples of many of the writers whose compositions they alter. The Wesleys altered the compositions of George Herbert, Sandys, Austin and Watts. Toplady, Madan and others, altered some of Charles Wesley's hymns, much to his brother John's discontent, as he testifies in the preface to his *Hymn Book for Methodists*. Toplady's own hymns, even the *Rock of Ages*, have not escaped similar treatment. . . . Bishop Heber, scholar as he was, and editor of Jeremy Taylor's works, silently altered Taylor's *Advent Hymn* in his own hymn-book; and the hymns of Heber himself, and of writers still living, such as Keble, Milman, Alford and Neale, are met with every day in a variety of forms, which their authors would hardly recognise."

No doubt Sir Roundell Palmer's censure had some influence in accelerating the growth of the feeling that the old practice was unjustifiable, though there was no improvement for a considerable time. In the *Congregational Hymn-book* for 1855, no indication was given when a hymn had been altered, nor did the *Hymns Ancient and Modern* (1861) give any details of the ninety-two old English hymns which appeared with modifications. Mr. Spurgeon adhered to the old practice in his collection (1866). Of the volume of *Church Hymns* published by the Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge, so recently as 1871, Dr. Julian remarks that "Its great drawback is its mutilated texts . . . the gratuitous, and in most instances, the uncalled-for offerings of the editors." Of the *Congregational Supplement* (1874) he speaks in even more severe terms:—"The mutilations in the texts, made without any reason on poetical, theological or ecclesiastical grounds, are very numerous." But in the preface to the *Congregational Church Hymnal* of 1883 I find it stated that the alterations are very few in number, and are "in correction of . . . offences against taste, or suggestions of questionable doctrine in the original text"—a marked change of attitude. Subsequent collections show, generally speaking, a welcome tendency to treat a religious poem with the same respect as is shown in the case of a secular one.

No doubt it is to theological causes that most of these malpractices are attributable. Thus, when in the eighteenth century the Socinian and Arian heresies permeated the Anglican Church, the hymns were altered to meet the current views; all allusions to the Trinity, the Incarnation and the Atonement being omitted. A collection of such expurgated hymns was published in 1757, and several others before the close of the century. Nor are the modern representatives of these schismatics (now outside the pale) slow to carry on the tradition, although without the utter lack of conscience that characterised their predecessors. It is pleasant to learn that before Dr. Martineau brought out his *Hymnal of Praise and Prayer* (1870), he wrote to the authors of certain hymns and obtained their permission to make slight alterations to fit them for the purposes of the body to which he belonged. (The Unitarian.) In 1905, a *New Hymnal* was prepared, still in use,

concerning which the editors wrote: "In compiling a book for the needs of a Liberal Church, variations from the original text are in certain cases imperative, unless our congregations are to be cut off from a vast literature of devotion common to Christendom. These variations have been kept within the lowest possible limits." The editors found, however, that the present proprietors of the copyright of the hymns which Dr. Martineau had permission to alter, refused to allow these alterations any longer; a fact which is welcome as a proof of greater care for accuracy, but which is somewhat remarkable in the circumstances.

It is easy to imagine the indignation with which an earnest Evangelical Anglican must learn of the alteration of orthodox hymns to suit the purposes of a Unitarian. But the Unitarian has similar reason for indignation. For example, the well-known *Nearer, my God, to Thee*, reference to which has already been made in this chapter, was composed in 1840 by Sarah Flower Adams, a Unitarian. In 1851, the Rev. A. T. Russell added a stanza utterly at variance with the Unitarian position, which was duly copied into other collections; whilst in *Skinner's Daily Service Hymnal* (1864) a verse was tacked on as a doxology glorifying the Trinity. As we have seen, Bishop Bickersteth also tried his hand at amending the theology of this poem. Moreover, in 1871 another Church dignitary, Bishop How, re-wrote the hymn entirely, adding a note ten years later as follows: "A paraphrase of Mrs. Adams' hymn, expressing more definitely Christian faith, and better adapted for Congregational worship."—As well "paraphrase" a Bacchanalian ode into a temperance song.

To sum up, it is certainly a matter for congratulation that the objectionable practices of former years have to a great extent been abandoned. But not altogether: in a recent private note which I have received from a well-known hymnologist he laments "the dullness of the ethical sense (in editors) not only in altering without acknowledgment, but also in claiming writing that did not belong to the claimant." It is difficult to imagine the state of mind of an editor (often a poet himself) who does not hesitate to alter the work of a fellow-poet without even the excuse of correcting a theological error; yet, as we have seen, this has been done in innumerable instances. If his conscience will

not allow him to pass a verse which he considers inculcates an error, his proper course is to omit the hymn altogether, for mutilation is nearly as unjustifiable as alteration. If the stanzas are too numerous for convenience in worship, let them be printed, and some omitted when sung. In any event, it should be the object of every editor to do away with the reproach hitherto justifiably made against his fellows that there is a laxer standard of literary morality in religious literature than in secular. What would be thought of an editor who added a stanza to Keats' *Ode to a Nightingale*, or altered Milton's *Sonnets*?

CHAPTER XXII

Actual Persons in Fiction and Drama

THE use of fiction in its various forms of novel, drama, etc., to introduce actual persons is of very early origin. In the Greek drama the practice was common. Leaving such early instances, we find the practice in full vogue when the modern romance had its birth. In the *Grand Cyrus* and *Clélie* of Mlle. de Scudéry in the middle of the seventeenth century, the various characters were portraits of living personages: in *Cyrus* she even drew her own. These *romans à clef* were exceedingly popular: a good example is *La Princesse de Cleves* of the Countess de la Fayette, in which she herself figures as the heroine, and her husband as the Prince.

When the English novel had thrown off the conventions of the romance and had come into contact with real life, we at once find that some of the characters are portraits. This is but natural, for the easiest way to draw a character is to do so from a model. Nor was there any body of critical opinion to question the propriety of such a proceeding. We find therefore that some of Fielding's most celebrated characters were recognised as drawn from individuals: Parson Adams was Wm. Young, Lady Bellaston is supposed to be Viscountess Townshend, etc. Similarly, Richardson's Lovelace was the Duke of Wharton. Smollett carried on the tradition; Scott pointed out that some of the characters in *Roderick Random* are recognisable portraits.

Scott himself followed in Smollett's train: Forster writes in his *Life of Dickens*: "We know exactly whom to look for in Dandie Dinmont and Jonathan Oldbuck, in the office of Alan Fairford and the sick room of Crystal Croftangry." He even hints that Scott took the last-named fretful patient from his own father when dying.

Following the method I have adopted hitherto, I will give a few examples of the practice of writers before discussing

the question generally. In this instance, as in many others, the difficulty will be to curtail the specimens, which are so numerous that the list might be indefinitely extended.

In the *Spiritual Quixote* (1772), the author, the Rev. R. Graves, described the family and visitors of the house where he resided. Lord St. Helens gave Croker the key, which is given in his edition of *Boswell*. Even the minor characters were drawn from life, down to the servants, etc.

Thomas Love Peacock was a notorious offender, in spite of his assertion in the Preface to *Headlong Hall* (Ed. 1856): where he writes of "the disputants whose opinions and public characters (for I never trespassed on private life) were shadowed in some of the persons of the story, etc." In *Nightmare Abbey*, Shelley was depicted under the name of Scythrop, and Peacock feared Shelley would recognise himself, which Shelley did and was much amused. Cypress was meant for Byron, and Flosky for Coleridge; who again appears in *Melincourt* as Mr. Mystic.

Byron's striking personality was several times exploited by the novelist. Lady Caroline Lamb portrayed him unflatteringly in *Glenarvon*, published anonymously; she also brought in Rogers and other living characters. She made no secret of her action, and gave away copies of the Key to her friends.* Madame de Stael lent Byron a copy of the novel, presumably to irritate him, in which she succeeded. More recently, Disraeli put him in *Venetia* as Cadurcis, and Mr. Frankfort Moore and Mr. Maurice Hewlett have also depicted him in *He Loved but One* and *Bendish*, as has also "E. Barrington" in *Glorious Apollo*.

A fictitious interest is often imparted to a novel when it is clear that the personages are portraits of well-known individuals. Disraeli took full advantage of this method of calling attention to his works, and gratified himself by drawing in unfavourable colours the persons with whom he was out of sympathy. Many writers have detailed his characters and their prototypes: Mr. G. W. Russell, for one, has done so in *A Pocketful of Sixpences*, though his list is not complete. In the case of *Coningsby* alone, the Marquis of Hertford appears as Lord Monmouth, Croker as Rigby, Hook as Lucian Gay, Lord Lamington as Sir Charles Buckhurst, Lord John Manners as Lord Henry Sydney,

* W. P. Courtney: *Secrets of our National Literature:* p. 57.

and Coningsby himself is supposed to have been taken from the Hon. George Smethe. This by no means exhausts the list, and the later novels are equally full of portraits or caricatures. There have been no such *romans à clef* since those of the Scudéries.

Of Dickens' method of drawing his characters full details are given in *Forster's Life*. He did not aim at direct portraiture, but would embody in one person his experiences of fifty. In one or two instances, however, he departed from his usual method. He had copied Miss Mowcher too closely from the original, and had a letter of protest from her. He was upset; wrote an ample apology, explaining that "all his characters, being made up of a great many people, were composite, and never individual"; —that whilst certain traits were taken from her, others (such as the *Ain't I volatile?*) had been correctly recognised by friends as taken from another individual; that he recognised the wrong he had done and would entirely change the character in the rest of the book so that only an agreeable impression should remain.

He was not so sensitive in the case of Fang, the magistrate in *Oliver Twist* (1837), drawn openly from Mr. Laing, of Hatton Garden; a notoriously harsh and incompetent official who was soon after removed from the Bench. Dickens became more scrupulous as he continued to write. When engaged on *David Copperfield*, he wrote to a friend about a common acquaintance, "A dreadful thought occurs to me! how brilliant in a book!" showing how he resisted the temptation to make material out of him. In spite of his efforts, he was sometimes too vivid in depicting characteristics of individuals. In *Bleak House* Boythorn was universally recognised as Landor. Proctor and Forster both urged that Skimpole was too like Leigh Hunt, and Dickens acknowledged that he "had yielded to the temptation of too often making the character speak like his old friend." As a consequence of their protest, he wrote, "I have again gone over every part of it very carefully, and I think I have made it much less like. . . . I have no right to give Hunt pain, and I am so bent upon not doing it that I wish you would look at the proof once more, and indicate any particular place in which you felt it particularly like. Whereupon I will alter that place."

But the matter had gone too far, and Hunt was seriously offended. Dickens did his best to remedy his mistake and wrote voluminously to Hunt. "I am deeply sorry . . . I feel I did wrong in doing it," etc. He points out how he strove to make the character unlike Hunt; how he took the diary-writing from Haydon, that he did not know Hunt ever set anything to music, etc. "The character is not you, for there are traits in it common to fifty thousand people besides, and I did not fancy you would ever recognise it. Under similar disguises my own father and mother are in my books, and you might as well see your likeness in Mr. Micawber."

After Hunt's death, he made a public apology in *All the Year Round*.

Thackeray, like his great rival, occasionally made his portraits too life-like. Everyone knows that the Marquis of Steyne was drawn from Lord Hertford. Captain Shandon in *Pendennis* was taken from Dr. Maginn, to whom Thackeray had been generous. When asked to subscribe to the Doctor's tombstone he replied, "No, I have given him bread: let others give him a stone." Lowell, in a letter to Professor Norton, states that he heard Thackeray acknowledge that Mrs. Mackenzie in *The Newcomes* was drawn from his own "she-devil of a mother-in-law." When Edmund Yates had his quarrel with Thackeray, he wrote him a letter accusing him of putting his friends into his novels, instancing Archdeckne and Wyndham Smith, both with unmistakable woodcut likenesses. The letter was not sent, however; on Dickens' advice Yates suppressed it.* Serjeant Ballantine in his *Experiences* confirms Yates' accusation.

I must summarise briefly a few notorious instances to show that the modern novelists use the same licence. In *The New Republic*, which made a sensation in the seventies, Mr. Mallock depicted celebrities of the day (Ruskin, Huxley, Pater, etc.) without disguise, as he confesses in his *Memoirs* (p. 65). Meredith is credited with having drawn his father in the Great Mel, and his father-in-law, Peacock, in Dr. Middleton. Diana of the Crossways was at once recognised as a portrait of the Hon. Mrs. Norton, whose supposed betrayal of Peel's secret intention to repeal the

* W. S. Walsh: *Handbook*.

Corn Laws was disproved after the book was published. Meredith refers to it in later editions, and states that "the story of *Diana of the Crossways* is to be read as fiction." (M. Sturge Henderson's *George Meredith*.)

Mr. Tonans, in the same novel, is believed to be a portrait of Delane. Stevenson was also made use of as a model, but with Stevenson's knowledge. (See *Letters*, p. 291.) Stevenson's originals have not often been traced, though in his *Life* there is a mention of Captain Otis of the Casco, (Stevenson's yacht), "whose portrait for the rest may be found in the pages of *The Wrecker*." One more instance must suffice to bring the record down to the present day. Mr. Wells has on several occasions inserted recognisable portraits into his novels, not always flattering ones, and in his recent *Men Like Gods* he continues to do so. Lord Balfour, Mr. Winston Churchill and others are depicted almost without disguise. Mr. Wells, is, however, to be paid back in his own coin, for in an action brought in December, 1920, it was stated that Mrs. Margaret Eyles intended to make him the hero of one of her novels.

The novelist must reckon with the readiness with which many people jump to the conclusion that they can recognise the originals of the author's characters. Scott complains of the identification by Robert Chambers of Captain Clutterbuck with an actual individual. "The ingenious author ought to have been more cautious of attaching real names to fictitious characters." Thackeray asserted that the only portrait he drew was that of the original of Sir Pitt Crawley*; though, as we have just seen, he is credited with several others. Miss M. Cholmondeley, in the preface to *The Lowest Rung*, tells how a furious neighbour said to her, "We all recognised Mrs. Alwyn at once as Mrs. ——, and *we all say it is not a bit like her!*" When Mrs. Clifford wrote *Aunt Anne*, "she had many letters from persons with whom she was not acquainted, reproaching her for having portrayed their aunt." The late Henry James, in a letter regarding his novel *The Bostonians* writes to his brother, "I am quite appalled by your note in which you assault me on the subject of my having painted a 'portrait from life' of Miss Peabody! . . . Miss Birdseye was conceived

* Matthew Browne: *Views and Opinions.*

entirely from my moral consciousness, like every other person I have ever drawn." (*Letters of Henry James.*)

Some authors lack Mr. James's sensitiveness. In 1879 Mark Twain urged Howells to collaborate in a play which should embody the character of his (Twain's) brother Orion; an eccentric person to whom he behaved generously. "You must put him in a book or a play right away," he wrote later. But Howells had twinges of conscience in the matter of using Orion as material, and the play was never written. (*Mark Twain's Letters.*)

The novelist does not usually draw actual portraits in the photographic style. When George Sand was accused of lampooning a certain Abbé, she replied that to draw one character of that kind one must know a thousand. Miss Cholmondeley writes: "I am pressed to own that such and such a character is taken from So-and-so. . . .It would be very awkward for me afterwards if I owned that thirty different persons were the original of So-and-so." There is an interesting discussion in Miss Clemence Dane's *Legend* about Madala's drawing her characters from life. Mr. Flood remarks, "But she always insisted that she didn't draw portraits," to which it is replied, "Of course, they always do." Miss Howe contends that "Madala had old fashioned notions and would have thought such a proceeding treacherous," whilst another lady insists that, notwithstanding, the portraits are there. "Yes, but they happened in spite of her," was the retort.

Most authors deny with Madala that they draw portraits. Congreve wrote,

> "For, as when painters form a matchless face,
> They from each fair one catch some diff'rent grace,
> So poets oft do in one piece expose
> Whole *belles assemblées* of coquettes and beaux."

Fielding stated that he never copied individuals; Steele in *The Spectator* (No. 262) expressly denied that he drew his contemporaries, and claimed credit for taking great pains to avoid aiming at private persons. It is difficult, though, to see why writers of fiction of that date should have been so careful to deny that they exercised the freedom taken by the poets; Dryden's *Absolom and Achitophel* and Pope's *Dunciad* are outstanding instances.

The malicious writer is often tempted to use his opportunities of gratifying his malice by a caricature which he can deny was intended for the individual generally recognised. Penguin, of *The Observer*, states that "It would hardly be an exaggeration to say that most of Peacock's characters are intended to satirise people whose opinions he disliked." It was an insult to Coleridge (Flosky in *Nightmare Abbey*), to depict him as a man who "dreamt . . . with one eye open, which is an eye to his own gain." The portrait of Croker as Rigby in Disraeli's *Coningsby* was much resented by him, as appears from his correspondence and diaries. Bishop Wilberforce "peculiarly disliked the description" of himself in Lothair. Mr. G. W. E. Russell, in *Collections and Recollections*, quotes *à propos* to this, "*Ce n'est que la verité qui blesse*";—as if a libellous portrait would not equally be resented. He states that the portrait of Prof. Jowett in Mallock's *The New Republic* was "photographic," adding "That it excessively irritated the subject of the sketch is a proof of its accuracy." It might just as well be cited as a proof of its inaccuracy.

There is a danger to which novelists are liable, though, for the most part, it is disregarded. It is strikingly illustrated by the case of T. Artemas Jones in 1909. The name was used in an article in the *Sunday Chronicle* on *Life at Dieppe*. "There is Artemas Jones with a lady who is not his wife, etc." Although the writer claimed that his article was entirely fictitious, and in scarcely any respect had characteristics in common with the plaintiff, of whose existence he was ignorant, judgment was given in favour of the plaintiff for £1,750; a sentence confirmed by the House of Lords. The law seems to be wholly on the side of the person who can produce evidence that the character was recognisable as his. It is no defence for a writer to assert in his preface that all his characters are entirely fictitious.

A solicitor informed me that actions are frequently threatened by persons who profess to have been defamed by a novelist; it is a recognised form of blackmail. The only wonder is that it is not resorted to more frequently.

Direct portraiture in a novel is now a risky business, and it is strange that, in view of the stringency of the law of libel, so many public characters accept without protest their caricatures in novels. After all, there is little to be said in

favour of such use of actual persons by the novelist. His business is to create a character, and a copy cannot claim to be a creation. The *roman a clef* is a form of art which many would like to see abandoned, and I must confess that I am one of the number.

The danger of using the novel as a vehicle of personal abuse is strikingly shown in a recent case in the Courts, (6th May, 1924), where the author and publisher of a novel, *George Lavington*, offered an apology and a sum of £1,500 and costs to the plaintiff, who complained that the book had evidently referred to him in a libellous manner.

Portraiture on the stage takes a further step, for the "make-up" of the actor renders the likeness still more noticeable. Goldsmith, in his *Essay on the Origin of Poetry*, reminds us how Aristophanes put Socrates on the boards in *The Clouds* in a mask modelled after his features. He states that as attacks on magistrates resulted in a law that "no person should be stigmatised under his real name . . . the poets began to substitute fictitious names, under which they exhibited particular characters in such lively colours that the resemblance could not possibly be mistaken or overlooked." Whereupon "the legislature . . . issued a second ordinance, forbidding, under severe penalties, any real or family occurrences to be represented."

On the revival of drama in England under Elizabeth the Aristophanic usage was continued. Though Shakespeare is supposed to have put Florio on the stage as Holofernes, it was a practice he but rarely indulged in. Other dramatists were not so scrupulous. Dekker depicts Ben Jonson in *Satiromastix*, "His face puncht full of oylet-holes, like the cover of a warming-pan." Ben Jonson ridiculed Antony Munday in *The Case is Altered*, though he professed himself an enemy to personalities:

> "And still't hath been the praise of all best times,
> So persons were not touched, to tax the crimes."

(Second Prologue to *The Silent Woman*.)

Mrs. Aphra Behn's *The Man of Mode* (1676) was a *piéce à clef*. Dorimant stands for Rochester, Medley for Sir Charles Sedley, "the minor characters were well-known people under a transparent disguise."* She sometimes used

* E. W. Blashfield: *Portraits and Backgrounds.*

her privilege to praise instead of to satirise. She writes of Col. Martin, "A man of great Gallantry, Wit and Goodness, and whom I have celebrated in a Character of my new Comedy (*The Widow Ranter*) by his own Name, in Memory of so brave a Man."

In Johnson's *Life of Dryden*, he relates how bitterly Dryden resented the ridicule thrown on him under the character of Bayes in the Duke of Buckingham's *The Rehearsal*. Johnson, in a conversation on the general subject, remarked that if a character "was intended to be like a particular man, it could only be diverting while that man was remembered"; a dictum which might be taken to heart by the dramatist who writes for posterity.

Gay, having already put a Dr. Woodward on the stage in a somewhat objectionable farce, flew at higher game in *The Beggar's Opera*, where the public recognised Walpole. This time the Lord Chamberlain interfered, and forbade the production of the sequel *Polly*; and an Act was passed soon after under which all plays had to be submitted for licence. (Chapter XV, "Censorship.") But this Act appears to have been a dead letter so far as personalities were concerned, unless the personage portrayed was connected with the Court or Government. Foote had no scruples about placing notorious or well-known persons on the stage of the Haymarket. His intention to "take off" Dr. Johnson was abandoned, as the Doctor bought a big stick which he threatened to use. In 1771, Foote wrote and produced *The Maid of Bath*, full of the most slightly veiled portraits of the Linley family. He caricatured Dr. Dodd and his wife as Dr. and Mrs. Simony. He wrote a farce called *A trip to Calais*, in which he introduced the notorious Duchess of Kingston with details of her private history obtained from one of her household. Then he offered to suppress it for £2,000, but the Duchess would not go beyond £1,500, and finally persuaded the Lord Chamberlain to censor it.

Baretti, after his quarrel with Mrs. Thrale, wrote an outrageous farce *The Sentimental Mother* (1789) introducing Mrs. Thrale (then Mrs. Piozzi) and her husband as Lady Fantasma Tunskull and Signor Squalici. Sheridan caricatured in *The Rehearsal* Richard Cumberland,

Garrick's "man without a skin." The list might easily be extended.*

The same practice obtained in France. A single example must suffice. In 1760 was performed Palissot's *Philosophers*, a play written in ridicule of the Encyclopædists. In this Helvétius, Diderot and others were openly satirised, whilst J. J. Rousseau was represented on all-fours, with a lettuce in his pocket for provender.

Voltaire retorted with a play entitled *The Scotch Girl*, purporting to be an English play by Mr. Hume, the brother of the historian, translated into French by Jerome Carré. In this play, Fréron, the enemy of the philosophers, was represented under the name of Frélon (a wasp). (Tallentyre's *Voltaire*, Vol. II, p. 120.)

During the nineteenth century, the Lord Chamberlain often interfered to prevent the impersonation of notable characters. In 1834 he took steps to prevent a representation of Talleyrand in Scribe's *Bertrand and Raton*. In spite of his precautions Farren appeared in a wig which everyone recognised as an imitation of Talleyrand's head. Fortunately, the statesman in question was present at the performance, and as he laughed heartily at the travesty the affair blew over. Similarly, Buckstone was forbidden to "make up" like Lord John Russell, and Wigan was ordered to alter his appearance, which was too much like that of the Prince de Joinville.

In *The Happy Land* (1873), a burlesque of Gilbert's play *The Wicked World*, three of the actors were made up in the likeness of crown ministers, Gladstone being one. The Lord Chamberlain at once interfered, though his action came too late. In the evidence before the Royal Commission of 1909, Mr. Redford, the Examiner of plays, stated that no portraits were allowed on the stage. This statement was hopelessly inaccurate: he had passed Barrie's *Josephine*, a political skit in which Chamberlain, Balfour and other politicians were represented without possibility of mistake. Other cases might be quoted, such as Mr. Granville Barker's representation of Bernard Shaw in *Man and Superman*. In Shaw's *Fanny's First Play* Mr. Walkley,

* See George Paston: *Little Memoirs of the Eighteenth Century*; Hugh Childers: *Romantic Trials*: Planché's *Recollections, etc.*; A. E. Newton: *Amenities of Book Collecting, etc.*

the critic of *The Times*, actually assisted the actor in presenting a correct portrait. Other critics were similarly represented; Mr. Shaw in his preface to the play half-apologises for the liberties he had taken.

Recently the Lord Chamberlain has again been active. When *Back to Methuselah* was produced at Birmingham, he forbade the representation of Lloyd-George and Asquith in the Brothers Barnabas episode. In America, the actors gave realistic portraits.

No objection is taken to placing deceased celebrities on the stage; and of recent years there has obtained a fashion of plays of a frankly biographical nature. Byron was the hero of *The Pilgrim in Eternity* (1921), and since then we have had plays dealing with Lincoln, Disraeli, Robert E. Lee, Pasteur and others. This is but a revival of the fashion of former days, when the heroes of history were made to strut the stage.

The legitimacy of the use of such characters for stage purposes will be discussed in the following chapter.

PART THREE

LITERARY FORMS AND ETHICAL QUESTIONS

CHAPTER XXIII

Historical Fiction and Drama

THE historical novel is a very popular form of art: how popular few would guess. Mr. J. Nield's *Guide to the best Historical Novels and Tales* (1911) enumerates about 3,000, and he professes to give only the best. Then there are Dr. E. A. Baker's *Guide to the Best Historical* (English) *Romances*, etc., a book of 220 pages, and Mr. Bowen's *Catalogue of Historical Novels*. The field is vast.

Of the use of such romances in giving a knowledge of history to many who would otherwise remain ignorant, there can be no doubt. The Great Duke of Marlborough confessed that the only history he knew was gathered from Shakespeare's plays. Lord Chatham took Defoe's *Memoirs of a Cavalier* for true history. "Penguin" of *The Observer* writes (21st November, 1920), "Personally I have to confess that my own conceptions of some great historical characters are derived quite as much from fiction as from anything else. The Richelieu and the Mazarin that I know are the Cardinals who appear in *The Three Musketeers* and *Twenty Years After*, my Mary Queen of Scots is she of *The Abbot*, and my acquaintance with Savonarola is almost confined to what I have gleaned from the pages of *Romola*." Such a confession might doubtless be made by many a reader.

This being so, it is clear that it is of great importance that novelists should take every care not to give false impressions of the characters and events which they describe. A certain licence is inevitable. The novelist follows his (historical) hero into the privacy of his chamber and gives us his thoughts, using the privilege of omniscience which is one of the conventions under which he writes. Moreover, he details conversations, etc., for which he can have no authority, using his imagination where documents fail him.

The historian may deplore the divagations of his rival the novelist, who may, however, plead successfully for his art by quoting Carlyle on the *Waverley Novels*. "These historical novels have taught all men this truth . . . that the byegone ages of the world were actually filled by living men." Moreover he can often plead that if he goes wrong he has been misled by some historian; that historians often differ, and that he is justified in making use of that version of a character or event which best suits his purposes.

Nevertheless, there can be no question that in many instances the novelist has abused his privileges. For English readers, Scott is the typical historical novelist, to whom everyone owes not only the pleasure of reading masterpieces of fiction, but a wide increase in his knowledge of past centuries depicted with a vividness which has been seldom equalled. Yet Scott, sometimes intentionally, sometimes through carelessness, departed from accuracy, and gave the critical an opportunity to cavil.

Mr. R. H. Hutton in his *Scott* (*English Men of Letters*) states that his author "was excessively free in his manipulations of history for the purposes of romance." In *Kenilworth* characters quote Shakespeare who was then but a youth; in *Woodstock* the poet is made to die twenty years too soon. *Kenilworth* is indeed misleading in many points. "The historical basis, again, of *Woodstock* and *Redgauntlet* is thoroughly untrustworthy." Writing of *Ivanhoe*, Andrew Lang, in *Homer and the Epic*, points out that Robin Hood actually lived in the reign of Edward II, not in that of Richard I. Mr. Farnie, in *Highways and Byways of Literature* (p. 202), shows that Scott's chronology is hopelessly wrong, Richard I being a hundred years out with the rest of the novel.

All this may be perfectly true, but it is the result of meticulous comparisons which could only be made by a student, and which do not in any appreciable degree affect either the enjoyment of the tale, or the truth of the general impression left on the reader. It would be a very different thing if the errors were such as would mislead the reader, or were such as he would detect; in the latter case he would lose that illusion of reality which is necessary if his interest is to be maintained.

Scott more than once descanted on the subject. In the *Introduction to Peveril of the Peak* he writes, "In a story where the greater part is avowedly fiction, the author is at liberty to introduce such variations from actual fact as his plot requires, or which are calculated to enhance it. . . ." It is clear, however, from his continuation that he fears he had "over-estimated a romancer's privileges and immunities." In the *Prefatory Letter*, Dr. Dryasdust, in a conversation with the author, informs him at some length that he "stands much censured for adulterating the pure sources of historical knowledge." The Author defends himself at equal length, pleading the advantages of leading readers to the study of history by making it interesting and so forth (which is totally beside the question), but by no means satisfactorily justifying his departure from accuracy.

In fact, it is certain that Scott would not, upon reflection, have stuck to his dictum that an author may "introduce such variations from actual fact as his plot requires." He cannot behead Cromwell instead of Charles I however much his plot might require it. It is clear that, as contended above, he must assert nothing which would be recognised as false by his readers. It is a question of degree. For example, the date of the Countess of Derby's death (in *Peveril of the Peak*) is known to few, and the novelist runs little risk in postponing it for twenty years. But even then the Dryasdusts are justified in pointing out his error, and in complaining that the reality of the novel for them is affected.

When Scott reviewed his own *Old Mortality* in *The Quarterly Review*, he again defended the historical novel. He writes, "The Author takes his seat on the bench of the historians of his time and country." On the whole, he proved himself a just judge: holding the balance without favour. Roundhead and Cavalier, for example, are drawn without perceptible prejudice, and his portraits of Elizabeth and Mary Queen of Scots can be admired even by those who have strong views as to the merits of the individuals.

Too many novelists, instead of taking Scott's view of their function as judges, constitute themselves the advocate of the historical character they choose for their hero. Everyone must at some time have been irritated by the prejudice shown by the novelist in favour of his principal character:

thus giving a false view of events. I will instance Marryat's *Children of the New Forest* as a book which has had a bad influence on a generation by reason of its prejudiced view of the Stuarts. Readers will have no difficulty in recollecting other examples, where the novelist has outdone the most one-sided historian in creating a false impression. Mr. Nield, in his *Guide*, writes, "I know well that numerous novels might be cited which, besides abounding in anachronisms, are harmful in that they present us with a misleading conception of some personality or period; moreover, I acknowledge that this defect is by no means confined to romances of an inferior literary order."

The historical dramatist is by convention allowed liberties which are denied to the novelist. The restrictions under which he works demand greater licence. A good instance is supplied in Mr. J. Drinkwater's *Abraham Lincoln*. In reality, Lincoln died in his bedroom, but on the stage his death occurs in the box of the theatre where he was shot. It would have broken the continuity of the scene too much and would have savoured of anti-climax to have changed the scene; and the spectator willingly acquiesces in a divergence from actuality which does not affect the essential elements of the catastrophe.

In depicting scenes from recent history, however, the dramatist often finds himself in difficulties. In the same author's *Robert E. Lee*, he was forced by public opinion to make many changes when his play was produced in America, where the details of the events were still within the recollection of many. No author can expect to please those who take a different view of a character from that which he depicts, and all he can do is to use all due care not to use incidents or words for which he has not authority; sinking as far as possible his personal prejudices. So far from doing this, some dramatists seem to grasp the opportunity of giving their predilections full play. The late W. G. Wills allowed himself too much liberty in this respect. In his *Charles I* he depicted Cromwell as a canting hypocrite, willing to abandon the cause of his country if the King would grant him a title; whilst Charles was drawn so sympathetically that his execution seemed to have not only no justification but no excuse.

A playwright (as also a novelist) only harms himself when he takes liberties which the audience must resent. Some years ago, for instance, provincial theatre-goers were regaled with a play in which Wellington and Napoleon met in colloquy after Waterloo. The scene may have had dramatic possibilities: indeed, such a meeting would have been of intense interest; but to all who knew that it never took place its interest evaporated of necessity.

On the whole, the task of the historical dramatist is not an easy one. The exigencies of the stage necessitate compression, and the falsification of the sequence of events: on the other hand, if he departs too widely from actuality he destroys illusion. It is for him to choose on which horn of the dilemma he will impale himself, with the certainty that some of his critics will state that he has chosen the wrong one.

CHAPTER XXIV

History

THE art of the historian is generally acknowledged to have been brought to a high state of excellence by the Greeks and Romans: Thucydides, Xenophon, Tacitus and Sallust need only to be mentioned in proof. With the advance of Christianity the art declined. This seems a harsh statement, but there is small doubt of its truth, and the explanation is easy. The classical historian, being human, was liable to let his personal opinions colour to some extent the facts he related, and the views he expressed: the early Christian apologists, moved by the infinite importance of orthodoxy, instead of relating facts with unconscious bias, deemed it their duty to suppress them, and if that were not possible, to distort them. Bishop Middleton, in his *Free Enquiry*, shows that the Fathers grossly falsified history, and moreover that when in power they destroyed all pagan writings which were inconsistent with their views. A narration which has no other authority than patristic must be received with great caution.

In the so-called Dark Ages, when credulity was considered a virtue, historical criticism was non-existent. A legend was accepted as true, a tradition with no historical basis treated as fact. The early historian accepted without question such stories as the landing of Brutus in England, which gradually took their place in every history.

Taking as an example the early chronicles of England, we find their value as evidence impaired by the plagiarism which was universally practised. One writer copied from another without investigation. It may be true that history repeats itself: undoubtedly historians repeat each other. The ultimate authorities for the history of England before the Conquest is narrowed to the statements of a few original chroniclers, endlessly repeated by their successors. The

evidence of a multitude of so-called authorities is of no value if they all took their facts from a single source. I have given an instance of this (p. 142) in connection with the supposed publication of the first English newspaper. It will be remembered that the same statement was made in numerous histories, all of them, however, resting on one authority, which turned out to be a hoax.

I may give another instance of a similar character. The Rev. Dr. Stukeley, an antiquarian of repute, had sent him by Prof. C. Bertram of Copenhagen a transcript of a MS. of Richard of Cirencester which was published in Denmark in 1757. This contained invaluable and new information regarding Roman Britain, the Druids, etc., with maps. This "find" was accepted as genuine, and was the real source of the facts related in subsequent histories of early Britain. It is only within the last fifty years that it has been shown that the whole book is valueless. The original MS. was never produced. (T. F. Tout: *Mediæval Forgers and Forgeries.*)

The difficulties of the early chronicler were great. Lack of books, of means of communication, were drawbacks to accuracy: a report of a distant event had to be accepted however biased. Later historians had other difficulties to contend with. When, not long after the invention of printing, the censorship of the Press was instituted, the historian had not only to ascertain the truth but to persuade the authorities to let him publish it. This they were disinclined to do unless it suited their own views. When Holinshed's *History of England* was published in 1577, certain portions being deemed objectionable, it was ordered that the offending pages should be cancelled and replaced by others; the second edition (1587) therefore appeared in a mutilated condition. Selden's *History of Tithes* was suppressed: Camden's *History* was expurgated, as were Lord Herbert's *History of Henry VIII* and Buchanan's *History*. Milton suffered from the republican licenser who suppressed part of his *History of the Long Parliament*, and also from the censor under Charles II.

In fact, to write a history at all was a risky business. In the preface to Raleigh's *History of the World*, he states that when he was asked why he did not write a modern History, "I answer that who-so-ever, in writing a modern history,

shall follow truth too near the heels, it may haply strike out his teeth." He fears that, even as it is, some person in authority may take a censure of some ancient character as meant for him.

Editors also considered it their privilege, if not their duty, to act as unofficial censors. Clarendon's *History of the Rebellion* was in the hands of certain editors at Oxford, of whom Bishop Sprat was one. Suspicions were soon aroused that the MS. was being tampered with. Dr. Calamy, a celebrated Nonconformist divine and historian, by strategy managed to see the sheets as they were printed, and noticed various alterations and insertions. Similar doubts arose about Burnet's *History* of his own times; whereupon his son promised that the MS. should be deposited in the Cotton Library for the satisfaction of the public. This, however, was not done, and it is now known that the MS. was considerably altered. (Disraeli: *Curiosities*.)

We need no longer fear such malpractices. There is, however, another difficulty which the more modern historian has to contend with, as had also his predecessors. Professor Bury alludes to it in his Introduction to Gibbon's *Autobiography*. "The reconstruction, which involves the discovery of causes and motives, which it is the historian's business to attempt, depends on subjective elements, which cannot be eliminated . . . he inevitably takes present values and modern measures with him." It is almost impossible for anyone to project himself into the past to the extent necessary to enable him to judge fairly of the morality or otherwise of a course of action. Yet too many historians show no hesitation in condemning actions which, though blameable from a modern standpoint, were perhaps even meritorious at the time; for example, Macaulay has been censured for his inability to consider any action except as either right or wrong. The point is emphasised by Lord Rosebery in his monograph on Pitt. Writing of Pitt's critics, he asks, "Have they judged him by the standards and ideas of his time, and not by the standards and ideas of their own? That is the spirit in which History judges statesmen, and for a simple reason: had they attempted to carry into effect in their generation the ideas of ours, they would not have been statesmen at all. . . . The politician who is a century before his time is hardly more a statesman

than the politician who is a century behind it. . . . It is in this spirit that History, truly and justly written, apportions blame and praise to men, judging by contemporary canons and not by ours."

This subjective element is one which necessarily enters into every history. Some writers, like Bishop Burnet, go so far as to justify an author's "giving the best colouring to his own views and those of his party." Others acknowledge their inability to rid themselves of bias: Robertson "confesses having felt the prejudices with which a Scotsman is tempted to regard the subject" of Queen Elizabeth. (See the Introduction to *Kenilworth*). The history of Greece, viewed in one light by Milman, takes on a very different complexion when viewed by Grote: Lingard and Macaulay give very diverse impressions of the times of which they wrote: Froude is another author who writes rather as an advocate than a judge. If Alison wrote his tomes to prove that "Providence was on the side of the Tories," Macaulay was equally sincere in proving that it was on the side of the Whigs.

Professor G. Saintsbury sees no objection to the historian writing as an advocate rather than as a judge. In his essay on Macaulay he says, "History without partisanship is, to my fancy, in the old phrase of King Henry V, like beef without mustard." Lord Acton, that passionate advocate of truth, writes on the other hand, "If men were truly sincere, and delivered judgment by no canons but those of evident morality, then Julian would be described in the same terms by Christian and Pagan, Luther by Catholic and Protestant, etc." (A. J. Grant: *English Historians.*)

This is too much to hope for: in fact it is impossible. The cautious reader will make due allowance for the inevitable subjective bias of the writer.

The old-time chronicler was content to record facts: the modern historian takes a wider view of his duty. He advances theories to account for the course of events: he allows his imagination a certain amount of play in the explanation of the motives which actuate his personages; he traces the obscure causes of the fall of empires, and draws inferences from recorded facts to justify belief in others not so well substantiated: he exercises a legitimate function of the philosophical historian in drawing lessons from the past

for our guidance in the future. Of such writers Buckle is a typical example.

Modern authors exhibit a marked reaction from the credulity of earlier centuries: in fact, in the nineteenth century, historians seemed to make it their object to show the incredibility of early history. Of these historians Niebuhr was a well-known example. Much of the history of classical times was shown to be spurious, more especially the popular stories which helped to reconcile the schoolboy to his task. Romulus never existed, Horatius did not hold the bridge, the geese did not save the Capitol, and so forth. Sir George Cornewall Lewis made the history of Rome begin with its capture by the Gauls: E. Havet denied the literary existence of Manetho. Similarly, in English history, the old stories were discredited: we were told to disbelieve that Alfred burnt the cakes, that the Duke of Clarence was drowned in a butt of Malmesey, etc. All the picturesque old traditions went by the board. Because a writer told an impossible story, his other statements were unworthy of credence.

Of late years the tendency has been in a fresh direction: tradition is allowed its due weight: the investigator scrutinises with more care the origins of our knowledge of bygone times, he taps neglected sources such as charters and deeds: he calls in the aid of the archæologist and excavator in order that past ages may reveal their secrets. All this, whilst aiding the historian in his search for truth, does but make his task the more onerous. The mass of new material has to be assimilated and selection made: any day some new discovery may modify received opinions; and it is the duty of a historian to be prepared to abandon the position he has adopted on some disputed point when evidence is produced that it is untenable. This is a hard task; but impartiality should be the note of the true historian, and it is gratifying to find that this is generally acknowledged. If the calm judgment of a judge is less attractive to the reader than the brilliant advocacy of an advocate, it is at all events of greater value in recording the truth.

Despite all the advantages of the modern historian, not only in the attitude he adopts but in the material at his disposal, it seems beyond human power to obtain an entirely trustworthy history. It stands to reason that on many

disputed points certainty cannot be obtained whilst the sources of information are dubious. Under *Forgeries* (Chapter II) I have shown by examples which might be indefinitely multiplied, how prevalent are fraudulent attempts to falsify facts, and how the Memoirs, on which historians often rely, are frequently spurious. When one reads the details of the mass of forgeries which have been discovered (many by accident, some by voluntary confession of the authors), and considers the still greater number which must have remained undetected, it seems inevitable that a considerable portion of what passes as historical has no better foundation than the poems of Rowley or Ossian.

A sceptic who denied that there could be such a thing as history could defend his view with some plausibility. He might plead in regard to many important episodes that it was the object of those who were involved to keep the truth secret and mislead the public. As regards reports of events themselves, they are so coloured by ignorance, prejudice or wilful deception that the truth cannot be discovered. Whilst Ranké was writing his *History* a bridge broke down with fatal results. The accounts of the accident were so conflicting, even irreconcilable, that he is said to have exclaimed, "If it is impossible to learn the truth about an accident which happened at broad noonday only twenty-four hours ago, how can I declare any fact to be certain which is shrouded in the darkness of ten centuries?"

Everyone who has served on a jury must have noticed how diametrically witnesses disagree on points of fact, even when there is no reason to doubt their *bona fides*. It is notorious how a story will alter in complexion after having passed through three or four hands. There seems to be an ineradicable tendency in man to modify or embellish the plain facts of a case, which makes it difficult for the historian to ascertain them.

"Don't give me history—that I know must be false!" cried Sir Robert Walpole, who was well aware of the inaccuracy with which events of his own time were misrepresented and motives misinterpreted. According to Mr. Walsh, Charles Kingsley resigned his chair of Modern History because he considered history "largely a lie." When Professor J. H. Morgan asked Lord Morley to publish the truth about his resignation—a question of foreign

policy—he replied, "No! the truth can *never* be known. It will never overtake the legend. I have read many books of late, dealing with events in which I took some part, and all of them are wrong. 'History' always misleads." (*Quarterly Review*, January, 1924.)

Such a pronouncement from such an authority is most discouraging. At the same time, there is another side to the picture. If details of certain transactions are mistakenly reported, the wider movements of mankind do not depend on the accuracy or good faith of a narrator: social history, now considered of more importance than that of Kings or Cabinets, can be largely recovered from unimpeachable sources. It is only within comparatively recent times that the historian has abandoned his too judicial attitude and endeavoured to understand rather than to condemn, to reconstruct the past as far as is possible and to view events in their proper proportion. The ethical standard of the present day historian is a high one, even if the materials with which he works are sometimes untrustworthy.

CHAPTER XXV

Biography, Memoirs, Etc.

"A chield's amang you taking notes,
And, faith, he'll prent it."
(*Burns*).

I APPROACH this branch of my subject with hesitation. On no question of literary ethics has so much been written: on none have the verdicts differed so much.

Biographies have always existed and will always exist. Next to fiction, they are the most popular form of literature. Carlyle writes, "Biography is the most universally profitable, universally pleasant of all things, especially biography of distinguished individuals." And again, "History is the essence of innumerable biographies." Yet so often do they assist in the perpetuation of error, become the vehicle of libellous insinuations, or violate the dictates of good taste, that some hold that they are an objectionable form of literature. It was after reading an indiscreet *Life of Christopher North* that Thackeray said to his daughter, "When I drop, there is to be no life written of me: *mind this*, and consider it as my last testament and desire."* When someone proposed to write a book about Harry Philpotts, Bishop of Exeter, the Bishop obtained an Injunction in Chancery to stop him. Gladstone refused to give any assistance to Mr. G. W. E. Russell, who had been commissioned to write his life in the *Queen's Prime Ministers* series. (*One Look Back.*) Robert Browning gave passionate expression to the feelings of many with regard to the unauthorised intrusion of outsiders into the privacy of the lives of himself and his wife. He writes to Miss Blagden (19th January, 1863) to recount how he has been "pestered with applications for leave to write the life of my wife—I have refused—and there an end." But a would-be biographer persisted, and Browning writes, "Think of this beast working away at this, not

* *Journal of Anne Thackeray Ritchie* and E. V. Lucas's *Loiterer's Lure.*

deeming my feelings or those of her family worthy of notice . . . evidently a blackguard; got my letter, which gave him his deserts, on Saturday—no answer yet—if none comes I shall be forced to advertise in *The Times* and obtain an injunction. But what I suffer in feeling in the hands of these blackguards . . . what I undergo with their paws in my very bowels you can guess, and God knows." (Mrs. Sutherland Orr, *Life and Letters of Robert Browning*, p. 262.)

After his wife's death Browning reclaimed her letters from his friends, but did not destroy them; and they came into the possession of his son, who gave consent to their publication; but this was some thirty years later. Sir F. G. Kenyon, who edited them, states that though Browning and his wife "shrank from seeing their private lives . . . offered to the inspection and criticism of the general public," this referred only to during their lifetime.

Speaking of the "class of persons who are likely to find biographers," Professor George Saintsbury writes, "One hears of their destroying materials with a 'Please God no body shall deal with *me* as —— dealt with ——.' Or else, as was the case with Cardinal Newman, they enjoin a method of dealing with their materials which . . . does not give him the biography." (*MacMillan's Magazine*, Vol. 66, *Some great Biographers*.)

Such a device as that resorted to by the Cardinal necessarily involves a lack of veracity in the portrait. More frequently the biographer adopts another attitude, which has a similar result: he carefully omits everything which is to the disadvantage of his subject; a method which has its open advocates as well as its tacit practitioners. Lady Holland in her preface to the *Memories, etc. of the Revd. Sydney Smith* (her father) writes, "The points which can alone justify the publication of these recollections and letters are, that they shall neither hurt the living, injure the dead, nor impair the reputation of their author." Mrs. Austin, who edited his *Letters*, agrees with Lady Holland.

This view may be taken as typical of what we may call the *nil nisi bonum* school, which has resulted in a mass of biographies about as truthful as an epitaph. Though few would subscribe entirely to Lady Holland's dictum, the "advocate" theory of biography still has defenders. In a debate on "Biography" in June, 1923, Mr. A. G. Gardiner

said, "You should believe in your man and do your best for him." Mr. P. Guedalla combated the view; whilst Mr. Asquith, who presided, seemed to sit on the fence, for he stated that he agreed with all that had been said.

Moreover, the biographer who sets out to show his victim as a model of all the virtues should remember that, owing to the perversity of human nature, the life of a good man is not so interesting as that of a clever rascal. However we may regret the fact, to most readers the life of a Benevenuto Cellini affords us more enjoyment than that of a George Peabody.

To show how valueless would be an account of a life written on the principles indicated, we may imagine a *Life of Voltaire* omitting everything which would "impair his reputation." This method of writing a biography is ably satirised by Mr. Somerset Maugham in *The Bishop's Apron*; where the Canon writes the life of his father the Chancellor, a foul-mouthed bully, and conveys the impression to the reader of his being a mild, excellent man.

One can readily imagine an admirer of a great man rushing to write his life in the manner most favourable to him, but it is not so easy to account for certain biographies which seem to have for their object to vilify instead of praise. Why should Griswold have written Poe's *Life* from the point of view of a personal enemy? The animus is apparent throughout. When Job exclaimed, "O that mine enemy had written a book!" he was not expressing a wish that the book should be his own biography.

Mr. Andrew Lang in *Essays in Little* speaks of an English *Life of Dumas* as "One of the worst books that ever was written. . . . The author does not so much write a life as draw up an indictment. The spirit of his work is grudging, sneering, contemptuous"; whilst he sums up a certain book called *The Real Shelley* as depicting him as "a phenomenal liar, an ill-bred, ill-born, profligate, partly insane, an evil-tempered monster, a self-righteous person, full of self-approbation—in fact you were the Beast of this pious Apocalypse." (*Letters to Dead Authors.*) Of *The Intimate Life of Sir Walter Scott*, by A. Stalkew (1921) the reviewer in the *Morning Post* states it is a collection of things of no importance better forgotten: a libel on Sir Walter. It is easy to forgive the writer who in his enthusiasm over-

praises the object of his admiration, but it is not so easy to pardon those men of the Smellfungus type who enjoy raking up scandal about celebrities and publishing books which they label "The *Real* So and So," which usually means that the worst side of his character is exhibited. This has no more right to be considered the *real* man than the possibly too expurgated narratives already existing. Unfortunately, there is always a section of the public only too eager to find the feet of clay sometimes possessed by a popular idol, and ill-natured scandal is always sure of a certain amount of popularity.

Leaving the cases of these two opposed methods—the falsifying by too much praise or by too much detraction—we come to the third method: that of giving as true a portrait as possible: not concealing faults but not exaggerating them,

> " . . . Nothing extenuate
> Nor set down aught in malice "

as Othello puts it.

Every man leads two lives, a public and a private one. In order to present his truthful likeness, both must be depicted. The life of a poet, for example, which only took account of his poems would not satisfy the requirements of a biography. This leads us to the most difficult question arising from our subject: to what extent is the private life of an individual proper material for his biographer?

There are those who deny that the public has any right to know anything about an author's private life. Forster in his *Life of Dickens* declines to give details of Dickens' quarrel with his wife, holding that the public have nothing to do with it except as it affected his career. (Book VIII.)* Mr. Dion C. Calthrop, in reviewing O. Henry's *Works*, asserts that "his private story is of no interest except to those who were his friends in the flesh, just as the private story of Edgar Allan Poe is of no interest."

This is obviously not the case. Public curiosity regarding the private lives of celebrities is one of the penalties they must pay for fame. In *The Excursions of a Booklover*, Mr. F. K. Marion writes, "Nothing connected with the life of great men is, strictly speaking, private. My humble neighbour's fireside is his own, and of it no man may despoil

* See Note, page 287.

him; but Shakespeare has no fireside that may not be invaded. Whoever will may inquire into the dramatist's domestic and other affairs without the remotest approach to indelicacy of any kind." Without going quite so far as this, it must be conceded that to deny the public interest in the private life of the celebrity who is the subject of a biography is absurd. Mr. G. K. Chesterton protests, "We never hear anything about biography without hearing something about the sanctity of private life, and the necessity for suppressing the whole of the most important part of a man's existence."

It must be acknowledged that it is impossible to ignore the unconsidered actions and sayings of a man in the attempt to depict his real character. This was pointed out by Plutarch in his *Life of Alexander*, where he writes, "A slight thing like a phrase or jest often makes a greater revelation of character than battles where thousands fall." Xenophon in *The Banquet* takes the same view, "To my mind it is worth while to relate not only the serious acts of great men, but also what they do in their lighter moods." We must therefore grant that a certain liberty must be allowed the biographer in order that he may fulfil his task with some approach to completeness; but how far does that liberty extend? There seems to exist a sort of convention that whilst in some directions his limits are extensive, in one they are more strictly defined. It must be conceded that one of the essential facts necessary in order to be able to judge of a man's character is his relation to women. Yet this is the very one that biographers omit or slur over. We have seen that Mr. Forster denies the right of the reader to know anything about Dickens' quarrel with his wife. In the same way, women might have been non-existent to Macaulay for all we learn from his *Life*: the official *Life* of Stevenson, by Graham Balfour, carefully omits any reference to any woman but his wife, who is scarcely mentioned before his marriage. Subsequent unofficial publications have, however, repaired the omission. It is only in such cases as that of Byron, whose irregularities were notorious, that the biographer is able to give a complete portrait of his subject.

The reasons for such reticence are obvious as regards those celebrities who have died recently. The feelings of

their relatives must be respected, and to tell the whole truth would involve giving pain to those whose private lives were mingled with that of the subject of the biography; who may still be alive, and who, in any case, have a right to have their privacy respected. But it cannot be held that an entirely true portrait of a man is given when so important a portion of his existence is totally ignored or at least slurred over.

Some biographers seem to hold that these restrictions may properly cease with the death of the subject of their narration. The Rev. S. Baring-Gould writes as regards a certain Professor, "The curious story of his courtship and marriage may be related without indiscretion, now that the old selenographer is no more." (*Historic Oddities.*) A more usual view is that in course of time details may be given which are impossible earlier. The drawbacks to this course are that by that time interest has often ceased, and that in the meantime the reader has inevitably to be content with an imperfect portrait.

In relations other than the sexual the biographer's incursion into his subject's private life seems to be generally conceded. He also has the right, and indeed the duty, of trying to depict faults as well as excellencies. Some authorities, however, would distinguish between those failings which affect the man's life work and those which do not: depicting the former only. (Lord Riddell: *John o' London*, 3rd November, 1923). The Rev. W. Elwin in his Introduction to *Pope's Life and Works*, also appears to hold the view that only those faults which affect a man's public work should be recorded.

It is obvious that no true portrait can be drawn which omits his eccentricities or vices. When Boswell was urged to omit instances of Johnson's objectionable overbearing manners, he replied that he would not make his tiger into a cat to please anybody. In so doing, he but followed the advice of his subject; for in a conversation in 1777 Johnson decided that a man's peculiarities should be recorded in a biography. Regarding his vices, he sustained different opinions on different occasions.

Sir George Trevelyan, in a revised edition of *The Life of Lord Macaulay*, refused to defer to certain critics who urged him to omit "passages in the letters and diaries which bear traces of intellectual narrowness or political prejudice." He

wrote, "I regarded it as my business to show my uncle as he was, and not as I, or anyone else, would have had him." Professor George Saintsbury commenting on this (*Some Great Biographies*) writes, "Not of course that the principle extends to publishing *tacenda* of any kind. There are things which are not disgraceful to a man to have done or written, but of which the publication is obviously unfair to him, which any biographer may suppress."

This opinion does not help us much, for the question is what things are *tacenda*. Some interpret the word with considerable freedom. When Cardinal Manning was asked his opinion of a famous biography in which a son had disclosed, with too absolute frankness, his father's innermost thoughts and feelings, the Cardinal replied, "I think that —— has committed the sin of Ham." (G. W. E. Russell: *Collections and Recollections*). It is worth observing that Mr. Russell has here reported a casual conversation not meant for publication: an instance of a liberty which will be discussed later.

That in innumerable instances the biographer has transgressed the unwritten law as to the publication of private matters cannot be denied. Yet unless he had done so many of our best biographies would never have been written. There seems no solution of the dilemma: either an incomplete portrait must be given, or the biographer must record facts which violate the sanctities of private life.

> "Proclaim the faults they would not show!
> Break lock and seal, betray the trust:
> Keep nothing sacred . . . "

The ideal biographer must possess many qualifications not often combined in one person. Of these the first in importance is veracity: his book must be a record of fact, "and not the work of imagination, as biographical writings so frequently are," as Goldsmith asserts in his *Life of Beau Nash*. Amongst such works of imagination can be included Lamb's *Memoir of Liston*, which he acknowledged was pure invention. (See *The Literary Hoax*, p. 148.)

The biographer should be a man of wide sympathies. Lord Morley protested against the inability of biographers, notoriously Macaulay, "to conceive of conduct except as either right or wrong." A biographer should write from an

impersonal standpoint, though no doubt some of the best biographies transgress this rule. Moreover, he must have certain qualifications which many would count as defects. He must be unscrupulous in the collection of his material if he wishes to give a full and true picture of his subject. The typical instance is, of course, that of Boswell. Mrs. Piozzi tells us how he would sit at a desk and scribble in his note-book to ensure his not forgetting the conversation; how he would leave his seat at the dinner-table to make notes. Macaulay somewhat severely describes him as "An unsafe companion who never scrupled to repay the most liberal hospitality by the basest violation of confidence, etc." and because he was all this he became "the first of biographers."

The notorious Greville *Memoirs* afford another instance of valuable social and political anecdote related with unscrupulous freedom. Lord Winchelsea said of the book, "It is as if Judas Iscariot wrote the private lives of the Apostles." (*Reminiscences of Lady Dorothy Neville*, p. 168.) Queen Victoria was "horrified and indignant at this dreadful and scandalous book"; she censured severely Greville's betrayal of confidence and shameful disloyalty towards herself. Lord Beaconsfield quite agreed: he calls the book "a social outrage," "his cheek burns with shame." (*Life of Lord Beaconsfield.*) Lord Rosslyn wrote of the diarist,

> "For fifty years he listened at the door,
> And heard some secrets, but invented more;
> These he wrote down, and statesmen, Queens and Kings,
> Were all degraded into common things."
>
> (*Fifty Years of London Society*).

Another diarist, but not one so addicted to scandal, Mr. N. W. Senior, used to keep notes of the conversations of distinguished men, Charles Austin, Lord Overstone, Lord Lansdowne, and others, which were afterwards published: of course no opportunity was given to his victims to correct his revelations. (Mr. C. M. Simpson: *Many Memoirs of Many People.*) Some of these conversations run to six pages. Though it is true that in private talk a man often reveals his real self, on the other hand he often talks for effect, defends views he does not really uphold, blurts out opinions he has never properly considered: as Johnson

talked for victory and not truth. No wonder that Canon Farrar said that he "was often astonished at the freedom with which great men talk in society. They say things which if caught up and repeated would do no end of mischief." (*The Notebook of a Spinster Lady*, p. 95.) Yet this lady does the same thing: carrying on an unworthy tradition.

Wordsworth strongly protested against a clergyman's statement in a lecture that he had called Jeffrey a puppy: a casual remark dropped in conversation at his own fireside. (*Notes and Queries*, 22nd May, 1869.) Sydney Smith relates how "Another time Prince P—— M—— published my conversations; so when I next met him I inquired whether this was to be a printed or manuscript one, as I should talk accordingly. He did his best to blush." (*Memoir, etc., of Rev. Sydney Smith.*)

Protests against this habit of reporting private talk are numerous but ineffective. Mr. E. V. Lucas, in *Loiterer's Lure*, asks whether it is justifiable to keep a diary like Silver and note all he could remember of the dinners at the *Punch* table;—*e.g.*, that Thackeray said his mother-in-law gave him claret at 6 sous the bottle, and drank his wine at 7 shillings a bottle.

To such a question there can be but one answer, though the result would be the loss of many an interesting anecdote which would throw a light on the character of the individual in question. I may refer as an instance to the remark of Tennyson to a friend (who printed it) that "*In Memoriam* is more optimistic than I am." As Mr. Zangwill points out (*Without Prejudice*, p. 18), "There is more of the real man in that remark than in all the biographies." But if it is asked whether it was legitimate to publish a private conversation few would answer in the affirmative: otherwise, all freedom of intercourse must be destroyed.

It is true that unauthorised reports of the private conversation of a living man are comparatively rare: the diarist or writer of reminiscences generally waits till his victim is dead and is unable to deny the accuracy of the account. Yet a man might claim that if his unguarded utterances are to be made public, he would prefer that the revelation should be made whilst he is alive. The late Mr. Wilfred S. Blunt is a striking example of how some writers have no compunction

in reporting the most important private conversations with celebrities during their lifetime. In *My Diaries*, 1900–14 the unguarded and confidential talk of such men as Mr. George Wyndham and Mr. Winston Churchill is recorded fully; till even the reader feels as if he were guilty of eavesdropping.

A writer in the *Illustrated London News*, 2nd October, 1920, on *Publicity and Privacy* seems to imply that this licence is of recent origin, which we have seen is a mistake. "To-day the sanctity of the diners-out conversation is no longer respected. . . . The lady you take in is also taking you in: she is gently beguiling you to talk about yourself—not in order to make your dinner delightful, but in the certain hope of adding yet another highly personal page to her forthcoming Diary. If you should die before the book is big enough to put on the market, she will put into your mouth extraordinary political opinions you never dreamed of holding in your lifetime, and it will be in vain for your children to write to the paper which publishes the Diary as a serial shocker, to point out that you were utterly incapable of talking such idiotic nonsense."

Men of letters who visited Swinburne at Putney have related the talk which went on: *A Visit to the Pines* has been a frequent title to an article. Tennyson's table-talk is common property. Mr. Wedmore, in his *Memoirs*, mentions having met the poet, who spoke of his hesitation in publishing *The Revenge* and his reasons, earnestly begging that the matter might remain a secret. His request was not acceded to.

A further protest may be made in respect of those guests who narrate matters to the publication of which their hosts would object. Mr. Mallock in his *Memoirs* (p. 62) relates how Augustus Hare published a book in which he commented freely on the hosts of houses in which he had been a guest. Of Castle C—— he wrote, "Except dear Lady —— I never could stand the C——s." He wrote of some other hosts as "refreshingly stupid." Mr. Mallock is himself an offender of a similar sort: *e.g.* in his anecdote of Ouida (p. 191).

There seems no justification for printing such details. We do not want to be told of the manners or want of manners of people of no importance. Even when they are cel-

ebrities, why should the public be enlightened as to the details of their home life? Who wants to know that Mr. George Moore saw a certain dramatist "pouring his tea into a saucer, balancing it on three fingers like an old woman in the country?" Why write books such as *The Home Life of Swinburne*, from which we learn that his boots were made of calf and the size was eight and a half, with numerous other details of a similar kind?

In this connection reference must again be made to two writers already mentioned. The lively authoress of *The Notebook of a Spinster Lady* (1919) gossips inexcusably. She tells us that her hosts at Stanmore Park, whose names she gives, could not manage the letter "h." "My 'usband will be so 'appy to see you," she quotes (p. 12). The other criminal previou ly referred to is Mr. Wilfred S. Blunt, who in *My Diaries* tells how he met B—— (a well-known living author whose name he gives) who "swore off liquor during Holy Week but meant to break out again after the next day's Communion." The increasing stream of *Memories* and *Reminiscences* is largely built up of anecdotes and conversations of the most private and trivial kind. The mischief is that they are often used as material for biography, whilst they have only the authority of the author, who often goes by hearsay, and makes gross blunders. In proof, it is sufficient to record that when Lady Cardigan's notorious book of recollections appeared, the surviving relatives of Lady Ailesbury wrote indignant denials of the slanderous statements regarding her. Nor was this the only protes tagainst the glaring inaccuracies of the book, (*Fifty years of London Society*, p. 237), whilst the Spinster Lady makes mistakes which her editor corrects; and sometimes she herself corrects at a later date what she had written earlier. Lady Oxford's reminiscences aroused a like protest, and in some instances errors had to be corrected in a second edition. Had none been called for, the error would have remained on record permanently. A more recent volume, *Uncensored Recollections*, has been similarly animadverted on as frequently inaccurate. (See Appendix E (I).)

There is no sign that the licence of the biographer is likely to diminish. One of the largest and most important of recent works is the *Life of Lord Beaconsfield*, in the later

volumes of which there are indiscretions of a somewhat surprising nature: his relations with the Queen, and his *obiter dicta* on his contemporaries, for example. Everyone knows of his antipathy to Gladstone, but it is startling to read that Lord Beaconsfield thought him quite mad, a Tartuffe, a vindictive fiend, and so on. The only defence for raking up such abuse of a rival is that it certainly throws a light on the character of Lord Beaconsfield himself, though not of a sort to which one would have thought a biographer would care to call attention.

I cannot find that any question arose in the eighteenth or early nineteenth centuries regarding the right of any author to write a biography. It certainly was noted in 1834 that G. Allen's *Life of Scott* just published was "unauthorised," but that evidently only meant that it should not be relied on. "The birds of prey are already at work," wrote Southey in 1833, referring to the magazine articles on Scott which were then appearing. But as already mentioned (p. 269) Bishop Phillpots obtained an injunction forbidding the publication of his life, and so late as 1863 Browning, as we noticed earlier in this chapter, took it for granted that he could prevent a life of his wife being published. I imagine that the law has been altered, as no one now hesitates to write a life of any notable person, living or dead. Moreover, the law seems to have been changed regarding the publication of libels on deceased persons. Byron's *Vision of Judgment*, which contained an unflattering portrait of George III, was pronounced a libel in 1824 in the Court of King's Bench. Now, no action will lie in respect of a libel on a dead man. In a case a few years ago, the judge held that the dead "have no rights and suffer no wrongs," a doctrine which renders helpless those who are smarting under the injustice of a mendacious and vindictive report of the public and private life of a dead relative. In the case in question, the writer accused the dead man of embezzlement and other crimes, and made the most atrocious charges against his character. The injustice of the present state of the law is discussed in *The Observer*, 28th November, 1920, by the paper's legal correspondent, who makes suggestions for remedying the present unsatisfactory enactments.

PRIVATE LETTERS

I have not yet alluded to this important item in most biographies, which invades the privacy which most men claim. Some early biographers at least were scrupulous in their notions of the legitimacy of making use of them. I quote from Professor Walter Raleigh's *Six Essays* (p. 105). "Sprat in his *Life of Cowley* (1667) confesses that he had a large collection of Cowley's letters to his private friends, in which were expressed 'the native tenderness and Innocent gayety of his Mind.' But 'nothing of this nature,' says Sprat, 'should be published. . . . In such letters the Souls of Men should appear undress'd: And in that negligent habit, they may be fit to be seen by one or two in a Chamber, but not to go abroad in the Streets." Professor Raleigh laments the loss of the correspondence of "perhaps the best letter-writer of his century and country," and although we may agree with Dr. Sprat's sentiments we can but echo Professor Raleigh's regret. Fortunately, the Doctor was an exception, and sincerely as we may blame the unscrupulous biographer, we are glad to profit by his indiscretion, though the victim of the day would have writhed. Dr. Arbuthnot said that Curll, the unscrupulous publisher of letters, had "added a new terror to death," a *mot* which after more than a century and a half Lord Westbury purloined. In the eighteenth century, the lack of an efficient copyright law enabled publishers to do what they liked with correspondence however obtained. Dr. Johnson, in consequence, asserted that he put as little as he could in his letters from the fear that they would some day be published. (*Life*, Chapter 73.) Wordsworth did the same. (Moore's *Diary*.)

No compunction need be felt by the reader of such letters as those of Pope or Horace Walpole. Pope himself intrigued to get his correspondence published, and Walpole indicates that he contemplated that some day he would have a wider public than the friends to whom he wrote. On the other hand, many of the most delightful letters we possess were written for the perusal of one person only, and owe their charm to that fact. Amongst such letters are those of Cowper, Lamb, FitzGerald, Mrs. Carlyle and Thackeray, to name but a few.

That keen critic and accomplished writer, Professor George Saintsbury, discusses the whole question in the preface to his *A Letter Book*, taking as his principal texts the Letters of Keats to Fanny Brawne, which Buxton Forman published, and those of Mrs. Carlyle which Froude gave to the world. He condemns the editors in both cases. He points out that they were never *prepared* for publication, that they were unrevised. "It is, therefore, to the last degree unfair to plump letters on the market unselected and uncastigated. . . . Nothing must be put in—that is clear; but as to what may or should be left out, 'there's the rub.' Perhaps the best criterion, though it may be admitted to be not very easy of application, is 'Would the author in publishing have left it out or not?' . . . That it should invariably exclude mere trivialities, faults of taste, slovenliness of expression, etc., is at least the opinion of the present writer."

But this seems to give the editor too wide a discretion. If the object is to show the writer truly, faults of taste are an outcome of his character, which is falsified if his taste is made to appear invariably perfect. Besides, taste is a matter of opinion, and in excluding expressions of vivacity pardonable in a private letter, there is the danger of taking out the "salt."

Prof. Saintsbury asserts that "the susceptibilities of living persons must be considered," though he acknowledges that this results in "a most wide-ranging cramp and brake upon publication." He might also have pointed out that to publish the letters of living persons might lead to an action for infringement of copyright or for libel. The upshot is that on the principles laid down recent letters, even if their publication is authorised, can only be given to the public with the interesting portions expurgated or omitted. Thus Mr. Herbert Paul in *Men and Letters* speaks of the "severe process of excision and retrenchment to which these (the letters of Matthew Arnold) have been exposed," whilst Prof. Saintsbury says, "It is pretty certain that Mr. Swinburne's letters . . . must have needed much more excision and retrenchment than Mr. Arnold's." Mr. Cyril Scott states that he was told by Mrs. "Bob" Stevenson that most of R. L. Stevenson's letters had to be expurgated before they were published. (*My Years of Indiscretion.*)

That such cases as that of Keats are to be regretted would be generally acknowledged. Mr. R. H. Hutton voices the opinion of most readers when he writes, "In proportion to our admiration for a man of genius, should be our wish to consult his wishes as to the disposal of his private concerns. And what can be a more private concern than the fate of letters meant only for one person's eyes, and more or less liable to appear unseemly, eccentric, wanting in reticence, if brought under the eyes of anyone else? Even the truest admirers of Keats will read these letters with a sense that they are prying into what he would have kept from them if he could." (*Brief Literary Criticisms*, p. 89.) (See *Appendix* E II.)

No wonder that Dickens made a bonfire of all the letters received by him; the late W. H. Hudson imitated his example, and sacrificed 3,000 letters from men of note.* George Eliot pursued the same course. (*George Eliot*, by Miss E. S. Haldane.) When Sir Sidney Colvin retired from the British Museum, he burnt hundreds of letters from authors, "which he regarded as too personal ever to be read by the public."† E. G. FitzGerald destroyed all Carlyle's letters to him except those relating to the Naseby monument, and also those of Thackeray and Tennyson, lest "private personal history should fall into unscrupulous hands." The editor (W. A. Wright) of FitzGerald's own letters was either careless or less scrupulous. In one of them there appeared a (doubtless) thoughtless allusion to Mrs. Browning (then recently dead) which caused acute suffering to Browning. But FitzGerald was perfectly justified in making the remark in a private letter, and the only person to be blamed is the man who published it whilst Browning was alive.

Fanny Kemble resented the publication in Mrs. Carlyle's letters of an account of a visit which Miss Kemble paid to her; whilst Ouida makes a passionate protest against the publication of private correspondence in her *Critical Studies*.

It would be intolerable if a man (or woman) might not freely unburden himself to his wife or friend without the fear that some day his inmost thoughts might be public property. Yet who would willingly destroy a letter from a

* Morley Roberts: *W. H. Hudson.*
† W. T. Spencer: *Forty Years in my Bookshop.*

friend which revealed him beyond previous knowledge and might mark an era in the receiver's life?

There is a danger seldom thought of in publishing an intimate letter; it may give an absolutely incorrect idea of the writer's real opinion. Let me give an instance. A man writes to his brother, "I have just read *Othello* again; absolute piffle." No one but the receiver of the letter knows that the writer is referring to a family joke; the mistake of a small boy who somehow thought that "piffle" was a term of approval. It must often happen that allusions in intimate correspondence are only understood by the recipient, and are entirely misleading when read by a stranger.

The legal aspect of the publication of letters may be briefly alluded to. At present the copyright is vested in the writer or his executors, so no publication can be made unless with consent. *The Author* in 1920 drew attention, however, to a peculiar situation which is worth attention. "There is one most unfortunate incident dealing with the letters of living authors from which no man of mark can escape, from which no copyright law protects him. We quote a possible example. A Prime Minister may—no doubt does—write many private letters to his friends. One of his best friends—perhaps with no near relations—dies, and leaves his property to a nephew or niece, or distant cousin. Among the papers is a bundle of most important private letters from our friend the Prime Minister. The distant relative is bound by no ties of sentiment, but is inconveniently pressed for money. Promptly all the private letters are put up for public auction. All the intimate correspondence which the deceased has received is laid before the public in the auction rooms, and the secrets of the Cabinet, private gossip and scandal are laid bare, while the writers of the letters are still alive.

"The owner of the property is not exceeding his legal rights. He is not making a technical publication: he is not infringing copyright. But he is making it exceedingly unpleasant for a number of people, who, although they have written nothing to be ashamed of, may have written many things which were never meant for the public eye or ear.

"We draw attention to the point as we are aware of one case in which the writer of the letters had to buy back his own correspondence."

Apparently it is not generally known that it is illegal to publish letters during the term of copyright without authority, for when a celebrity dies we at once see in the papers applications for his letters with a view to their publication; with no intimation that the necessary permission has been obtained.

AUTOBIOGRAPHY

The man who writes his own biography is beset by temptations from which the writer of the life of another man is free. He cannot help having a bias in his own favour, and though he may set out with a resolve to tell the whole truth, unconsciously he suppresses what he does not want known. He may be conscientious enough to relate his lapses from virtue, even his crimes; but he is not likely to relate circumstances which show him as a failure, as ridiculous, or as mean or sordid. It is also almost impossible for him to judge impartially of those who have been his enemies, or to whom he has a natural antipathy.

Moreover, the reader cannot but be conscious of the fact that after all a man only tells as much of himself as he wishes the world to know. We can never tell how much he keeps back. In this respect, we are in much the same position as in the case of an ordinary biography; the last word can only be spoken by the man himself, and he may not choose to speak it.

The autobiographer has this advantage, however: he can reveal his thoughts on the best authority, his own. If he chooses to play the part of his own advocate he can place in a favourable light portions of his career which if related by another would seem dubious. He alone is acquainted with all the circumstances, he alone can give full value to the motives which prompted him. Yet if he does so the reader will inevitably discount his statements as inspired by the natural desire to make out the best case he can for himself.

Unless a man keeps a full diary, it is difficult to recall with accuracy not only events but the thoughts and sentiments they inspired at the time; otherwise, in relating them the writer is bound to colour his narrative by the reflections of later years, or by subsequent knowledge. Autobiographies are not, as a rule, written till near the close of the writer's

life, and many men change so completely their outlook on the world, their mental and moral standpoint, that they are out of sympathy with their early aspirations and beliefs. Thus they are less likely to do themselves justice than a stranger would be.

The early autobiographers made no attempt to suppress their individualities, and their prejudices are patent to their readers. Cellini, for example, reveals himself to an extent greater than he expected, and does not leave the impression he evidently intended. He desired his narrative to be taken as truth, but unconsciously he shows that he would not hesitate to modify facts, in order to pose as the hero of the occasion. Casanova, again, shows that truth was certainly not his first object, and although he has no compunction in relating actions which do not redound to his credit from our point of view, he is careful to omit those of which he was not proud: he gives no account of the reasons for his imprisonments or explains why he was expelled the country on several occasions.

Rousseau was perhaps the first who deliberately set out to write a true autobiography. He writes in Book I of the *Confessions*, "*Je forme une entreprise qui n'eut jamais d'example, et dont l'exécution n'aura point d'imitateur. Je veux montrer à mes semblables un homme dans toute la vérité de la nature; et cet homme sera moi.*" He asserts that he will depict himself as he was, sometimes despicable, sometimes sublime: he will describe the good and evil with the same frankness.

In our own day, the most notorious imitator of Rousseau was Marie Bashkirtseff. She asserts that her diary shall afford a description of her life "without any attempt at posing; as if no one in the world would ever read it, yet written with the intention of being read." Yet it is difficult to read her book without being convinced that her life was one long pose: in fact to write privately and for the public at the same time is an impossible task. "I tell all, yes, all!" she exclaims. But that again is impossible. Certain reticences are not to be surmounted, even by the most determined autobiographer. Still, the book is a strangely interesting revelation of an exceptional personality, and it is worth any number of decorous conventional "lives."

It can scarcely be hoped that the modern taste for intimate personal details will lessen, and the demand creates the supply. To such an extent does the rage exist that no one, however obscure, can be sure that he is safe. For example, the interest in the Brontës is so acute that recent investigators have raked up particulars about their obscurer relations; and people who would otherwise remain unknown to fame are dragged into the light because of their connection, however slight, with the celebrated sisters.

However natural is the interest which is felt in the personality of a favourite author, it must be acknowledged that the extent to which it is indulged should be curbed. This is one of those frequent cases in which a line should be drawn somewhere, but where, is difficult to say. It is a matter of taste on which it is impossible to lay down any rule. In case of doubt, to omit is the best criterion one can suggest.

Note : (*see page* 272.) In the edition of Forster's *Life* of 1928, (J. W T. Ley), details are given of the quarrel in question.

CHAPTER XXVI

Criticism and Controversy

EVEN to indicate the landmarks in the history of criticism is beyond the object of this examination: the question whether a literary criticism is good or bad is a matter of intellect and not of morals. The spirit which dictates the critique is, however, within our range, as is also the manner in which it is expressed. Moreover, as criticism often takes the form of controversy, I have to some extent combined the two subjects, and will in the first place devote a few lines to the latter.

It is unnecessary to do more than mention that medieval and Reformation religious controversy was noted for its virulence and coarseness. When a man is ready to burn his opponent alive he is not likely to mince his words in abusing him. I have already quoted one very mild specimen from the controversy regarding the Scriptures between Dr. Fulke and Gregory Martin. (See *Editors*, p. 205). "He that hath any nose may smell that this censure cometh from the stinking puddle of Popish malice." And Martin retorted in kind.

It is out of the question to give examples to show the depth to which scholars of standing would descend in insulting an adversary: they did not hesitate to resort to filth of the foulest kind. To read certain pamphlets is like raking over a dunghill.

Manners were not much milder in the Elizabethan age. Dr. John Harvey, in *Verses to Robt. Greene inviting him to the Grave*, writes, "Vermine to vermine must repair at last." Nash and Harvey wrote such outrageous pamphlets against each other that the Archbishop of Canterbury ordered the destruction of their books, and forbade them either to reprint or to continue the controversy. They indulged in the coarsest personalities. Nash thus describes Harvey: "He was of a dust, swarthe, choleric dye, like restie bacon or a dried scate fish." This is one of the less

gross bits. Such epithets as dunce, idiot, asse, etc., are too common to note.

Salmasius, in his controversy with Milton, reproached him with his diminutive size and other personal defects: ending with applying to him Virgil's *Monstrum, horrendum, informe, ingens*, etc. He rejoices that his adversary is blind, and hints that he is a man of abominable morals.

Even in the quarrel between Dr. Wallis and Hobbes in 1665 and onwards on mathematics, we find Wallis writing of Hobbes as "a person extremely passionate and peevish, and wholly impatient of contradiction," to which Hobbes replies, "All you have said is error and railing, that is *stinking wind*, such as a jade lets fly when he is too hard girt upon a full belly."

To Adrian Baillet, a learned librarian of the seventeenth century, belongs the credit of proposing the introduction of a milder method of controversy; but he had small thanks for it. Bayle abused him for his suggestion as being prejudicial to that freedom which should exist in the republic of letters. Nor did his opponents follow his example and cease to employ objectionable epithets: when in 1690 he published his *Auteurs Déguisés*, one of his critics wrote an epigram ending *Asinus in Parnassus*. (W. P. Courtney, *Secrets of our National Literature*.)

When Dryden published his *Absolom and Achitophel* (1681), he claimed in his preface that he had let his opponents off lightly: "rebating the satire . . . from carrying too sharp an edge. They, who can criticise so weakly as to imagine I have done my worst, may be convinced, at their own cost, that I can write severely, with more ease, than I can gently." Yet in Part II there is an attack on Shadwell under the name of Og which describes him in terms to which "gentle" scarcely applies:

> "A monstrous mass of foul corrupted matter,
> As all the devils had spew'd to make the batter," etc.

But as Part II was not published till a year after his preface, it may be that he wanted to show Shadwell, now his avowed enemy, that he could "write severely" as he had threatened.

The eighteenth century carried on the old bad tradition. Judging from the literature of the period, there appears to

have existed a class of writers who from pure malice attacked their fellow-writers, libelled them, mocked at their bodily infirmities, and did not spare even their relatives. Dennis and his like attacked Pope with venomous ardour, and Pope was finally moved to retort in kind. *The Dunciad* is full of personal abuse, some of it of a very low kind. (See Book II.) In early editions the names were either left out or indicated by initials; later ones had the names in full.

Pope's satire did not confine itself to his literary foes: nothing more bitingly severe can be imagined than his description of Lord Harvey (Sporus) in the *Epistle to Dr. Arbuthnot.*

> "Yet let me flap this bug with painted wings,
> This painted child of dirt, that stinks and stings."

Notwithstanding, Swift wrote of Pope:

> "Yet malice never was his aim;
> He lashed the vice, but spared the name——"

Just as at an earlier date Cartwright wrote similarly of Ben Jonson:

> ". . . 'tis my skill
> To strike the vice, but spare the person still."

Pope himself declared respecting the characters in one of his last satires that no real persons were intended, but he could scarcely have expected that such a declaration would be taken seriously.

To come to specifically literary criticism in contrast to merely personal abuse, we find that until comparatively recent years the main function of a critic was to find fault. To pose as a judge gives a pleasurable sensation of superiority, with the natural result of erring on the side of severity. In early times both Greek and Latin authors not only had reason to complain of the abuse of their works, but also of the extension of the criticism to their private lives. "O that mine enemy would write a book!" must have been the aspiration of many a man who wished to avenge himself; and when his aspiration was fulfilled he gave no quarter to his foe.

With the revival of learning at the Renaissance, came naturally a revival of criticism: the chief function of which

seemed to be the formulating rules for the several departments of literature, and pointing out departures from them. The age of Academies was fertile in this special function, and a work was praised or condemned according to its agreement with, or departure from, the recognised ideal. The result was to curb genius and encourage a formal, restricted manner, which had a bad effect on literature. For instance, the insistence on the "unities" in the drama led to an artificial mode which for long hampered the development of the French theatre, and prejudiced hopelessly the French judgment of the less regular English plays. Whether we are not now suffering from too great freedom, and are likely to lose all sense of form in drama and poetry, is a question which each will decide for himself according to his predilection.

Even literary discussion in the eighteenth century was too often mingled with personal insult; and malice too often inspired the severe judgments of literary work. Under *Ballads* (Chapter III), I have incidentally given a specimen of the personalities indulged in even in the later part of the century. Yet the tone of literary controversy showed an improvement which, if slight, was decided: writers no longer indulged in the filth of the previous century. The religious controversies of the period, though not wanting in animation, were mild in comparison with those of preceding centuries; as was to be expected as religious animosities subsided, and the general tone of society was ameliorated. Yet in literary controversies it seemed difficult to certain writers to avoid abuse which could only irritate the subject of their criticism instead of leading him to see and amend his faults. Dr. Kenrick of *The London Review*, for example, took a malignant delight in condemning publications without regard to their merit. He sneered at Goldsmith's *Traveller* and *Deserted Village*; he attacked Johnson, Akenside and others. He freely confessed his pleasure in venomous abuse: apropos of a remark that he was addicted to brandy he writes of himself,

"He sips *aqua vitæ* and spits *aqua fortis*."

It is some consolation to know that the gentle Goldsmith caned him.

Of course it would be easy to quote numerous instances of fulsome praise lavished on certain writers of the period,

but in comparatively few instances would it be found that the praise took the form of detailed criticism. That was almost confined to pointing out the faults of the work under notice. Dr. Johnson, the arbiter of the day, posed as a judge rather than interpreter; and in the spirit of a pedagogue pointed out where rules were transgressed. That he should let his personal prejudices influence his judgment was only to be expected from him; but on the other hand it is pleasant to find that his sentences, however severe, were expressed without malice, if not with courtesy.

At the end of the eighteenth and beginning of the nineteenth century, the multiplication of Reviews and Magazines devoted largely to literary criticism is remarkable. The point of view of the critic did not, however, change to any great extent. The unfairness and ineptitude of the typical review were amusingly satirised by Bishop Coplestone in his *Advice to a Young Reviewer* (1807). Truth, he explains, but hampers the critic: "When we mount into the sphere of public utility, we must adopt more enlarged principles, and not suffer ourselves to be cramped and fettered by petty notions of right and moral duty." As mentor of the young reviewer he points out that his first principle must be to "write what will sell". He will find that abuse will sell better than praise; moreover, it is easier to write. To make the author ridiculous will always be popular, and so forth. The correspondence of the writers of the period show clearly that the Bishop's satire was warranted.

The most prominent of the literary magazines of the early part of the nineteenth century were *The Edinburgh* and *Quarterly Review*, and *Blackwood's Magazine*. Their contributors were drawn from the ablest writers of the day, and the tone of their remarks shows how little consideration they showed for the feelings of the authors on whom they sat in judgment. When Keats published *Endymion*, there appeared an article in *Blackwood*, probably by Lockhart, advising the author to go "Back to the shop, Mr. John, stick to plasters, pills, etc." The reviewer in *The Quarterly* (probably Croker)* professed to have been unable to read beyond the first Canto, or to make head or tail of that. His article called forth Shelley's passionate indignation in the

* Smiles: *A Publisher and his Friends.*

Preface to *Adonais:* "Nor shall it be your excuse that, murderer as you are, you have spoken daggers but used none." Even if Shelley was mistaken as to the effect on Keats of the attack, his protest was badly needed.

Murray owned *The Quarterly*, which had not a clean sheet as regards personalities, though he objected to their introduction. In 1818, he had bought a half share in *Blackwood* for £1,000, and frequently complained of the personalities in that vitriolic magazine.* They continued in spite of Murray, who therefore retired from the magazine, Prof. Wilson writing a valedictory article giving a false reason for the split.

In view of this, it reads comically that Blackwood (the publisher) refused to sell *Don Juan* because it contained personalities which he regarded as objectionable. (*Publisher and his Friends.*)

It would be difficult to award the palm for abuse amongst the critics of the day; I should be inclined to confer it on Christopher North (Professor Wilson) of "Maga." Of Macaulay's essay on Southey's *Colloquies of Society* he wrote, "stuff and nonsense"—"malignant trash"—"impertinent puppy," etc. (Macaulay's *Life and Letters.*) On Tennyson's early poems he could find no better comment than "That is drivel—more dismal drivel." When the *Westminster Review* criticised the volume favourably, Wilson wrote: "This is a perfect specimen of the super-hyperbolical, ultra extravagance of outrageous cockney eulogistic foolishness . . . the purest matter of moonshine every mouthed by an idiot-lunatic, slavering in the palsied dotage of the extremest superannuation ever inflicted on a being . . . long ago, perhaps, in some slight respects and low degrees human, but now sensibly and audibly reduced below the level of the Pongos." (Walter Hamilton: *The Poets Laureate.*)

These early poems of Tennyson had more than their meed of depreciation. Lord Lytton poked fun at them in *The New Timon:*

> "Let schoolmiss Alfred vent her chaste delight
> On darling little rooms so warm and light'," etc.

* Hazlitt was described as "a mere ulcer; a sore from head to foot; a poor devil so completely flayed that there is not a square half-inch of healthy flesh on his carcase; an over-grown pimple, sore to the touch, etc." Hazlitt threatened an action, but was bought off.

Tennyson, under this provocation, forgot that personal abuse is not an allowable weapon in controversy. He replied in *Punch* (February, 1846):

> "I *thought* we knew him—What, it's you,
> The padded man—who wears the stays . . . "
> "A lion, you, who made a noise,
> And shook a mane *en papillotes*."

Such personalities would now recoil on the writer who resorted to them: in fact it is doubtful whether they would find an editor to insert them. It is a curious anomaly that whilst a caricaturist is allowed full liberty to make his subject look ridiculous, it is not considered the thing in journalism to comment on personal peculiarities. When, however, we read in *The Daily News* that amongst the reasons for widening Fleet Street is that one of their contributors constantly uses it, we have no difficulty in identifying the contributor referred to with the author of the remark.

Satire is a branch of literature to which I need only make a brief reference, as its characteristics are similar to those of our immediate subject. Its former licence to avail itself of personal peculiarities still continues, though the amelioration of manners has wrought a change of tone. The virulence and coarseness of former days has given place to a comparatively mild if equally pungent treatment. It is impossible to draw a hard and fast line regarding the legitimacy of personal allusions. A public man is in the public eye, and a description of his appearance on a public platform is perhaps allowable. It seems inconsistent to confine the satirist or journalist to generalities when the caricaturist is allowed unrestricted liberty. But in judging a man's work the element of personal abuse should be strictly eliminated.

There is no doubt that a good deal of the licence which reviewers allowed themselves was the result of the practice of the reviews and magazines of concealing the authorship of their articles. As the advantages and disadvantages of anonymous writing have been already discussed (pp. 197, etc.), I need not repeat what has already been said.

In few branches of literature can we point to so gratifying a change of attitude as in that of literary criticism. The new one is excellently described in Matthew Arnold's defini-

tion: "a disinterested endeavour to learn and propagate the best that is known and thought in the world." We are miles away from the time when Bishop Coplestone's *Advice to a Young Reviewer* was needed: instead of trying to make an author ridiculous, or crush him by personal insult, the critic of to-day (I write of the better class) endeavours to understand him, to put himself in the place of the writer and explain him. Sympathy has taken the place of antipathy as the most important attribute of the writer who wishes to judge the value of another's work.

Yet a critic may reply that it is impossible for him to dissociate the writer from the man; and that especially in discussing the work of a dead author whose life has been written in detail, the character and the work must be judged together. In answer, it may be pointed out that the history of literature shows that a vicious man may have moments of insight, and write effectively and sincerely of the beauty of virtue without being a hypocrite. At the same time, it must be acknowledged that to eliminate personal prejudice in criticism is almost impossible, however desirable. After all, a criticism must partake of the critic's personality, and indeed would be of little value unless it did. It is for the reader to discount the drawbacks due to the temperament of the critic, and to form his own judgment with due allowance for personal prejudices.

A critic may be prejudiced in favour of a writer as well as in disfavour. In the former case, he must beware lest he fall into the category of the "log-rollers": a term used to describe the man who praises another man's work with the implied understanding that the process shall be mutual. We hear little about them nowadays, but in the "'eighties" accusations of such proceedings were not uncommon. Andrew Lang denied that there could be more than "three men in England so mean as to praise a book for the purpose of being praised in turn themselves. On the other hand, it is perfectly true, and long may it be so, that men of similar literary tastes and knowledge will . . . praise each other's work when they think it deserves praise." This seems to be the natural answer to most of the protests then raised against the members of a supposititious Mutual Admiration Society.

Mr. Walsh quotes some lines from Dryden which show that log-rolling is old in fact, though the term is modern. They are from the address prefixed to Nat Lee's *The Rival Queens.*

> " The blast of common censure could I fear,
> Before your play my name should not appear;
> For, twill be thought, and with some colour, too,
> I pay the bribe I first received from you:
> That mutual vouchers for our fame we stand,
> To play the game into each other's hand: etc.

The dramatic critic on the daily press, on whose verdict so much depends, has difficulties to contend against peculiar to his calling. His judgment must be pronounced at once, and from one impression only: it is written in haste without opportunity of revision. Moreover, the acting may obscure the author's intention, yet the play has to be judged as represented.

It would seem a reasonable proposition that only the practitioners of an art are capable of judging it. Whistler in his *Ten O'Clock* lecture ridiculed Ruskin for professing to teach others to do what he could not do himself. As a matter of fact, those engaged in the practice of an art are frequently bad critics. Not to risk offending by mentioning modern instances, Dr. Johnson's literary judgments were often hopelessly wrong, as when he states of *Lycidas* "The diction is harsh, the rhymes uncertain, and the numbers unpleasing. . . . Its form is that of a pastoral; easy, vulgar and therefore disgusting, etc." Addison omitted Shakespeare from his *Account of the Greatest English Poets.* Wordsworth called "Scots wha hae wi, Wallace bled," "Trash! stuff! miserable inanity! without a thought, without an image." Such instances might be multiplied indefinitely. In confirmation of the theory, we find the same thing in painting: Reynolds filled his house with worthless daubs which he maintained were Raphaels and Michael Angelos. We find that some of the best critics of pictures never painted one: Morelli, Pater and Berenson for example; so in the field of the drama some accomplised critics have never written a play. An outstanding modern instance was that of Mr. Walkley of *The Times.*

That dramatists should act as critics called forth a protest from Dryden in the Prologue to *The Rival Ladies.*

The speaker, referring to the self-constituted judges in the pit, replied to the question:

> "Whom then would he except, and on what score?—
> All who (like him) have writ ill plays before.
> For they, like thieves condemned, are hangmen made,
> To execute the members of their trade."

Congreve made a similar complaint about the poets of his day (*Epilogue to The Way of the World*):

> "In shoals, I've marked them judging in the pit,
> Though they're on no pretence for judgment fit,
> But that they have been damned for want of wit."

Dryden calls attention to another failing of critics in The Prologue to *Tyrannic Love*:

> "And malice, in all critics, reigns so high,
> That for small errors, they whole plays decry."

He hopes that:

> "You equal judges of the whole will be:
> They judge but half, who only faults will see."

In drama, as in other literary forms, it was too frequently the case that the critic assumed the attitude of the schoolmaster.

Whilst freely acknowledging the great improvement in contemporary as compared with former literary criticism, it must be confessed that even now it is far from perfect. Constant complaints—often justified, appear in *The Author* and other literary journals of inept and misleading notices of books. A delightful satire of the casual methods of the provincial papers is to be found in the preface to Lowell's famous *Biglow Papers*, where he gives supposititious notices of his book. "A volume which no library, pretending to entire completeness, should fail to place upon its shelves. . . . A collection of the merest balderdash and doggerel. . . . The work is wretchedly got up. . . . This work will form an appropriate ornament to the centre-table. It is beautifully printed, on paper of an excellent quality. . . . A dash of humour or satire might be thrown in with advantage," and so forth.

No one now imagines that anything but ignorance or carelessness prompts similar effusions in some reviews. The enormous output of new works makes it impossible to deal adequately with all, and there is occasionally still reason for the author to complain that his reviewer contented himself with "smelling his paper-knife." There is also a practice, which seems on the increase, of simply extracting the plums from a book and making no attempt at a real criticism. No doubt it makes the article interesting to the casual reader, but that is not the object with which the book was submitted to the judgment of the paper.

Inevitably meritorious books often receive scanty attention: on the other hand we find that important works are dealt with by specialists, often from outside, who sign their articles: a change which must be welcome to the authors. On the whole there are few departments of literature in which the improvement is so marked, or in which there is so much reason to hope that the improvement will be maintained.

CHAPTER XXVII

Translations

OF Treatises on translation a goodly number exist. The object of this chapter is to indicate a few of the various theories which have been held on the subject at various dates; comparing them from the point of view of literary integrity.

Small difficulty exists in learning a language sufficiently for the purposes of ordinary conversation or business matters. Scientific works can be put into a foreign tongue with accuracy. It is a different matter when a literary work has to be translated into another language. In the process a certain amount of transformation is inevitable.

Still, as a knowledge of the literature of other countries is a part of education, and not many can master more than a few languages, the translator becomes a necessity. It is useless for the accomplished classical scholar to deprecate the use of a "crib"—as he contemptuously calls it. Mr. A. Birrell writes, "It is all very well for scholars to turn up their noses at translations; but plain Britons, whose greatest book is a translation by divers hands, and whose daily prayers have been done into English for them from the Latin, may well be content, if they do not happen to be masters of the language of antiquity, or of all the tongues of the modern world, to gain through the medium of the best translations some insight into the ways of thought and modes of expression of the sovereigns of literature." (*Miscellanies*, p. 215.) Mr. St. Loe Strachey confirms Mr. Birrell: "When people ask me how I propose to enjoy Plato without knowing Greek, I ask them to tell me, in return, how they manage to enjoy reading one of the greatest poets in the world, Isaiah, without knowing Hebrew. . . . How have they

followed the majestic drama of the Book of Job? *They read them in translations.*" (*The Adventure of Living*, p. 154.)

From early days the difficulty of rendering adequately a piece of literature into another tongue was found to be insuperable. Goldsmith in his *Essay on the Cultivation of Taste*, writes: "Cicero tells us, that in translating two orations which the most celebrated orators of Greece pronounced against each other, he performed this task, not as a servile interpreter, but as an orator. . . . *In quibus non verbum pro verbo necesse habui reddere, sed genus omnium verborum vimque servavi.* . . . Of the same opinion was Horace, who says, in his *Art of Poetry*: "*Nec verbum verbo curabis reddere fidus, Interpres* . . ."

The same difficulty was felt at the Renaissance, and the same way of surmounting it resorted to. In Tudor England there was a flood of translations of classical and foreign writers, too often undertaken by incompetent scholars who ignored Ben Jonson's dictum,

> "Such bookes deserve translators of like coate
> As was the genius wherewith they were wrote."

Of the ordinary translators Mr. Charles Whibley writes: "They made no attempt to represent the niceties of the original in their own tongue. They cut and chipped French and Roman, Spanish and Greek, to the same form and shape." (*Literary Studies*, p. 75.)

The Tudor translators had, however, their theories as to the best methods of producing the originals: Virgil was attempted in hexameters in order to follow more closely the form of the Æneid. Ascham was an eager participant in the controversy. Some of the results were lamentable. Dr. Jowett has laid down the rule that "the first requisite of all English translation is that it should be English." Some of the early translators thought otherwise. Richard Stanyhurst translated four books of Virgil (1582) to carry out the theory that classical metres were possible in English. In his Dedication and his Address to learned readers, he states the principles under which he preserves Latin quantities in his translation. He excuses some of his words as he used them to avoid repeating those of his predecessor, M. Phaer,

whom he criticises for inaccuracy. For example, when Phaer writes:

> "And sleepes therewith he gives and takes, and men from death defend,"

Stanyhurst claims that the true translation is

> "He causeth sleeping and bars, by death eyelyd vphasping."

The hackneyed opening line of Book I he thus transforms:

> "Now manhood and garboils I chant, and martial horror."

a comparatively easy line to read. More characteristic are such efforts as:

> "That night in forrest to us pouke bugs gastlye he tendered."

or:

> "Theese flaws theyre cabbans with stur snar jarrye doe ransack,"

Nash took the trouble to burlesque Stanyhurst's version; surely a work of supererogation.

The theory that translations should be in the same metre as the original was also held by Gabriel Harvey; and Puttenham in his *Art of English Poesie* (1589) seems to support it. He descants at length on quantity in Greek and Latin verse, and its application to English: he hopes, moreover, that on his principles, "So shall our plot in this one point be larger and much surmount that which Stanihurst first tooke in hand by his *Exameters dactilicke* and *spondaicke* in the translation of *Virgill's Eneidos*, and such as for a great number of them my stomacke can hardly digest for the ill shapen sound of many of his words *polisillable*, etc." Evidently, Stanyhurst did not meet with the approval of his contemporaries.

As regards accuracy, Mr. Whibley states of A. Golding's *Ovid* (1565), "Turn whichever page you choose, and you will come upon lines unhampered by the Latin original". (p. 100). In Florio's *Montaigne* (1603), "*Je n'y vauls rien*" is translated, "I am nothing worth, and I can never fadge well." When in 1685 Cotton undertook the same task as

Florio, he wrote, "My design in attempting this translation was to present my country with a true copy of a very brave original." But Mr. W. C. Hazlitt, his editor, states that both Florio and Cotton had "a propensity . . . for inserting paragraphs and words, not here and there only, but constantly and habitually, from an evident desire and view to elucidate or strengthen their author's meaning." Numerous instances are given in proof.

In a letter of Charles Lamb to the Rev. H. F. Cary (9th of September, 1833), he writes regarding Fairfax's celebrated translation of Tasso (1660): "Fairfax's Tasso is no translation at all. 'Tis better in some places, but it merely observes the number of stanzas; as for images, similies, etc., he finds 'em himself, and never troubles Peter for the matter." It was a fortunate circumstance that the scholars who prepared the Authorised Version of the Bible (1611) were more competent and more accurate than the majority of translators of that time. Even previous versions, in spite of defective scholarship, had sometimes great merit; though, as it was open to anyone to produce a version, it was inevitable that the predilections of the translator would appear in certain passages. I have shown under *Editors : Books* (Chapter XVIII) how the text was tampered with in the interests of differing sects. Niceties of translation, of comparatively little import in ordinary literature, take on great importance in theological controversy: a heresy may be the result of an imperfect rendering, with the possible result of excommunication and persecution. Dr. Horace Bushnell points out how the same word is translated "righteousness" and "justification": thus those who quote "justify" in defence of their tenets are importing into the passage a meaning which it does not bear. (*Forgiveness and Law*, p. 178.)

Dryden wrote copiously in his *Prefaces* on the theory of translation: indeed Mr. J. R. Lowell asserts that "whatever has been said since is either expansion or variation of what he said before." (*My Study Windows.*) At first sight, he appears to be a stickler for accuracy. "Translation is a kind of drawing after the life. . . . I cannot without some indignation look on an ill copy of an excellent original. . . . The translator must perfectly understand his author's tongue, and absolutely command his own. If deficient in

either it should be in the latter." Too often the opposite was the case. Fifty years later, M. Despreaux, of the French Academy, explained why classical literature was so under-valued by the fact that three-quarters of the translators *étaient des ignorans et des sots*. Dryden, however, soon departs from his rigid attitude. He lays down the rule that "a translator that would write with any force or spirit of an original must never dwell on the words of an author": a dangerous dictum too often followed. It is perfectly true, as he points out, that "he who copies word for word loses all the spirit in the tedious transfusion," but the numberless instances of versions which are mere travesties of the originals show the result of following Dryden's advice.

I will add one case in point to those already given. In Motteux's translation of *Rabelais* (1694) instead of "at dawn" the translator writes "when day, peeping in the East, made the sun turn Black and Red, like a boiling Lobster." Mr. Whibley quotes several equally startling specimens.

Dryden practised what he preached. He acknowledged that he sometimes "enlarged" upon his author, but asked his critics to consider whether his additions were not implied in the original.

A theorist often fails when he comes to practice. Dryden's version of Virgil is not one which meets the approval of scholars. When a bishop was commending the book to Lord Chesterfield, the latter expressed a qualified assent only, adding that everything suffers by translation —except a bishop. C. S. Calverley, a good authority, states that Dryden "was not a translator at all. His Virgil is in no sense Virgil, but Dryden simply." (*Literary Remains.*)

The great literary event of the early eighteenth century was the publication of Pope's *Iliad*. It was received with a chorus of praise, though Bentley would not go further than "Very pretty, Mr. Pope, but it isn't Homer." To our ideas, the couplet is not suited to the reproduction of the rolling line of Homer; and in addition Pope's scholarship was of an inferior order. "Wakefield has shown abundantly in his edition of Pope's *Homer* that Pope was unable to construe Greek. He translated from translations, and was not scholar

enough to detect their gross and manifold deviations from the original." *

Dryden's theories were, however, still remembered, and the privileges of a translator extended further than we can now think justified. Not that Pope's efforts escaped criticism from his contemporaries. J. Spence (of the *Anecdotes*) in 1726 devoted a considerable volume to an examination of the *Odyssey*, a volume to which it is supposed he owed his appointment as Professor of Poetry at Oxford. He censures Pope's "additional Flourish and Glitterings," of which he gives instances such as Circe's telling Ulysses to

> "Spread his broad sails, and *plough the liquid Way*,
> Soon as the Morn *unveils her Saffron Ray*."

where the phrases in italics are interpolations. The Professor discusses translation generally at length: he seems an advocate for the abolition of rhyme in such cases as Homer.

Goldsmith, in his *Essay on the Cultivation of Taste*, is inclined to take the looser view of a translator's rights. "We cannot, therefore, subscribe to the opinion of some ingenious critics, who have blamed Mr. Pope for deviating from the simplicity of Homer, in his translation of the *Iliad* and the *Odyssey*. For example, the Grecian bard says simply "the sun rose," and his translator gives us a beautiful picture of the sun rising. . . . If this be a deviation, it is at the same time an improvement." This is possible, but such a theory if carried out would justify the insertion of any amount of new matter which the translator might care to introduce.

Dr. Johnson was also an admirer of Pope's work. When Boswell ran it down, the Doctor asserted that it was "the greatest work of the kind that has ever been produced." (1778.) Pope appears to have been of the same opinion, as was to be expected. Subsequent translators of Homer have been more diffident: Cowper felt the inadequacy of his version so acutely that he was often on the point of burning his MSS.

Johnson naturally had his say on the general subject: in a conversation in 1776 he remarked with his usual good sense, "You may translate books of science exactly. You may also

* Elwin: *English Men of Letters—Cowper* (Vol. 1., p. 487).

translate history, in so far as it is not embellished with oratory, which is poetical. Poetry, indeed, cannot be translated: and therefore, it is the poets that preserve languages; for we would not be at the trouble to learn a language, if we could have all that is written in it just as well in a translation."

During that unhappy period when authors were dependent on patrons or on avaricious "booksellers," to translate a classic or foreign author was the last resort of the needy Grub Street hack-writer, careless whether he were competent or not: his chief equipment being indomitable pluck. I have already mentioned Sir John Hill's undertaking to translate a Dutch work without knowing a word of the language, and passing it on to another writer equally ignorant. (See *Literary Ghosts*.) Mr. Whibley instances the case of John Phillips, who made *The History of the most Renowned Don Quixote* English "according to the humour of our Modern Language." (1687.) He made Rosinante "a Dover post-horse"; the innkeeper is "as true a thief as ever sung psalms at Tyburn." One is tempted to quote more of these amusing instances, of which there is no lack.

The hack translator of the classics was not hampered by his ignorance of Greek and Latin: he resorted to French translations, often with lamentable results. This was an old practice. Puttenham in his *Arte of English Poesie* (1589) writing of Soothern's *Pindar* and *Anacreon*, shows that Soothern merely translated Ronsard's version. "And in the end (which is worst of all) makes his vaunt that never English singer but his hath toucht Pindar's string, which was nevertheless word for word as Ronsard has said before by like braggery."

The translator did not always make a secret of his ignorance. I have before me the translation into English of Josephus' works (1676), some for the first time: they form a formidable folio frankly translated from the French version of D'Andilly, which the translator pronounces excellent. Naturally one asks how he could tell unless he had compared it with the original; and if he were competent to judge of its accuracy, why not translate the original instead of the French version?

Another instance of frankness is that of the Abbé de Marolles: according to Disraeli, "When he came to a

difficult passage he wrote in the margin, "I have not translated this passage because it is very difficult and I do not understand it." He translated Virgil in 1673 and Martial some years earlier. One can but imagine that his marginal notes to the latter would be somewhat frequent.

It may be well at this point to refer to a custom of doubtful morality which is not extinct even now, but which was in full vogue in earlier times: the claim of the translator to consider his works as his own. This is of course a form of piracy or at least of plagiarism, and has been incidentally alluded to under those heads. Here I cannot do better than append a further extract from Mr. Whibley's *Literary Studies*, to which, as has been already seen, I am much indebted.

"Besides the translations openly made and avowed there are others which masquerade as fresh, unborrowed works. In his *Elizabethan Sonnets*, Sir Sidney Lee has traced to their origin in France or Italy a vast number of English sonnets. . . . He has illustrated "the influence" of Marot, du Bellay, etc., upon our bards, great and small. As an episode in the history of translation, this "influence" is of the greatest interest. We should not consider its moral aspect too censoriously. In Puttenham's despite, the Elizabethans do not seem to have regarded plagiarism as a heinous sin. . . . But there are indications not merely that plagiarism was thought respectable, but that a translator might claim as his own that which he had put into English. "I call it mine," says Nicholas Grimald, of his translation of Cicero's *De Officiis*, "as Plautus and Terence called the comedies theirs which they made out of Greek," and the rest called the sonnets theirs which they had made out of French and Italian, because they had made them. Ben Jonson did not think it worth while to give Philostratus credit for his "Drink to me only with thine eyes," and he left it for critics of a later age to track every chapter of his *Discoveries* to its lair. In neither case need the morality of his method be discussed, and Dryden's defence of him may stand as a defence for all save for such burglars as Soothern: "he has done his robberies so openly that we may see that he fears not to be taxed by any law. He invades authors like a monarch; and what would be theft in other poets, is only victory in him." (p. 111.)

From this it is legitimate to draw the inference that the legality of claiming a translated work as that of the translator was beginning to be questioned. Grimald would not have troubled to explain why he made his claim unless he felt that it was in question.

In one branch of literature, the dramatic, it has been the custom for the translator or adapter to ignore the original writer, and place his own name as author. Thus so late as 1881 Sir F. C. Burnand always wrote of his adaptation of *Le Mari à la Campagne* as "my play *The Colonel*." Since the establishment of international copyright this objectionable custom has been practically abandoned.

In 1790 A. F. Tytler discussed the question under consideration in *An Essay on the Principles of the Art of Translation:* the most serious attempt yet made to define the rules which should govern the translator. He lays down the following laws:

I. That the Translation should give a complete transcript of the ideas of the original work.

II. That the style and manner of writing should be of the same character with that of the original.

III. That the Translation should have all the ease of original composition.

Certainly these are excellent rules, but it is one thing to lay them down and another to induce writers to keep to them. At all events, some of the best known authors of his time preferred to have greater liberty than Mr. Tytler would have allowed. Thus Coleridge, writing to Wordsworth in regard to the translation of poetry, asserts, "There is no medium between a prose version and one on the avowed principle of compensation in the widest sense, i.e., manner, genius, total effect." This theory he carried out in his practice. In a letter to Murray (31st August, 1814), he claims that in his version of Schiller's *Wallenstein* "the parts most admired were substitutions of my own." He assures Murray that if he undertakes to translate Goethe's *Faust* he must retain a right to make a version for the stage; in which case he states: "I should not repeat or retain one fifth of the original."

A totally different method was adopted by Cary in his well-known translation of Dante. Lamb said of him that "he did not shirk a word." Indeed, he was censured by some for his "rigid exactness," whilst of Boyd, another translator of Dante, a critic observed in 1803, "he has often relieved the dullness of Dante with profuse ornaments of his own, by which he is rather elevated than degraded." (R. W. King in *Nineteenth Century*, September, 1923.)

Of all modern experiments that of Edward FitzGerald in respect of *Omar Khayyám* is the most widely known. His theories appear in his letters regarding his version of some of Calderon's plays. In April, 1853, he writes: "I think you can hardly make Calderon interesting to English Readers unless with a large latitude of interpretation." In December, 1878, he states that "the Translator (however inferior to his Original) must recast that Original in his own Likeness, more or less. . . . The live Dog better than the dead Lion."

This is, of course, but an expansion of Dryden's theory. In the Advertisement to his *Six Dramas of Calderon* FitzGerald restates his views, acknowledging that he has "curtailed or omitted scenes that seemed to mar the breadth of general effect, supplying such omissions by some lines of after narrative."

This is straightforward dealing, and the reader knows what to expect, however he may wish that he could be furnished with a more exact reproduction. When it came to his more celebrated version of *Omar Khayyám*, the translator acted on the same principle with even greater freedom. The poem has become a classic, and FitzGerald has almost as much claim to praise as the Persian poet, except that Omar supplied the materials of which his translator made use. Some critics have held that the translation is a better poem than the original; a point on which few are competent to judge. When FitzGerald wrote:

> "O Thou who Man of baser earth didst make,
> And even in Paradise devised the Snake,
> For all the sin wherewith the face of Man
> Is blackened, Man's forgiveness give—and take."

there is no doubt that the English verse has the advantage of the original, which contains no allusion to either Paradise

or the snake, which give the value to the verse. It is useless to try the version by the rules which govern the ordinary translator: the work stands by itself and is an addition to the masterpieces of the English language, whatever its drawbacks viewed as a transcript of the Persian poem.

To make a perfect translation of a poem is of course impossible, yet it is a feat which is always being attempted. Sir E. Cook relates that Henry Stephens made no less than 105 different Latin translations of a couplet in an epigram by Agathias. (*More Literary Recreations.*) How extremely difficult the task of the translator is can be easily proved. Compare half a dozen of the versions by different hands of an Ode of Horace: it is clear that if one is good the others must be imperfect. It is often hard to believe that the same original inspired every version. It is scarcely to be wondered at that in despair of reproducing the poetry of a passage by literal translation, liberties are taken with the text in the hope of recreating the impression rather than of reproducing the words; as Dryden and others recommend. The danger of resorting to this comparatively easy method in face of any crucial passage, is that the supposed translation will depart too far from its supposed original, as has been already abundantly shown.

French translations of Shakespeare show only too clearly the impossibility of adequately rendering poetical diction into another language without falsifying it. How can such lines a "in the dark backward and abysm of time," or "the multitudinous seas incarnadine" possibly be imitated without the loss of all that renders them valuable? At the same time it is pleasant to acknowledge the great superiority of recent versions of Shakespeare in French to those of earlier times, such as those of Le Tourneur (1776) and Ducis (1778). That of Ducis held its own for a long time, though it would create horror now.

There is still a want of conscience shown by a class of writers which leads them to undertake translations for which they are unfitted. Oddly enough, it is in Guides to International Exhibitions that this is conspicuously manifested. Mr. Wheatley (*Literary Blunders*) quotes the *Moniteur de l'Exposition* of the Universal Exhibition of Barcelona, 1888, which exhibits the writer's pluck rather than his knowledge of English: "halls which would make meditate

all our great masters," "the sweetest flowers embalm his smell," and so on. I remember the Guide to the Amsterdam Exhibition of about the same date was similarly mirth-provoking. Mr. Wheatley also quotes from *A Practical Guide to the Paris Exhibition of* 1889: "The universal Exhibition for whom who comes there for the first time, is a true chaos, etc." "It is the moment or never to walk among the surprising restitution, etc.," are among the gems which he quotes. The catalogue of the pictures at the Scuola di San Rocco at Venice has often been quoted: a fair specimen is the following description: "Moise he strike the rock: on either side the ardent wood." The visitor grasps sooner or later that the burning bush is meant.

Whilst it is possible to imagine a writer with a limited knowledge of English undertaking a Guide to an Exhibition or a Catalogue of a Gallery, it is difficult to believe that anyone could have sufficient "cheek" to undertake an English Vocabulary with only the most elementary smattering of the language. Mr. Wheatley instances a volume entitled *Poluglossos* published in Belgium in 1841, in which such words as *agridulce*, *ales of troops*, *infatuated compass*, etc., appear, whilst the editor's notes are absolutely incomprehensible. More extraordinary still is it to find a *New Guide of the Conversation in Portuguese and English*, written by J. de Fonseca and P. Carolino, who possessed still fewer qualifications for their task. I once owned a copy of this remarkable book which became known to the public through the little brochure *English as she is spoke*, published some years ago by Messrs. Field and Tuer. I extract a few gems from a fuller reprint which has an introduction by Mark Twain: "I don't know more what I wont with they servants." "Here that it rouse. Let aim it! Let make fire him."

Under *Idiotisms and Proverbs*, we read "He has the throat paved.—Its are some blu stories.—That which feel one's snotly blow one's nose.—Drink as a hole."

The mistakes of the incompetent translator have been a source of amusement for generations, and it does not seem likely that the source will dry up. It is unnecessary to go to the ingenious schoolboy with his wild shots, such as *In medio tutissimus ibis*, rendered "The ibis is safest in the middle": the searcher for "howlers" can find them in the

most distinguished writers. Some are already classics, such as *La dernière chemise de l'Amour*, for *Love's Last Shift*, which Walpole wickedly attributes to the Duchess of Bolton; and *L'Epouse du Matin* for Congreve's *Mourning Bride*. (See Peignot's *Manuel du Bibliophile:* 1800.) An equally famous blunder is Hugo's *La première de la quatrième* for the Firth of Forth. Modern writers show equal ignorance. *The Stickit Minister* becomes *Le Ministre Assassiné; The Absent-minded Beggar*, *Il Mendicante Distratto*. Ibanez's *Sangre y Arena* is turned to *Blood of the Arena* instead of *Blood and Sand*, and so on. The Italian proverb "I traduttori sono traditori" is constantly being proved to be true.

As there was no international copyright till 1887, the foreign author had no control over his work outside his own country, and anyone who liked could translate it: however incompetent. Charlotte Brontë, in a letter of 25th February, 1848, asks Mr. W. S. Williams about a French lady who wished to translate *Jane Eyre*. "But whether competent or not, I presume she has a right to translate the work without my consent." Fortunately this crying injustice has now been remedied, and the author can both choose his translator and share in the profits. The history of the change will be found under *Piracy* and *Copyright* (Chapters IV and XIV).

Fifty years ago, it was to "Bohn" that everyone turned for a translation of the classical writers, but nowadays we are far from appealing to that friend of the schoolboy in search of a "crib." His versions were excellent as regards literalness, but were unreadable as literature: they were hopelessly flat and turgid. Modern translators show a vast improvement both in theory and practice; above all, in the spirit in which the translator approaches his task. His one idea is to suppress himself and express the author. Faithfulness to the original is the main article of his creed. I cannot follow here the various views of the translator's duties or aims laid down by Dr. Jowett, Prof. Ramsay, Matthew Arnold, Mr. Anderton, Sir T. H. Warren and others, but though they differ somewhat amongst themselves they agree in the aim I expressed above. The success of certain modern versions of the classics such as those of Sir Gilbert Murray and the Loeb series is generally acknowledged: the

day is far distant when English readers can hope for anything better: and as the study of ancient literature is being more and more ousted from the curriculum in favour of science, it is a great privilege to be able to obtain through such works excellent, if not perfect, substitutes for the original.

CHAPTER XXVIII

The Cinema

IT may seem out of place to mention the cinema in a book devoted to the growth of the literary conscience. In the first place, as we are constantly told, the film is in its infancy, in spite of its amazingly rapid development. Secondly, as its producers seem to be devoid of conscience, its growth cannot be discussed; and finally it may be argued that moving pictures are not literature.

The last statement is undoubtedly true, yet the relation of the film to literature is very close. Did the exhibitor confine his efforts to feats by cowboys in the Wild West, or panoramas of scenery, he would be exempt from criticism from a literary standpoint. Even if he produced original films with a complete story, he might still plausibly claim exemption; but he does more. He takes a play or a novel, and transfers it to the screen. On this score he touches at least the fringe of literature, and can claim a brief notice.

In the process of transformation, the literary portion of the original is of necessity sacrificed, though sometimes an attempt is made to place on the screen scraps of dialogue from the work represented. The author can only expect to have the plastic side of his book reproduced: his descriptions of scenes, his psychology, his dialogue, etc., go by the board. He must, in addition, reconcile himself to seeing what remains of his work remodelled and added to at the caprice of a producer who manifestly is lacking in a literary sense.

In addition, the producer often exhibits an ignorance which is astounding, especially when an American or Continental firm attempts an English subject. I saw a short time ago a scene in a Scotch village in which everyone, women and children included, wore kilts; and such "howlers" are not uncommon. As regards the method of handling a novel or play when transferred to the screen, I can

confidently appeal to the patrons of the cinema as to whether their experiences do not justify my accusations. Let me quote in proof Mr. Wm. Farren's description of the film version of *The School for Scandal*, as related in *John O'London* for 6th October, 1923: "Both his grandfather and father were famous exponents of the part of Sir Peter, and he says that his own opinion of the sacrilege done to Sheridan's work is quite unprintable. All sorts of incidents are added by the scenario expert to Sheridan's story. In a drunken freak, Charles Surface mounts the box of a coach and drives furiously into the country. Sir Peter falls off and takes refuge in a cottage where he meets his future lady. She is living with her deaf Aunt Agatha, who charges Peter sevenpence for his breakfast. He has no money, so he has to work off the charge by cleaning out the pigsty, and so on. The question of the possible art value of the film-play is, of course, not really affected by these profanations, but they are dreadfully vulgar."

I will give one more example. Grant Allen's novel *The Woman who Did* is a serious protest against the conventional marriage. The scenario writer of the film, whilst keeping the story, turned it into a glorification of the marriage tie; the final picture being an enormous wedding ring!

The experiences of authors whose work has been filmed formed the subject of a symposium in *John O'London*, 4th August, 1923. Most of the novelists were strong in their condemnation: Miss Marie Corelli felt "grim amazement and despair"; Mr. H. G. Wells wrote that "the cinema people seem to me to be utterly damned fools, beneath the level of a decent man's discussion"; Mr. Jeffery Farnol stated that his opinion was absolutely unprintable. In some few cases the authors were satisfied, but the general opinion was unfavourable.

It is sometimes argued that though film versions of novels, etc., are necessarily imperfect they may lead the spectator to read the original. This may be so in some cases: the film may act as a stepping-stone to higher things. It is much more desirable, however, that our playwrights and novelists should compose plots which can be represented on the film without mutilation. The marvellous opportunities offered by the cinema ought to be sufficient to tempt the weavers of stories to adapt their methods to this

new form of representative art; a perfectly legitimate one, even if non-existent from the literary standpoint.

When a writer authorises the filming of his work, he should always reserve the right to veto the scenario, or such parts of it as do not meet his approval. Even this does not always ensure satisfaction, as the scenario gives small indication of the effect on the screen, as is shown by the experience of the authors already quoted. Moreover, although the modern author can forbid the filming of his play or novel, the whole realm of non-copyright works is open to any producer to mutilate at his will. For this there is no remedy. Whether his frequent practice of presenting his garbled versions under a new title is to be accounted to him for righteousness or is an added crime, is open to question.

No doubt the existing unsatisfactory state of affairs is but temporary, and in time producers will arrive who will show a literary as well as an artistic sense. We can confidently hope that the future of this most valuable art will belie its past, and that the wonderful and highly admirable productions from an artistic and pictorial point of view may be allied to scenes which will not offend the critical sense, or show an ignorance of literary standards which is as lamentable as it is often laughable.

CHAPTER XXIX

Authors and Patrons

THE history of patronage furnishes an important chapter in the development of literary ethics. The relation between poet and patron is not one which can often be contemplated with pleasure, though fortunately there are cases which form exceptions. It is enough to mention Mæcenas, whose name has become a synonym for a generous patron. Being a man of culture and a writer himself, he did not feel he was condescending when he befriended a man of genius. He was a critic as well as a friend, and is credited with having urged both Horace and Virgil to extend their outlook. The distinctly wider range of Horace's later odes is attributed to his influence. The poet was not lacking in his tribute to his patron, well deserved as it was; but we can only regret the flattery with which he bespattered his other patron, Augustus.

It has often been the fate of poets to be under the necessity of cringing to the great for their countenance, without which they could not exist. Tasso and Ariosto were notable examples. So long as the reading public is limited, and the demand for poetry still more so, so long will the poet turn for aid to the class rich enough to reward his labours. Thus inevitably literature has to pass through a stage which may be termed the age of patronage. In England, this is usually taken to mean roughly from the time of Shakespeare to the accession of George III.

It is easy to lay stress on the drawbacks of patronage and ignore the other side of the picture. No doubt there is something peculiarly humiliating in the spectacle of a Grub Street poet, starving during the day and lying in a garret at night: squandering in foolish luxury the guineas he had received for some fulsome dedication, and relapsing into beggary the next day. How could the giver of the guinea have any other feeling but contempt for the scribbler who

fawned on him so abjectly? Unfortunately, men of genius were not behind the others in lick-spittling; and these it is not so easy to excuse.

In 1674, Dryden published his *State of Innocence*, and dedicated it to Mary of Modena (then Duchess of York). The epistle is too long to quote, covering as it does some six or seven pages, but I cull a few flowers of rhetoric as specimens.

"Language seems too low a thing to express your excellence." He leaves her greatness on one side in order to expatiate on her beauty: "its supreme perfection is in you alone." There is no rivalry as it is universally acknowledged. Everyone admires her, as a mortal does a god, "with awful reverence." "'Tis the rapture which anchorites find in prayer when a beam of the Divinity strikes on them."

This is flattery laid on not with a trowel, but a spade, and was more than Dr. Johnson could swallow. He blames "a strain of flattery which disgraces genius, and which it was wonderful that any man who knew the meaning of his own words could use without self-detestation." Macaulay, however, finds Johnson's sentence too severe, and attributes Dryden's excess to "the overflowing of a mind singularly disposed to admiration." So readers can take their choice.

The sturdy independence which was one of Johnson's most marked characteristics, made him perhaps unduly severe on those who had not his pride. Thus he writes of Addison's Dedication of his Opera *Rosamund* to the Duchess of Marlborough, "His dedication was therefore an instance of servile absurdity, to be exceeded only by Joshua Barnes's dedication of a Greek Anacreon to the Duke." * But Addison merely dedicated his work to the Duchess, and omitted the usual adulatory epistle; so the Doctor's criticism seems somewhat uncalled for.

Dryden owed no great gratitude to his patrons, but his contemporary Prior was more fortunate. The Earl of Dorset found him as a lad reading Horace at a tavern where he served as a tapster. He was sent to Westminster School, where he made friends with Lord Halifax; they were at Cambridge together. When Prior was twenty-four, Lord

* See Aikins' *Life of Addison:* Vol. I, p. 211.

Dursley made him his Secretary at the Hague; and he subsequently filled more important posts. When he published his *Works* his patron Dorset was dead, so he dedicated them to the new Earl. The dedication commences with a couple of paragraphs of flattery of the youth, who is told that "The particular felicity of your birth, my Lord, the natural endowments of your mind, which, without suspicion of flattery, I may tell you are very great," and other circumstances must render him "an ornament and honour to the titles you possess, and in one word a worthy son to the great Earl of Dorset."

The rest of the Dedication is a eulogium of the late Earl. "A thousand ornaments and graces met in the composition of this great man . . . the figure of his body was strong, proportionable, beautiful, and were his picture well drawn it must deserve the praise given to the portraits of Raphael, and at once create love and respect. . . . Such were the natural faculties and strength of his mind, that he had occasion to borrow very little from education. . . . The most eminent masters, in their several ways, appealed to his determination." (Waller, Dryden, Wycherley, etc.) After acknowledging that "the fire of his youth carried him to some excess," Prior continues: "His faults brought their excuse with them; and his very failings had beauties." And so on for a dozen pages. Prior showed an unusual cleverness in managing to turn into virtues the neglect of education and the indulgence in follies.

I must give one more example of flattery *in excelsis*. Mrs. Aphra Behn, in 1679, dedicated her comedy *The Feigned Countess* to the notorious Nell Gwynn. After various compliments she continues: "I with shame look back on my past ignorance which suffered me not to pay an adoration long since where there was so very much due . . . well knowing that so excellent and perfect a creature as yourself differs only from the Divine Powers in this: the offerings made to *you* ought to be worthy of you, while they will accept the *will* alone."

To give more examples of extravagant flattery would be wearisome, though some are amusing from their mendacious impudence. Did anyone ever read these long-winded dedications, extending sometimes to a dozen pages? Possibly the recipient did, for the appetite for flattery is

almost insatiable. One cannot but fear that as Pope said of Dr. Friend's lengthy epitaphs, one half would never be read, and the other half would never be believed. "He lies like an epitaph" is almost a proverb; but "like a dedication" would be equally justified.

But whilst we pity the poet, reduced to unworthy shifts to gain a hearing, we must remember that the patron was not in an altogether enviable position. He was the mark for every poetaster to aim at. If he married, there was a torrent of epithalamiums: the birth of an heir produced a shower of congratulatory odes. (Settle had a standard elegy and epithalamium printed off with blanks to suit any death or marriage.) His antechambers were crowded with disreputable poets who wished to present their works prefaced by a servile dedication, for which a fee was expected: sometimes a book was printed solely with the object of obtaining an honorarium from a generous peer. A man like Lord Halifax, who was a genuine lover of literature, was inundated with adulatory addresses: Pope described him under the name of Bufo as "Fed with soft dedication all day long."

Others wished to gain the reputation of intellectuality, and found the easiest way of obtaining it was to be generous; and it tickled their vanity to be described in print as illustrious for their literary powers. But undoubtedly the constant flow of applications for patronage must have been a serious nuisance to most men in power, and even their friends were subject to the same bombardment of requests for help. Pope in his *Epistle to Dr. Arbuthnot* describes how he is pestered by writers for favours of all sorts:

> "Pitholeon sends to me; 'You know his Grace;
> I want a Patron, ask him for a Place!'"

How could a patron hope to remain unmolested when the tribe of needy authors saw such valuable gifts lavished on certain of their fellows? Congreve was given an income for life for a comedy, Addison made a Commissioner of Appeals for a set of verses, Tickell an Under-Secretary of State; Steele had various Government posts: even such a man as George Stepney was sent as envoy to Frankfort on the strength of some verses. The natural result was that

every unrewarded versifier thought he was unjustly treated. Pope sarcastically alludes to the poet's unreasonable attitude in his *Imitation of Horace :*

> " And from the moment we oblige the town
> Expect a place, or pension from the Crown."

His friend Gay strongly held the view that his literary talents entitled him to reward. In a letter to Swift (1722) he writes, "I lodge at present in Burlington House, and have received many civilities from many great men, but very few real benefits. They wonder at each other for not providing for me, and I wonder at them all." This was the year in which he was made a Lottery Commissioner, not the only post he had offered him. He had no scruple in pushing his claims, alluding to them in his various poems.

> " Places I found were daily given away,
> And yet no friendly Gazette mentioned Gay: "

and in the *Fables* which he wrote for the young Duke of Cumberland he again speaks of himself by name. (*The Hare and Many Friends.*)

But he found patrons worth having in the Duke and Duchess of Queensberry, and it is a pleasure to come across a case where the relationship of poet and patron constituted an ideal one. After the *Beggar's Opera*, he lived at the Duke's seat as one of the family: the Duchess nursed him and looked severely after his expenditure, for he was careless in money matters. He writes with mock pathos to Swift (1730): "I was a long time before I could prevail with her to let me allow myself a pair of shoes with two heels, for I had lost one, and the shoes were so decayed that they were not worth mending." The Duchess adds a postscript, "I do in the first place contradict most things Mr. Gay says of me," etc., and then Gay adds another postscript. It is a charming family picture.

Blame the poets as we may for their unreasonable claims pushed without moderation, they had scarcely an alternative. How else could the unknown man hope to make himself known and earn a living? The booksellers gave but trifling sums for the copyright; and to publish by sub-

scription—a method then coming into favour—was only possible to well-established authors. As Dryden wrote in his last epilogue

> " The poets, who must live by Court, or starve."

The hard case of the author is well exemplified in Edward Young's dedicatory letter to the Lord High Chancellor of his *Paraphrase of Job* (1719).

"Though I have not the honour of being known to your Lordship, I presume to take a privilege which men of retirement are apt to think themselves in possession of, as being the only method they have of making their way to persons of your Lordship's high station, without struggling through multitudes for success . . . perhaps it would be unjust that your Lordship should hope to be exempted from the troubles, when you possess all the talents, of a patron."

It is not to be wondered at, then, if impecunious writers burned their incense before unworthy shrines; and as Swift wrote to Gay, "will give things under their hand which they made a conscience of speaking." The art of flattering to the best effect is not altogether an easy one, and Swift in his *Directions for making a Birthday Song* (1729) gives the poet some excellent advice:

> " Thus your encomium, to be strong
> Must be applied directly wrong:
> A tyrant for his mercy praise,
> And crown a royal dunce with bays. . . .
> And as he hears his wit and sense
> (To which he never made pretence)
> Set out in hyperbolic strains
> A guinea shall reward your pains.
> For patrons never pay so well
> As when they've scarcely learnt to spell."

Swift never tires of ridiculing and satirising the poet who cringes to his patron: and in his passion for independence sometimes goes beyond the mark. Thus in *A Libel on the Rev. Dr. Delaney and His Excellency Lord Carteret* (1729) he complains that Congreve, Gay, Addison and Steele were all neglected; a statement absurdly wide of the truth. He goes on to warn would-be poets that the Lords only welcome

them to their tables for their amusement, and that at a hint of wanting a place they become deaf.

> " What claim have you to *place* or *pension*?
> He overpays in condescension."

He praises Pope for his independence,

> " Your favourite *Lord* is none of those
> Who owe their virtues to their stations,
> And character to dedications."

and congratulates him as being an author who

> " Appealing to the nation's taste
> Above the reach of want is plac'd."

But Swift should have remembered that Pope was never in want: and though he did not grovel to a patron his Homer was published by subscription, which is only a sort of half-way house between the patron and the public. Moreover, the constant contempt with which Pope treats the struggling fawning scribbler (as in Book II of the *Dunciad*) seems harsh as coming from a successful writer. But on the other hand he is equally severe on the patron.

> " Patrons, who sneak from living worth to dead,
> Withhold the pension, and set up the head."
>
> " There march the bard and blockhead, side by side
> Who rhym'd for hire and patronised for pride."
> (*Dunciad:* Book IV)

No one knew better than Johnson the miseries of the literary life or the humiliation involved in the solicitation of of a patron. In his poem *The Vanity of Human Wishes* (1749) occur the following oft-quoted lines:

> " Deign on the passing world to turn thine eyes,
> And pause awhile from learning, to be wise;
> There mark what ills the scholar's life assail,
> Toil, envy, want, the patron and the jail."

In the original draft the last line ran,

> " Toil, envy, want, the *garret* and the jail."

The indignation with which he remembered the treatment he had received led him to substitute " *the patron* " for

"*the garret*" as being the harder to bear. But he had an ample revenge when on the 7th February, 1755, he wrote the famous letter to Lord Chesterfield which, Austin Dobson states, "is still the pride of independent men of letters," and which can never be too often reprinted.

"Is not a Patron, my Lord, one who looks with unconcern on a man struggling for life in the water, and, when he has reached ground, encumbers him with help? The notice which you have been pleased to take of my labours, had it been early, had been kind; but it has been delayed till I am indifferent and cannot enjoy it; till I am solitary and cannot impart it; till I am known and do not want it. I hope it is no very cynical asperity not to confess obligations where no benefit has been received, or to be unwilling that the Publick should consider me as owing that to a Patron, which Providence has enabled me to do for myself."

Johnson clearly saw that the age of patronage by the great was ending. "Doddy, you know, is my patron," he said, and truly enough; for it was Dodsley who published his poems and play, and who suggested his undertaking his Dictionary.

In his *Lives of the Poets*, Johnson gives an instance of the insolence with which the patron treated his petitioner. The dramatist, Nicholas Rowe, applied to the Earl of Oxford for some public employment. The Earl advised him to study Spanish, which he did, and returned to the Earl to say so. The Earl dismissed him with the remark: "Then, Sir, I envy you the pleasure of reading *Don Quixote* in the original." On which Pope made the comment that he thought it "Lord Oxford's odd way."

Still, we need not waste much pity on Rowe: he was made Poet Laureate, Land Surveyor of Customs, Clerk to the Council of the Prince of Wales and Secretary of the presentations to the Lord Chancellor!

It is pleasant, as a set off against Oxford's insolence, to be able to give an instance of delicate consideration on the part of a patron. The poet Thomson, as a mark of his gratitude for kindness shown to him by Lord Binning, wished to dedicate to him *Summer* of the *Seasons*. But Lord Binning declined to receive it, and advised him to address it instead to Mr. Dodington, who was in a position to be of more use to him. This was undoubtedly the case, for Bubb

Dodington had the ear of the ministers, and, in fact, Lord Bute deputed him to be on the outlook for men of talent. Bentley was one of his finds.

A drawback to excessive flattery of a living man is that circumstances may lead the flatterer to execrate him. Several poets found themselves in this predicament: sometimes their pens were hired to attack their former patron, sometimes the patron showed himself unworthy of the adulation bestowed on him. Disraeli, in *Curiosities of Literature*, mentions that Thomson "having extravagantly praised a person of rank, who afterwards appeared to be unworthy of any eulogium, properly employed his pen in a solemn recantation of his error." This may refer to Walpole, whom he abused in the *Seasons* after having described him as "the most illustrious of men." Moreover, in 1727 he dedicated a poem on Sir Isaac Newton to Walpole, whilst in 1729 he attacked him in *Britannia*. This necessitated his suppression of the former dedication in subsequent editions.

The Rev. Edward Young, of *Night Thoughts* fame, found himself in a similar situation as will be seen later.

Thomson, who was so poor on his arrival in London that he even wanted shoes, showed himself a skilled applicant. Having sold his *Winter* for three guineas, he dedicated it to Sir Spencer Compton, the Speaker, who took no notice of it till Aaron Hill called his attention to some verses addressed to Thomson in one of the newspapers, censuring the great for neglecting genius. Sir Spencer then sent the poet twenty guineas.

Every book of *The Seasons* was addressed to a different patron. Ultimately, Thomson obtained a sinecure, but not for long. In 1734, he dedicated his *Liberty* to the Prince of Wales, who was induced by Lyttleton to receive the poet, and, "on learning that his affairs 'were in a more poetical posture than formerly,' gave him a pension of £100 a year." (Dennis: *The Age of Pope*.) After ten years it was withdrawn.

Dr. Young, the reverend author of *The Complaint, or Night Thoughts*, was an eminent example of the successful client. He had a taste for dukes, who seem to have accepted his homage willingly. In his preface to his play *Busiris*, he tells the Duke of Newcastle that his favours "had taken

from him the privilege of choosing a patron," but afterwards he suppressed this dedication. *The Revenge* (1721) was addressed to the Duke of Wharton, but in this case also he withdrew the complimentary effusion. Perhaps after he became a Prebendary and was well-known as the author of religious poems, he wished to dissociate himself from such a notorious profligate as the Duke. In any case, his action seems ungrateful in view of the fact that Wharton made him a present of £2,000 when he published his satires, *The Universal Passion* (1725).

Following his "canny" practice, Young dedicated the *Satires* to different people: the third to Bubb Dodington with whom he was intimate (a strange friend for a clergyman), and the last to Sir Robert Walpole, who gave him a pension of £200 a year: the only one he ever granted for literary merit. Swift was no admirer of the reverend poet, and in his *Rhapsody on Poetry* writes of the Court:

> "Where Young must torture his invention
> To flatter knaves or lose his pension."

The *Satires* especially called for Swift's criticism. (*On reading Dr. Young's Satires.*)

> "If every peer whom you commend
> To worth and learning be a friend. . . .
> If this be true, then how much more
> When you have named at least a score
> Of courtiers, each in their degree,
> If possible as good as he?"

Swift draws the conclusion that judging from Young's panegyrics of the aristocracy England must be the most fortunate of nations. Yet from his exposure of vice in the *Satires*, it must be at the same time the most unhappy.

But there was another sort of patron for the conscienceless scribbler besides the peer—the politician. His clients worked in the dark and took their reward under the rose. There was no lack of quill-drivers, some of them worthy of better things, who hired out their pens to the ministers, and poured forth an unceasing stream of pamphlets and satirical verses which were often no better than libels. Many of their names are enshrined in the *Dunciad*, and their gains

must have been considerable, for a Committee found that Walpole's ministry had spent no less than £50,000 on them. The contempt which had been freely showered on the Grub Street poet was still more due to these conscienceless hirelings, and their existence served still more to bring the profession of literature into disrepute.

By the middle of the century the patron was giving place to the bookseller, and the change was no great improvement. Under the former, Prior could obtain an embassy, Congreve sinecures, and Addison a secretaryship; whilst the bookseller's drudge could never hope to do more than make a living, unless he were a man of outstanding genius or indomitable perseverance. Instead of dedicating his poem to a lord who might give him a purse or possibly a place or pension, he sent it to one of the numerous magazines and had to be content with a trifling remuneration; unless indeed, like Goldsmith, early in his career he was bound by an agreement under which his writings went to the bookseller in return for board and lodging and a small salary. Soon after his arrival in London, Burke wrote to his Irish friends that he did not find that genius was patronised by any of the nobility: "Writers of the first talents are left to the capricious patronage of the public." The public ultimately proved a more generous paymaster than the patron, but the period of transition was a hard one for the impecunious author, who was inclined to regret the change. So we find Goldsmith in his *Inquiry into the Present State of Polite Learning* writing, "Thus the man who, under the patronage of the great, might have done honour to humanity, when only patronised by the bookseller becomes a thing a little superior to the fellow who works at the press." His epitaph on Purdon might with equal appropriateness have been placed on many a tomb.

> Here lies poor Ned Purdon, from misery freed,
> Who long was a bookseller's hack:
> He led such a damnable life in this world
> I don't think he'd wish to come back.

In conclusion, we should remember that if the aristocrat often bestowed his favours on unworthy objects he was sometimes the means by which a genius was placed in a

position of comparative comfort which gave him leisure to write books of permanent value. He served his purpose in a condition of things that was bound to pass away, and we may congratulate ourselves that the author no longer has to depend on the caprice of a patron for encouragement, or to prostitute his pen by mendacious flattery.

CHAPTER XXX

Literature and Money

IN the world of sport the amateur is distinguished from the professional by the fact that he is not paid for his work. The theory is that the receipt of money introduces a sordid element which degrades sport to the level of a business. A gentleman ought to be content with the fame which his efforts bring him, and not hanker after filthy lucre.

Exactly similar was the view held in respect of literature in Elizabethan times. A gallant who indited sonnets to his mistress' eyebrow would not even have them printed for fear of being mistaken for a mere author: he showed them to his friends in MS. Not only poems but long works in prose were kept in MS. Thus Sir Thomas Browne (1605–82) in the Preface to *Religio Medici*, published anonymously, tells us that the book was composed for private use, lent to friends, transcribed till it became "a most depraved copy, and then was surreptitiously printed." As copyright laws were then in a chaotic condition, the result of this custom was (as shown under *Piracy*) that the unscrupulous bookseller was on the prowl for these MSS., and pirated them to the indignation of the author. Sir Thomas's case was by no means exceptional. Perhaps it is not uncharitable to think that some of these shrinking amateur writers, in spite of their modest protests, were not inconsolable when they found that their lucubrations would reach a larger public than they intended.

George Wither, in *The Scholler's Purgatory* (1625), protests against the prevailing idea that an author should not make money out of his wares. He complains that the Stationers' Company accused him of writing his *Hymns* for his own profit, and asks why he should be debarred more than others for wishing to profit by his labours. Dryden went further, and protested against authors who did not

write for money. In his Preface to his play *All for Love* (1678) he says, "We who write, if we want the talent, yet have the excuse that we do it for a poor subsistence: but what can be urged in their defence, who not having the vocation of poverty to scribble, out of mere wantonness take pains to make themselves ridiculous." A century later Johnson was equally frank in regard to his view on literature as a means of making money. Speaking of his edition of *Shakespeare*, he says, "I look upon this as I did upon the *Dictionary*; it is all work, and my inducement to it is not love or desire of fame, but the want of money, which is the only motive to writing that I know of." (Hawkins' *Life of Johnson*.)

The good Doctor did not do himself justice: he was fully aware that money was not his sole object, or he would not have written as follows on Addison: "I have heard that his avidity did not satisfy itself with the air of renown, but that with great eagerness he laid hold on his proportion of the profits."

The attitude of the amateur writer is illustrated by the oft-quoted story of Congreve's asking Voltaire, who had called on him, to regard him as a gentleman and not as an author; receiving the well-merited retort, "If you had been merely a gentleman I should not have called on you."

The man of fashion who cultivated the muses had some excuse for wishing to dissociate himself from the Grub Street hack writer, ready to sell his pen to the highest bidder, and to write a sermon or a bawdy poem for sixpence. The idea that it was derogatory to the dignity of literature to write for money long lingered amongst those whose circumstances rendered it unnecessary for them to consider the question of payment.

Horace Walpole's contempt for authorship was notorious: in a letter he expressed his surprise that "so sensible a man as young Mr. Burke should not have worn off his authorism yet." Gray, following the traditions of his class, refused to take any payment for his *Elegy*; as Mr. Gosse puts it in his *Gray*, he "had a Quixotic notion that it was beneath a gentleman to take money from a bookseller; a view in which Dodsley warmly coincided." The lucky publisher is said to have made £1,000 by this poem, which,

by the way, Gray does not seem to have intended to publish; for it was circulated in MS. till a pirate secured a copy and announced that he was about to give it to the world. On this Gray promptly put it into the hands of Dodsley and published it anonymously.

Gray, like Congreve, "could not bear to be considered himself merely as a man of letters. . . . His desire was to be looked upon as a private gentleman, who read for his amusement." (Boswell's *Letters to the Rev. J. W. Temple.*)

Notwithstanding such cases, in the eighteenth century the position of the author of talent and repute had much improved, and such men as Pope and Gibbon did not lose their position in society because they made money out of their books. Yet the old idea that there was something degrading in accepting money for literary work was still rampant in high quarters.

When, in 1774, the great fight took place in the House of Lords to settle the question of perpetual copyright, Lord Camden was active in trying to limit to a brief period the author's rights in his work, pointing out that genius was not intended for the benefit of the individual who possessed it, but of the race; that fame was a sufficient reward for the author. Lord Chatham was more emphatic, and in writing to a friend expressed his views with vigour: "The very thought of coining literature into ready rhino! Why it is as illiberal as it is illegal." (See *Piracy*).

On the other hand, the common-sense view of literature as a profession in which payment should be made for services as in other callings, was gaining ground. James Ralph, in 1762, published *The Case of Authors by Profession*, in which he protests against the idea that whilst a man may plead, preach, fight, etc., for money, if he writes for money "the Man of Touch . . . enters his Caveat against him as a Man of Taste: declares the two Provinces to be incompatible; that he who aims at praise ought to be starved, etc."

It would be difficult now to find anyone upholding such views: it is universally recognised that an author, like an artist or musician, has every right to be paid for his labour. The danger now is that a writer may be tempted to view the making of money as his main object. Such a man rarely gives the world his best. Yet the hope of reward often acts as a spur to industry. Some of the masterpieces of litera-

ture have been produced under the pressure of want. Although Scott's later novels, written when his powers were failing, are inferior to his best, it was when he was striving to make money as fast as possible to pay for his Abbotsford extravangances that he produced such works as *Peveril of the Peak*, *Quentin Durward*, and *Redgauntlet*.

The fortunate man whose circumstances allow him to restrict his published output to his best work is inclined to take a harsh view of his brother author who depends on literature for his income, and is compelled to write to live instead of living to write. His works are contemptuously labelled "pot-boilers," as if there were something derogatory in writing for a livelihood. But that depends entirely on what is written. Every book cannot be a masterpiece: a great deal of honest "journey-man" work must be done in literature as in every other branch of endeavour, and it is no disgrace to a literary man to earn his living in that way, reserving his leisure for the composition of the masterpiece which every author hopes to produce. It is only when his elementary obligations to his family and society are fulfilled that a man has the right to consider his duty to his art.

This is, at any rate, the view which R. L. Stevenson emphatically held. In a *Letter to a Young Gentleman who proposes to embrace the career of Art* (in which Stevenson includes Literature), he writes: "If he be not frugal, he will find it hard to continue to be honest. Some day, when the butcher is at the door, he may be tempted, he may be obliged, to turn out and sell a slovenly piece of work. If the obligation shall have arisen through no wantonness of his own, he is even to be commended: for words cannot describe how far more necessary it is that a man should support his family than that he should attain to—or preserve—distinction in the arts."

This is plain speaking, indeed, which cannot be welcome to those practitioners of the arts who hold the convenient theory that in some mysterious way the follower of literature or the arts is absolved from the duties incumbent on ordinary folk.

The man who has to write a "pot-boiler" to meet an urgent demand need not, however, necessarily turn out a slovenly piece of work: and however he may regret the necessity of neglecting the higher branches of literature for

the lower, he may console himself with the belief that his time is not altogether being wasted. Practice makes perfect; he gains knowledge of the use of his materials, and acquires a facility often wanting to those whose motto is "few but fit." On the other hand, the man of genius who ultimately obtains the admiration of the public, but in doing so has written copiously under pressure of want of pence, pays the penalty of his hardly-won fame. He is not permitted to decide which of his works shall represent him to future generations: all his early efforts, his hurriedly composed pot-boilers, are dragged from their obscurity and published. (See pp. 213-4.) In vain he protests; *litera scripta manet.*

Though it is difficult to define the ideal attitude of the author towards money, it is safe to say that whilst writing his book he should beware of the temptation to let the pecuniary aspect of his endeavour have undue weight: recognising that to modify his opinions in order to increase his sale is an unworthy act. He should refuse to pander to the public taste for sensation, or to write below his best to gain a larger public. But once his book is finished and as good as he can make it, there is nothing whatever derogatory in striving to make as much money out of it as he can. There is no reason why a writer should not be a good man of business, and it is the duty of a man of business to make as good a bargain as he can for the goods he has to sell. A book has an artistic and also a monetary value, and the author has a claim to the full acknowledgment of both.

. . . . .

The conclusion that we may draw from the foregoing review of literary ethics is that on the whole there has been a distinct progress towards an unattainable ideal: unattainable whilst human nature remains unchanged. Forgery, piracy, and plagiarism, the three most considerable literary crimes, have sensibly diminished; in criticism, translation and editing the improvement is marked; and in most of the departments of literature treated of there has been a steady amelioration. Yet in some directions we have no cause for congratulating ourselves. The oppressive and secret censorship of dramatic literature without appeal still exists; the invasion of privacy by the Press has increased; the reckless-

ness of memoir writers and their disregard of accuracy and of the feelings of others have not lessened if they have not been augmented. Nor can we view without apprehension the expansion of the power of the Press accompanied with its tendency towards monopoly.

The marked extension in the choice of subject and freedom of expression of modern writers of fiction (and indeed of other forms of literature) is often bewailed by the more conservative members of the reading public. Yet in spite of certain cases in which liberty has degenerated into licence, any movement in the direction of censorship must be firmly opposed. The right to say what he thinks is the first right of the literary man, nor should any fear of shocking others restrain him from expressing his views. At the same time, he should remember that to offend unnecessarily is not the way to commend his opinions to those who do not agree with him: who on their part should remember that the proper and only effective way of combating opinions is to refute them: to attempt to suppress them implies that refutation is too difficult.

The art of literature touches life at every point. Painting, music, etc., have their influence, but compared with literature they are almost negligible as regards direct action on the conduct of life. But the writer takes all existence as his province, and there are scarcely any limits to the field of his endeavour except those set by himself. His influence is direct and unmistakable: his opportunities are unlimited. In the higher walks of his art he may unveil momentous truths, and urge them with all his powers; in the lower he may make even his lightest efforts give healthy amusement. It is his high privilege to be able to protest against injustice, to inculcate veracity and probity, to hold up an ideal for men to strive towards. In the house of literature there are many mansions, and the occupants should feel it their duty to keep them swept and garnished.

In conclusion, we can but hope that those in whose hands the future of the art of literature may rest will strive that their work may not only attain perfection of form and expression but also contribute to the advancement of the race.

THE END

APPENDIX
A

PLAGIARISM

APPENDIX
A

Plagiarism

I—"le masque des orateurs"

A FEW further particulars of this curious book may be inserted here. Its title runs: *Le Masque des Orateurs, c'est a dire La Maniere de deguiser facilement toute sorte de Discours, Le Plaidoye, Le Sermon . . . L'Oraison Funebre, etc. Par I.D.S. Escuyer Sieur De Richesource A Paris, A l'Academie des Orateurs.* 1667. (The author frequently omits accents.)

Richesource states that he writes the book at the request of a gifted pupil.

He describes *Plagianism* as "the art or manner, ingenious and easy, by which the orators and Plagianists use adroitly and happily to change or disguise all sorts of Discourses." This is done by Disposition, Amplification and Diminution. Instead of "Religion, Courage and Capacity," he writes, "Piety, Sufficiency and Force." But he acknowledges that this is but a trifling change, and soon shows he has greater resources. Under Amplification, for example, he has fifteen heads: such as Elevation, Synonomy, Multiplication, Similitude, Emblems, etc. He proceeds to exemplify, taking as the foundation of his experiments the sentence "The profession of eloquence is praiseworthy." This he embroiders as follows:

By Elevation . . . The Profession of Eloquence is very praiseworthy.

By Synonym . . . is very honourable and very commendable.

By Multiplication . . . is very charming and very useful.

By Opposition . . . "*et nous pouvons dire au Contraire qu'il n'est point de profession plus infame et plus pernicieuse qu'une eloquence debauchee et corrumpue*," etc. etc.

He gives examples of Amplification which, "*faisant la fecondité de l'Eloquence, donne le dernier embonpoint au Discours, et toute la force dont il est capable qu'on peut appeler l'Emetique de l'Eloquence*, etc."

Other methods are Rejection, Addition and Permutation. Permutation is the "substitution or change that we make of the greater part of the thoughts of the Author, and put others in their place." But as these can only be supplied by genius and practice, he shows how to get the result by artifice: subtle additions, similitudes, etc., repeating what he has said before.

He finishes with a letter of Balzac, November, 1663, disguised and not too successfully. I translate the first sentence.

Original. "The bearer of this letter knows as much of my news as myself, and can give you very ample accounts of all that passes here."

Plagianism. "The person who has been told to place this letter in your hands, knowing me as well as I do myself, will be able to give you an account of my news and inform you very fully of all my doings."

I imagine that the brilliant pupil at whose request this egregious book was published was the young Abbé Fléchier, (afterwards Bishop of Nîmes), whose youth a biographer states was as dissipated as that of the other abbés of his time. He was elected to the Academy on Godeau's death. He was renowned for his funeral orations, such as those on the Archbishop of Narbonne, Turenne and Marie Thérèse. He does not appear to have profited much by the lessons of Richesource, for his history of Cardinal Commendon "is merely a translation of the Latin of Gratiani," instead of being disguised. (*Grand Dictionnaire Universel.*) He addressed some verses to his former master. He died in 1710.

II—FURTHER INSTANCES OF PLAGIARISM

It is surprising to find that one of Jeremy Taylor's published sermons was taken in part at least from a Portuguese original. (L. Tollemache: Preface to *Safe Studies.*) In his turn Taylor was plagiarised by Benjamin Franklin, who stole his parable against intolerance, and received praise for it from Lord Kames, ignorant of its source.

A more glaring robbery was confessed by Sir Everard Home (1756-1832): the materials of the lectures he delivered before the Royal Society were stolen from his brother-in-law, Dr. J. Hunter. The same sinner borrowed ten folio volumes of MSS. from the confiding doctor, kept them for thirty years, and after Hunter's death burnt most of them; doubtless to conceal the extent to which he had helped himself to their contents.

Anecdotes of Napoleon, appearing about the middle of last century, was "a compilation literally rendered from the German of a *Life of Frederick the Great*; the name of the Emperor being substituted for that of the latter." (*Salad for the Social.*) Serjeant Ballantine in his *Experiences* relates how Miss Strickland went to the House of Lords to vent her indignation on Lord Campbell for his thefts in his *Lives of the Chancellors*; but the acute judge seems to have pacified her. Of Lord Wm. Lennox *Punch* remarked that his favourite authors were Steele and Borrow. Baedeker cribbed freely for his guides from Murray's *Handbooks*, sometimes with comic results, as Sir E. Cook points out. "In Murray's Switzerland he stated 'the slate rocks here are full of red garnets.' Baedeker mistranslated the passage and informed us that the said rocks 'are overgrown with red pomegranates.'"

In Ouida's *Critical Studies* she tells how she saw a story in a high-class London periodical which was a reproduction of part of *Puck*. She wrote to the editor who replied that the authoress had never read the book. Ouida rejoined that a denial was no proof of innocence, but got no reply. Living abroad, she knew that an action would have entailed too great an expense. She remarks "These piracies are so incessant that to bring actions would mean a life in the law courts."

Even the editors of official publications sometimes yield to temptation. In 1862 was published the official *Calendar of Patent, etc., Rolls in Ireland*. An "Irish Archivist" in *Record Revelations* points out that the *Calendar* takes whole paragraphs verbatim from H. J. Mason, Wm. Lynch, Sir W. Betham and others without any acknowledgment, though the *Calendar* is supposed to be an original work. The Archivist prints passages in parallel columns which amply prove his case: the very errors are copied: e.g., "the

reasons which induced Sir John Davies . . . was his inexcusable anxiety, etc." (S. N. Erlington: *Literary Piracies.*)

I have collected a mass of similar instances of various dates, but enough have been given to show that no literary crime is so prevalent.

In this connection the author has another danger to avoid. In recent years, a practice has sprung up of bringing frivolous charges of plagiarism against well-known writers on the chance of their compromising the matter to avoid the inevitable costs of a law-suit. In America such cases are more frequent than here. Some scandalous instances are detailed in *The Author* of October, 1924.

To the variations of the theme on page 183 might have been added one from *The Winter's Tale*, Act III, Sc. 2.

> "What's gone, and what's past help,
> Should be past grief."

In Greene's *Pandosto* (on which *The Winter's Tale* is founded), the same idea occurs. "In things past cure, care is a corrosive."

Also in *The Two Gentlemen of Verona* occurs the line "Cease to lament for that thou canst not help."

B

The Literary Hoax

A few more instances may not be uninteresting. Mr. Watts, who unmasked the *English Mercurie* (see page 142) was also the discoverer of another very elaborate hoax by the Yorkes. In 1741 was published anonymously the *Athenian Letters* in two volumes, of which a dozen copies were sent to friends who were enjoined to observe strict secrecy. The preface, by Charles Yorke, the brother of the better known Philip, gives a long account of how a Jew, who had access to the Royal Library at Fez, obtained the letters; and how a Spanish translation of them came into the hands of the English Consul at Tunis in 1688, and finally into the hands of the English translator. He "chuses indeed to conceal his name, which he hopes the candid reader will forgive, since it is not done with a design of imposing more safely on the world, but in order to decline

with honour the disagreeable wranglings of controversy." (The same excuse was put forward by Ireland to explain the absence of documents in connection with his Shakespearean forgeries.)

The preface refers to Bentley's exposure of the *Phalaris Letters*, but expresses confidence that no such fate awaits the present volume.

The letters give an account of the state of affairs in Athens at the time of the Peloponnesian War. Those in the secret could trace topical allusions to contemporary politics: e.g., Solon is made to remark, "Laws are like cobwebs; they entangle the weak and men of low condition, but the rich and the powerful break them": whilst Anacharsis, the Scythian sage, states: "Methinks it is a strange disposition of your affairs that you should suffer wise men to debate, and leave it to fools to decide."

In the chapter *A Dubious Licence in Fiction* (see Chapter XII) I have given other instances which may almost be considered attempts at hoaxing the public.

A sale at Sotheby's in July, 1922, called attention to an almost forgotten hoax by the youthful Shelley: *The Posthumous Fragments of Margaret Nicholson:* a pamphlet of which only six copies exist. She was a mad washerwoman who attempted the life of George III, and was confined in Bedlam. The little volume was issued as edited by John Fitzvictor, a supposititious nephew. To publish it was an unjustifiable act, as Shelley seems to have speedily felt, for he promptly suppressed it. The copy at Sotheby's fetched no less than £1,210.

In *Reliques of Father Prout* (Mahony) appear Italian, French, Latin and Greek versions of *The Groves of Blarney*; the first three are supposed to be variants of the Greek. This was an amusing jest, but in his *Rogueries of T. Moore* he carried the joke too far. Many readers took his statements seriously.

The American poet, J. Whitcombe Riley, published some excellent verses entitled *Leonanie*, which he stated he had discovered on the fly leaf of an old volume, signed E.A.P. They were accepted as by Edgar Allan Poe, and the deception was not discovered for a long time. Such feats are greatly to be deprecated, and should be termed frauds rather then hoaxes. Many men of letters seem to have been

afflicted with what Mr. Justice Bowen termed "the moral obliquity of an Ananias."

C

A Dubious Licence in Fiction

The cases of *Vathek* (See *Literary Thief:* p. 15), and of *The Athenian Letters* (See *Literary Hoax:* Appendix B), have already been mentioned under those heads.

I take from Mr. Tallentyre's *Life of Voltaire* a few instances in French literature. In 1739, having been annoyed by Desfontaines, Voltaire published the *Preservatif*; a collection of Desfontaine's mistakes, with a reference to certain episodes in his life. The pamphlet purported to be written by the Chevalier de Mouhy, to whom later he gave a hundred francs. *Candide* was published anonymously in 1759 as translated from the German of Dr. Ralph, with additions found in the Doctor's pocket when he died at Minden. Voltaire denied the authorship, and attributed it to the Chevalier de Mouhy, who had already acted as his stalking-horse.

Voltaire seems to have had no difficulty in obtaining "Ghosts." His play *Le Droit du Seigneur* was to pose as the work of Picardet, an Academician of Dijon, until its success was assured. But the censor, Crébillon, Voltaire's old enemy, recognised his style and refused to pass the play unless a scene from his (Crébillon's) hand was inserted.

Hawthorne attributed his story, *Rappacini's Daughter*, to a French writer, Aubépine, and prefaced it with a criticism of his works, which is in reality intended to give his opinion of his own books. But unless the reader happened to be aware that Aubépine is the French for Hawthorne, the preface would be taken as a genuine account of an actual writer.

How misleading the licence in question has become is well illustrated in Mr. W. J. Locke's *Tale of Triona*, to which reference has been made in Chapter I. The hero has found a diary on the abandoned body of a dead soldier and works it up into a successful novel. He puts as a supposititious case to his wife whether he cannot claim it as his.

"If he were honest, he ought to tell the truth in a preface," said Olivia.

Triona laughed. "Who would believe him? The trick of writing false prefaces in order to give verisimilitude is so overworked that people won't believe the genuine ones."

"I suppose that's so," she acquiesced.

No further proof can be needed of the impropriety of the custom which is now so common.

D

Newspapers and Journalism (see page 230)

On the other hand, the following extract from *The Observer* of 13th July, 1924, calls attention to the drawbacks to a practice which can only merit censure: "It is much to be regretted that a practice appears to be increasingly adopted, by some even of the most reputable papers, of printing what purports to be a review of a debate in Parliament, but is in fact merely a presentation of one side. Thus, the *Morning Post* article by their Parliamentary correspondent gives half a column to the Bishop of Durham's attack on the Bill, and does not even mention the name or the argument of a single supporter. There is real danger in this method, for the public is entirely misled."

E

Biography

1—restrictions (see page 279)

Mr. Mallock in his *Memoirs* (p. 101) treats the question at some length, especially as regards "anecdotes or short sketches of individuals as a method of social history." He acknowledges that there must be some restrictions; amongst them the victims "must for the most part be dead, so that their susceptibilities may not be wounded by a too free allusion to their doings. Further, the anecdotes told of them must not be to their disadvantage in any way which would wound the susceptibilities of

the living. These mortifying restrictions are, for all who respect them, a death-blow to the most entertaining, perhaps the most instructive, part of what the memoir writer has to tell."

He gives instances of cases where he has been asked to supervise memoirs, and has had to expurgate freely. It may however be pointed out that compliance with his restrictions would give a false impression, and render a biography not more trustworthy than an epitaph.

II—MRS. CARLYLE'S DIARIES (see page 283)

Mr. Hutton also refers to the notorious case of the publication of Mrs. Carlyle's diaries, to which Carlyle "apparently as a sort of penance," gave his sanction. Mr. Hutton protests on the ground that these revelations were unauthorised: that is unauthorised by Mrs. Carlyle. "Is it fair to her to overhear her in her moods of anguish talking to herself?"

He refers to the so-called tyranny of the Dead Hand, but claims its right of "giving or withholding confidences to the world which survives it." But he holds that this right diminishes as time advances and the reasons for reticence expire. He does not refer to the fact that the interest also diminishes with time.

INDEX

PAGE

A

Abraham Lincoln. Play 260
Abridgments. See Piracy .. 62
Absolom and Achitophel 68, 249, 289
Abuses Whipt, etc. .. 172, 253
Acton, Lord 215
— On History.. 265
Acts of Parliament.
Stationers' Co. Acts, 1640 and 1660 166
— 1814 167
Licensing Act, 1662 174
— 1685 174
Copyright Act, 1709 48–50, 167–175
Stamp Acts, 1712, etc. .. 224
Licensing Act (Drama), 1737 176
Dramatic Copyright Act, 1833 77
Copyright Act, 1835 .. 170
— 1842 170
International Copyright Act, 1857 .. .. .. 80–1, 89
Subsequent Legislation .. 87
ACTUAL PERSONS IN FICTION AND DRAMA. Chapter XXII.
A Common Practice .. 244–5
"Romans à clef" .. 244 *et seq.*
Examples .. .. 244 *et seq.*
Drawing from Life .. 248–251
Names of Living Persons ..251–2
Historical Personages. See *H* 257
Stage Portraiture 251–4
Biographical Plays 254
Adam Bede 16
— *Junior* 16
Addison, J., *The Tatler*, etc. .. 31
— As Critic 296
— *Rosamund* 317
— On Sermons 93
Adrianus of Tyre. Letters .. 29
Adventure of Living, The .. 200
Adventures in Journalism .. 200
Advice to a Young Reviewer .. 292
Age of Patronage 316
Akenside, Mark 14
Alcuin, Bible of 26
Allen, Grant 314

PAGE

American Piracy. See Piracy.
ANONYMOUS AND PSEUDONYMOUS LITERATURE. Chapter XVII.
Vast Extent 189
Reasons for 189–90
Dr. Johnson on .. 191–193
Abuse of Anonymity .. 192, 198
Denial of Authorship ..193–6
Attacking Oneself 196
Dangers of Anonymity 18, 197–8
Anonymity in Newspapers and Magazines 198
Pseudonyms .. .. 189, etc. 221
Anstey, F. 17
Apocryphal Books .. 22 *et seq.*
Apologia pro vitâ suâ 195
Apology for Actors 46
Apology for Plagiaries 109
Apostles' Creed Parodied .. 136
Areopagitica 93, 102, 174, 183, 223
Aristophanes 133
Art of Editing, The 215
Art of English Poesie, The .. 301
Ascham 300
As You Like It .. .. 105 etc.
Athanasian Creed, The. Parodied 136
Athenian Letters, The 340
Augustine, Saint 25
Auld Robin Gray 43
Austen, Jane 210
AUTHORS AND PATRONS. Chapter XXIX.
Age of Patronage 316
Fulsome Dedications 317–9
Patrons 319–323
Rewards of Authors 319–20, 324–5
Dr. Johnson on Dedications .. 317
— on Patrons 322–3
Swift on Patrons .. 321–2, 325
Pope on Patrons 322
Lord Chesterfield 323
Political Patrons 325
Publishers as Patrons .. 326
Grub Street. See *G*.
Authors in Ancient Times .. 71
Autobiography. See Biography 285
Autobiography of a Cornish Rector 197

B

PAGE

Back to Methusalah 136
Bacon, Lord 106
Baedeker, Plagiarism 339
Ballads. See *The Literary Forger*, Chapter III. 40
Banquet, The 273
Barbauld, Mrs., as Editor .. 210
Barrie, Sir J. on Journalism .. 222
Bashkirtseff, Marie 286
Battle of the Books. The .. 29
Battle of the Frogs and Mice. The 133
Bayle, P., on *Controversy* .. 289
Beaconsfield, Lord. Plagiarist .. 120
— Characters from Life, 244–5, 250
— on Greville's *Memoirs* .. 276
— Life of 279
Beaumont and Fletcher 105–6, 133
Beau Nash. Life of 114
Beckford, Wm. .. 15, 116, 146
Beggar's Opera and *Polly* 30, 175, 252
Behn, Aphra .. 83, 109, 251, 318
Belisario 55
Belloc, H. On Forgery .. 38
— Hoaxes 150
Bentley, R. on Pope's Homer .. 303
Bentley, as Editor .. 206–7–8
— *Letters of Phalaris* 29
Berne Conferences 58
— Convention of 60
Bethlehem (A Play) 178
Bible, The. Canon of 203–4
— Falsification of 203–6
— Expurgated 212
— Wrong Attributions .. 20
— Translations 300
Bible of Alcuin 26
— *The Vallicella* 26
Biblical Plays 178
— Parody 135–6
Bickerstaff, Isaac .. 30, 144–5
Bickersteth, Bishop .. 239–40
Biglow Papers 231–297
BIOGRAPHY, MEMOIRS, ETC. Chapter XXV.
Objections to 269–70
Methods of Writing:
Laudatory 270
Abusive 271
Truthful 272
Private Life 272–8
The 'Real' So and So .. 272
Conversations reported ..276–8
Political Revelations .. 276
Boswell 276
Greville *Memoirs* 276
Legal Aspect 280
Libels on the Dead 280
Private Letters.
Protests against Publication .. 281
When meant for Public .. 281
When not meant for Public .. 282
Limits of Expurgation .. 282
Destruction of Letters .. 283
Legal Aspect 284–5
AUTOBIOGRAPHY.
Unconscious Bias 285
Advantages of 285
"The Whole Truth" .. 286
Examples 286
Birrell, Augustine. On Copyright 55, 122
— On Editing 213–4
— On Translation 299
Blackwood's Magazine 83, 118, 163, 292–3
Blair, Dr. Hugh 14, 40, 211
Blake, Poems altered 211
Blasphemy. Trial for 135–6
Blowitz, *Memoirs* 228
Bohn, Translations .. 57, 311
Booksellers, See *Publishers.*
Boswell, J. 14, 30, 51, 116, 191
Border Minstrelsy 42
Bowdler, *Expurgated Bible* .. 212
— — *Shakespeare* 212
Braddon, Miss. Abridgments .. 64
Brontë, Charlotte .. 86, 210
Browne, Sir Thos. .. 47, 328
Browning, Robt. On Biography 269
Browning, Mrs. E. B. *Letters* 57
Buchanan, Robert 198
Bull, Bishop 93
Bunyan, John .. 46, 48, 67, 210
Burial of Sir John Moore, The 17, 149
Burlesques of Plays 138
Burlesques. Legal questions .. 139
Burnand, Sir F. .. 77–8, 82, 307
Burnet, G. *History of My Own Times* 264–5
Burns, Robt. Plagiarism .. 117
Butler, N. *The London Prodigal* 28
— Samuel, *Note Books of* .. 233
— (1612–80) 108–9, 205
Byron. Frauds on .. 34, 53–4
— *Cain* 54
— *Don Juan* .. 54, 293
— *Werner.* Source of .. 83
— Depicted in Novels .. 245
— As a Plagiarist 118

C

Cain 54
Calderon 78, 308
Calendar of Patents, etc. Plagiarism 339
Camden, Lord 49, 52, 330
Campbell, Lord. Plagiarism .. 339
Campbell. Rev. A. Thefts .. 15
Candide 342
Canon of the Bible, See *Bible.*
Canon of Muratori 25

PAGE
Canterbury Tales 104
Captures 187
Carlyle, Thos. Frauds on 35, 56
— on Copyright 167
— on *Waverley Novels* .. 258
Carlyle, Mrs. *Diaries* 344
Carey, H. C. *Letters on Copyright* 58
Cary, Rev. F. C. *Dante* .. 308
Casanova. *Life* 286
Case of Authors by Profession. The 51, 330
Castle of Otranto. The 146, 155, 191
Cellini, Benvenuto. *Life* .. 286
CENSORSHIP. Chapter XV.
— Acts, see Acts of Parliament.
— Licensing of Books .. 171
— Suppression of Books 172, 263
— Star Chamber 172–3
— Ecclesiastical Censors ..172–3
— Ineffective Censorship 173, 175
— *Areopagitica* 93, 174, 183, 223
— Milton as Censor 174
— Lord Chamberlain ..175–7
— *Beggar's Opera* and *Polly* 30, 175–6, 252
— Examiner of Plays .. 176
— Lord Chesterfield's Protest 176
— Suppressed Plays 176–7,—80
— Eccentricities of Censor 176 *et seq.*
— Futility of Censor 177
— Royal Commissions on ..178–9
— *Punch* on the Censor .. 180
— Library Censorship ..181–2
— Municipal Censorship ..180–1
— Cinema Censorship .. 183
Century of Parody, A 134
CINEMA. Chapter XXVIII.
— Plays and Novels adapted..313–4
— Protests of Authors .. 314
— Non-copyright Works .. 315
— Censorship 183
Chasles, M. Fraud on 35
Charles I (play) 260
Chatham, Lord .. 50, 330
Chatterton, T. 42, 48–9, 146, 155–6
Chaucer 104, 191
Chesterfield, Lord 49, 61, 147, 176, 183, 259, 303
— and Johnson 322–3
Chesterton, G. K. On Biography 273
Cholmondeley, Miss Mary 16, 248
Christmas Carol 56, 85
Cibber, Colley 75
Cicero 20, 27, 40, 300
Circulating Libraries (Censorship) 180–1–2
Citizen of the World. The 94, 185
Clarendon, Lord. *History* .. 264
Clarissa Harlowe .. 65, 68
Cobbett, Wm. 225
Coleridge, Saml. Protest against Alterations 210
PAGE
Coleridge Saml., on Plagiarism .. 119
— on Translations 307
Collections and Recollections. Russell, G. W. E. 96
Collier, J. Payne .. 36, 43
Colman, Geo. 176
Colonel, The (play) 78
Confessions of Henry Ireland. The 32
Confessions of J. J. Rousseau. The 286
Congreve Wm. Characters from Life 249
— on Critics 297
— on Patronage 319
Consiliorum Collectio Regia Maxima 20
Contra Mendacium 25
Cook, Captain. *Voyages* abridged 63
Cook, Sir E. On Editing .. 215
Cooke, Eliza 17
Coombe, Wm. As "Ghost" and Forger 185
Cooper, Fenimore 54
Coplestone, Bishop. *Advice to a Young Reviewer* 292
COPYRIGHT. Chapter XIV.
— Privileges 166
— Stationers' Co. 46–7, 166–7, 171
— Freedom of the Press. See *Censor.*
— Acts of Parliament. See *A*
— Limitations 167–8
— Perpetual 167–8–9
— Copyright in a Character .. 169
— ,, in Private Letters .. 284
— ,, in Lectures 170
— ,, in America .. 122
— Law of Libel .. 169, 250
— in Seditious Works .. 54
— in Immoral Works 54, 181–2
— Legal Points .. 54, 122, 212
— International Copyright 57 *et seq.* 311
Correspondence (Private). See under *Biography* (B) .. 281
Cotton's *Montaigne* .. 110, 301
Courtney, W. P. .. 128, 189
Cowley, A. 117
— Letters 206, 281
Cowper, W. Hymns 238
— Homer 304
Crabbe, Geo. Fear of Plagiarism 117–8
— Altered 211
Cricket on the Hearth, The .. 85
Critic, The 133
CRITICISM AND CONTROVERSY. Chapter XXVI.
— Virulence of Early ..288–9
— Personalities in Controversy 288 *et seq.*
— Critic as Fault Finder ..290–1
— Coplestone's *Advice to a Young Reviewer* .. 292

PAGE
CRITICISM AND CONTROVERSY.—*Contd.*
Personalities in Reviews, etc. 292–3
— Anonymity in Criticism..294–7
— Satire 294
— Personal Bias 295
— Log-rollers 295
— Dramatic Critics 296–7
— Reviewing Books 297
Croker's Boswell's *Life of Johnson* 214
— as Editor 218
Cromek, R. H. *Remains of Nithsdale, etc., Song* 42
Cromwell, O. Forged Letters .. 35
Crutwell, C. T. *Literary History* 38
Curiosities of Literature .. 172 etc.
Curll, E. 29–30, 185, 281

D

Dante (Cary) 368
Davenant, Sir Wm. 72
Davis, Jos. *Monody*, etc. .. 15
Deane, Revd. W. J. *Pseudepigrapha* 24
De Baptismo 25
De Consolatione .. 20, 27, 40, 193
Decretals. The 26
Dedications .. 316–9, 323–5
Defence of Music, etc. 173
Defoe, Daniel. *Apparition of Mrs. Veal. The* 143
— *Journal of the Plague. A* 153
— *Memoirs of a Cavalier* 153, 257
— *Moll Flanders* 209
— *Robinson Crusoe* .. 62, 68, 154
— His *Review* 225
— *Roxana* 210
— *Shortest Way with Dissenters* 143, 190
— Hoaxes on 143–4
De Imitatione 190
Dekker, T. Characters from Life 251
Delane, John (Editor) 231
Delepierre, O. (*Superchéries*, etc.) 26, 189 etc.
Dennis, John 145, 290
Derrick Vaughan 16
de Quincey. See under *Q.*
"Devilling" 187
Diana of the Crossways 247
Diary (Crabb Robinson) .. 211
— (Mrs. Carlyle) 344
— (Tom Moore) 281
— *of a Young Lady of Fashion* 151
Diaries, My (W. S. Blunt) .. 279
Dickens au Théâtre 86
Dickens, Chas. *Nicholas Nickleby* 52, 84
— *Pickwick* 55, 69
— Frauds on, Piracy, etc. .. 55
— Novels on the Stage ..84–86

PAGE
Dickens Chas. On Copyright..53, 56
— as Editor of Magazines ...220–1
— „ „ "Daily News" 226
— Interviewed 253
— Characters from Life ..245–8
— *Life of* .. .. 84, 271 etc.
— Destroyed Letters .. 283
Dictionnaire Philosophique .. 193
Discoveries (Ben Jonson) .. 306
Disraeli, Benjamin. See *Beaconsfield.*
— Isaac. Plagiarist 120
— „ *Curiosities of Literature* .. .. .. 172 etc.
— „ *Quarrels of Authors* .. 223
Dissertatio de Plagio, etc... .. 111
Divine Legation, The 113
Doctor, The (Southey) 196
Dodsley, Robt. 52, 323
Donaldson *v.* Becket. Test Case 49
Donaldson. Pirate 51
Don Juan 54, 293
Don Quixote 67-8, 305
Donne, Rev. J. *Sermons* .. 93
Drama. (*See also separate plays*).
— from the French and Spanish 78–81
— from Novels .. 82 *et seq.*
— Adaptation of Existing Plays 71 *et seq.*
— M.S. of Plays 73
— Appropriation of Scenes, etc. Test Case 77
— *Little Lord Fauntleroy*. Test Case 87
— Censorship. See *Censor.*
— Scriptural Drama 178–9
— American Drama .. 82, 87, 89
— Adapting Plays for Cinema. See *Cinema.*
— Historical Inaccuracies ..260–1
— Dramatic Critics 296–7
— „ Sequels .. 70
Drinkwater, John 260
Drummer. The 31
Dryden, John. *Absolom and Achitophel* .. 68, 249, 289
— *MacFlecknoe* 72
— *State of Innocence. The* 47, 317
— Dedications.. 317
— Satires 289
— In *The Rehearsal* 252
— A Plagiarist .. 72, 108
— Adaptations of Shakespeare 72–3
— Adaptations of French Plays 78–9
— on Plagiarism 108
— on Critics 296–7
— on Log-rolling 296
— on Translation 302–5
— on Writing for Money ..328–9

PAGE

A Dubious Licence in Fiction. Chapter XII.
— Misleading Prefaces .. 153
— Defoe 153
— Scott 153
— Swift 154
— Other Examples .. 155–7, 342
— Danger of Practice 157–9, 342
Dublin Pirates 50–1
Dumas, his "Ghosts" 186
— Defends Plagiarism .. 128
Dunciad, The .. 30, 74, 112, 207–8, 249, 290
— Warburton's Edition .. 209
Dunton, John. *Life and Errors of* 50, 62

E

Eager Heart (play) 178
East Lynne 87
Eatanswill Gazette. The .. 226
Eccentric Preachers 98
Eccles, Revd. C. S. Fraud .. 14
Ecclesiastical Censors. See *Censor.*
— Forgeries. See *Forgery.*
Edinburgh Review. The 198, 216–7, 292
Editors (Books). Chapter XVIII.
— Biblical 203–6
— Classical Texts 206
— Pope's Protest 207
— Other Authors' Protests ..210–1
— Bentley's Homer and Milton 207–8
— Editors of Shakespeare ..208–9
— Dr. Johnson on Emendations 209
— Instances of Editorial Liberties 208 *et seq.*, 264
— Expurgated Editions 212, 215
— "Complete Works" ..213–4
— Editors of Biographies. See *B.*
— Macaulay on Editing .. 214
— Sir E. Cook on Editing .. 215
— Notes and Footnotes 7, 203, 215
Editors (Reviews and Magazines). Chapter XIX.
— (Newspapers. See Chapter XX.
— Anonymous Contributions. See *Anonymous*, etc. *A.*
— *Edinburgh Review* .. 216 *et seq.*
— *Quarterly Review* 216
— Abuse of Power 217–9
— Protests of Authors ..217–9
— Abusive Criticism. See *Criticism.*
— Dickens as Editor ..220–1
— Fraudulent Editors .. 221

PAGE

Editors (Newspapers and Journalism). Chapter XX.
— Early Newspapers .. 222
— Press Restrictions 223–4
— Surveyor of the Press (Censor) 224
— Bribery of the Press ..224–5
— Reporting Parliamentary Debates 224–5
— Stamp Act, 1712 .. 225
— Imprisoned Editors ..225–6
— Scurrility of the Press ..226–7
— "Society" Journals .. 227
— Reporting Private Life .. 227
— Reporting Private Conversations 228
— Reporting Divorce .. 229
— Dangers of Anonymous Reporting 229
— One-sided Reports 229–30, 343
— Editors as Autocrats 231–2–3
— "Cooked" Correspondence 233
— Advertisements 233–4
— Interviews 234
— Newspaper Combines .. 234
Eighth Commandment. The 63, 80–1, 121
Eikon Basiliké 31, 37
Elegy (Gray's) 52, 329
Eliot, George 16
— Destroyed Letters .. 283
Elwin, Revd. W. (Editor) ..218–9
Elyot, Thos. Fraud 27
Emma 210
Encyclopædia Brit. Pirated .. 59
Endymion 292
English as She is Spoke .. 310
English Mercurie. The 142, 222, 340
Enoch, Book of 21
Enquiry into Prodigies, etc. .. 113
Epistles, Apocryphal 22
Ervine, St. John 70
Espinasse, F. *Literary Recollections* 57
Essays. Goldsmith 51
— J. Hume 40
Essay on the Human Understanding 63
Essay on Origin of Poetry .. 251
Essay on Translation (Tyler) .. 307
Ethics and Law .. 45, 89, 129–30
Eucolpius 27
Eusebius 23
Everyman 179
Examiner, The 225
— of Plays. See also *Censor* 171
Excursion, The 198
Experiences of a Literary Man. The 179
Expurgated Editions. See *Abridgments* 65

PAGE

F

Farewell to Folly 184
Farrer. *Literary Forgeries* 21, 37 etc.
Fathers, The. Forgeries, etc. 21 *et seq.*
Fiction Given as Fact .. 153 *et seq.*
— Danger of (see also *The Literary Hoax*) 157, 342–3
Fielding, Hy. .. 30, 68, 134, 145
— Characters from Life .. 244
Films. See *Cinema.*
FitzGerald, E. On Translation 79, 308
— as Editor 211
Fleshly School of Poets. The .. 198
Florio, J. .. 48, 251, 302
Footnotes (Preface) 7
Foote, Saml. 252
Forgery. See *The Literary Forger* 19
Frankenstein 191
Free Enquiry, etc. *A* 14, 21–2, 31, 113, 262
Freeland, H. W. *Lectures*, etc. .. 34
French Piracies .. 48, 54, 80
Formosa. History of 32
Forster, J. (*Life of Dickens*) 55–6–7
— on Copyright 168

G

Galignani (Byron) 53
Galsworthy, J. *Captures* 187, 201
Garrick, D. 73, 209
Garrick and His Circle .. 73
Gay, John. *Beggar's Opera* and *Polly* .. 30, 175, 252
— *Present State of Wit* .. 30
— Patronage 320–1
— "Joseph" 30
Gay-Dombeys, The 69
Gelasius, Pope. *De libris recipiendis*, etc. 27
Genlis, Mme de 119
Gent, Thos. Thefts 15
Gentle Art of Making Enemies. The 230
Gesta Romanorum 91
"Ghosts." See *The Literary Ghost, L.*
Ghosts. Play suppressed .. 177
Giant's Robe, The 17
Gibbon, Ed. *Decline and Fall*, etc. 162
Gibbs, Sir P. 200–1
Gifford, Wm. .. 210, 217–8
Gilbert, Sir Wm. Parodies 138, 253
Gissing, Geo. 157, 187
Gladstone, W. E. Biography .. 269
Glover, T. R. *Poets and Puritans* 21
Gloria. Test Case 232

PAGE

Godwin, Wm. Assumed name 191
Goldsmith, O. Essays Pirated 51
— *Essay on Origin of Poetry* .. 251
— *Life of Dr. Parnell* .. 146
— *Life of Beau Nash* .. 275
— on Plagiarism 114–5
— on "Ghosts" 185
— on Translation .. 300, 304
— *Letters from a Nobleman* .. 191
— on Patronage 326
— *Citizen of the World, The* 94, 185
Gollancz, Sir I., as Editor .. 211
Goncourt, Ed. de. Plagiarism .. 121
Gospels. Apocryphal 22
— Suppressed 16
— of Ebionites and Egyptians 22
Gospel of Nicodemus .. 22
Gray, Thos. *Elegy* 52
— on Writing for Money 329–30
Graham, Capt. H. On Originality 125
Grand Cyrus. Le 224
Greene, Robt. 107, 184
Greville, C. C. F. *Memoirs* .. 276
Grub Street 94, 224, 305, 316, 326
Guides to Exhibitions .. 309–10
Guides to Fiction 257
Gulliver's Travels 68, 154, 163, 206, 213
Gwynn, Stephen 179

H

Halifax, Lord. As Patron .. 319
Hancock, E. *Suppressed Gospels* 22
Hankin, St. J. 70
Hardouin, Father. *Prolegomena*, etc. 20
Hardwicke, Lord. Hoax 142, 341
Hawker, Revd. R. S., *Trelawney* 43
Hazlitt, W. Libel on 293
Headlong Hall, etc. 245
Henley, Rev. S. Theft .. 15
— W. E. As Editor ..231–2
Heywood, Thos. *Apology for Actors* 46
HISTORICAL FICTION AND DRAMA. Chapter XXIII.
— Novels as History .. 257
— Inaccuracies. Scott ..258–9
— Scott's Defence 259
— Other Cases 260
— Stage Inaccuracies ..260–1
HISTORY. Chapter XXIV.
— Falsified by the Fathers .. 262
— Early Chronicles .. 262
— Plagiarisms 123
— Suppression and Mutilation 262–3
— Editors Tampering with .. 264
— Subjective Bias .. 265–6–7
— Modern Criticism .. 266
— Falsity of History ..267–8

PAGE
Historia Crowlandensis 27
History of English Journalism .. 223
— *England* (*Chronicles*, Holinshed 172, 263
— *European Morals* .. 21–3
— *Freedom* 215
— *The Long Parliament* .. 263
— *My Own Times* 264–5
— *Poetry* 27
— *Rebellion, of the* 264
— *World, of the* 263
Histriomastix 142, 173
Hoax. See *Literary Hoax.*
Holcroft, T. *Road to Ruin* .. 119
Holinshed, R. *Chronicles* 172, 263
Holland, Lady. On Biography 270
Homer 19
— Bentley's Edition 207
Homilies 92
Hone, Wm. Trial of 135–6
Honnêtetés Littéraires 33
Horace and Mæcenas 316
— on Translation 300
Horne, Revd. *Introduction to Scriptures* 20
Household Words 220
Hudibras 205
Hume, J. *Essays* 40
Hunt, Leigh 217
— *The Examiner* 225
Hymns and Hymnals. See *Hymnology.*
HYMNOLOGY. Chapter XXI.
— Julian Collection 236
— *Enclycopedia of Religion* .. 236
— Collections of Hymns, various 238–41
— Mutilation of Hymns 237 *et seq.*
— Protests of Authors .. 240

I

Ibsen. *Doll's House* 88
— *Ghosts* 177
Idler, The 51
Iliad, The 19
Imitatione, de 190
Immoral Books 54, 181–2
Ingleside, Mr. 127
Ingulf, Abbot 27
Innes, Revd. Wm. Theft .. 15
Inquiry into the Present State of Polite Learning 326
International Copyright 56 *et seq.* 79–82, 311
Interviews 234
Introduction to Study of Scriptures 21
Ireland, W. H. 32–3
Irving, Washington. *Sketch Book* 57
— *Bracebridge Hall* 57
PAGE
Isidore, Archbishop. *Decretals* .. 26
Ivanhoe. Inaccuracies 258

J

Jaggard, I. 46–7
James, Hy. Characters from Life 248
Jane Eyre. Dramatised .. 86
Jasher. Book of 20
Jeffrey, Lord 216
Jerrold, Douglas 80
Jesus Problem. The 21
Job. Editing of 204
Johnson, Dr. Sam. On Abridgments 63
— on Piracy 51–2
— on Anonymous Writing 191, 193
— on Plagiarism .. 108, 114
— on Private Letters .. 281
— on Dedications 317
— on Patrons 322–3
— on Writing for Money .. 329
— on Copyright .. 51, 167
— Long books in M.S. .. 47
— as Reporter 224
— as Critic .. 292, 296, 304
— as Translator 304
— *Rasselas* 52, 63
— Edits Shakespeare 209
— Sermons 94
— *Vanity of Human Wishes, The* 322
— *Lives of the Poets* 323
— *The Dictionary* 329
Johnston, Sir H. 69
Jonson, Ben. Plagiarism 72, 106–7
— *The Staple of News* .. 223
— Characters from Life .. 251
— *Discoveries* 306
— Translations 300
Journal of the Plague. The .. 153
Journalism. See *Newspapers*, Chapter XX.
Jowett, Dr. On Translation .. 300
Junius. Letters of 190
Juvenal. *Satires* 19

K

Keats, J. Letters 282
Ken, Bishop. Hymns 240
Kenrick, Dr. Critic 291
Kenilworth 265
— Inaccuracies 258
Killing no Murder 197
King Lear 73, 76, 207
Kingsley, Revd. C. On History 267
Knight of the Burning Pestle, The 133

L

PAGE

Lamb, Charles. Hoaxes .. 148
— Parodies 136
— As Plagiarist 119
— As a "Ghost" 186
— As a Pirate 84
— on Bowdlerising .. 186, 212
— on Mutilation of Text 72, 198, 217
— on Translation 302
Lang, Andrew. Hoax 156–7
— on Journalism 228
Langbaine. *Momus Triumphans* 111
Later Leaves 84, 227
Lauder, Wm. Forger 31
Law and Morals 45, 89, 129–30
Law of Copyright (Richardson) .. 52
— (Macgillivray) .. 77
Lecky, W. A. 21, 23–5
Lectures. Copyright in .. 170
Lee, Robert E. (play) 260
Legal Cases. See under the various heads.
Letters on Copyright (Carey) .. 58
Letters, Athenian 340–1
Letters of Mrs. Browning .. 57
Letters of Byron and Shelley. Forged 35
— of Christ. Forged .. 23
— *of Junius* 281
— *of Lady Mary Montague* .. 146
— *of Phalaris* 27
— Destruction of 281
— Private. See *Biography*. Chapter XXV.
Libel, Law of .. 175, 224–5
Libraries. Censorship 180–2
Licence. A Dubious, etc. See under *D*, Chapter XII.
Licences for Printing 46
— for Preaching 92
Life of Beau Nash 114
— *Beaconsfield, Lord* 279
— *Bishop Bull* 93
— *Casanova* 286
— *Cellini, Benvenuto* 286
— *Delane* 231
— *Dickens, Chas.* 55
— *Defoe, Danl.* 210
— *Dryden* 72
— *Goldsmith* 168
— *Hanger, Col. G.* 185
— *Hardwicke, Lord* 142
— *Johnson (Boswell)* 274
— *Lockhart, J. G.* 218
— *Macmillan, Alex.* 168
— *Mathews, Chas. J.* .. 80
— *Milton, John* 174
— *Murray, John* 53
— *Parnell, Dr.* 146
— *Poe, Edgar Allan* 271

PAGE

Life of Pope 274
— *Scott, Sir W.* 280
— *Scott, Sir W.* Intimate .. 271
— *Southey* 95
— *Sterne, Laurence* .. 115
— *Stevenson, R. L.* .. 273
— *Swift* 145
— *Voltaire* 53
— *and Errors of John Dunton* 50, 62
— *and Letters of Gilbert, Sir W. S.* 168, 176
— *and Letters of Macaulay, Lord* 168, 274
— *and Letters of Quincey, de* 57, 136
THE LITERARY FORGER. Chapter II.
Ancient 19–20
Biblical 20
Patristic 21–4
Apocryphal Literature .. 20–4
Ecclesiastical Forgery .. 23–7
Birth of Criticism 27
Medieval Forgery 27
Later Examples .. 28 *et seq.*
Growth of Criticism .. 29
Ireland, Lauder, etc. 31
In France 33–4
Autograph Letters 35
Apologists of Forgery 34, 37–9
BALLADS. Chapter III.
Ossian 40–1
Reliques of Ancient English Poetry 40–1
Chatterton, T. 42–3
Scott on Fabrications 42–3
Examples .. .. 41 *et seq.*
THE LITERARY "GHOST." Chapter XVI.
Defined 184
Examples .. .. 185 *et seq.*
In Journalism 187
Voltaire's "Ghost" 342
Literary History of Christianity. The 38
THE LITERARY HOAX. Chapter XI.
Defined 141
Dangers of 141
Defoe, Pope, Scott and Others. 141 *et seq.*, 263, 340–1
LITERATURE AND MONEY. Chapter XXX.
Opinions, of Lord Camden, Lord Chatham, Dryden, Gray, Johnson, Ralph, Stevenson, Withers 328–31
"Potboilers" 331–2
Congreve and Voltaire .. 329
Literary Profession in Elizabethan Age. The .. .. 161 *etc.*
— *Recollections* (F. Espinasse) 57
— *Studies* (C. Whibley) 300 *etc.*

PAGE

THE LITERARY THIEF. Chapter I.
Thefts by Publishers .. 14
Authorship Claimed Falsely .. 14–18
Danger of Anonymity .. 18, 197–8
Little Lord Fauntleroy (Test Case) 87
Little Memoirs of the 18th Century 146
Lives of the Poets (Johnson) 323
Lloyd. Frauds on Dickens .. 55
Locke, J. *Essay on Human Understanding* 63
Locke, W. J. 17, 342
Lockhart, J. G. As Editor and Critic 218–9, 292
Lodge, Thos. *Defence of Music*, etc. 173
— *Rosalynd* 83
Log-rolling 295
London Prodigal. The 28
Lord Chamberlain, Censor .. 176
Lord's Prayer. The, Parodied 135
Lowell, J. R. .. 231, 297, 302
Lowest Rung. The .. 16, 248
Lummox. Censored 181
Lyrical Ballads 118
Lytton, Lord 293–4
— Plagiarist 120–1

M

Macaulay, Lord. On Piracy .. 56
— on Copyright 168
— on Editing 214–5, 217
— As Biographer 275
— Abuse of 226
— *Life of* .. 168, 273–4
Mæcenas 316
MacFlecknoe 72
Macgillivray on Copyright 77, 87
Mackenzie, H. *The Man of Feeling* 14
Macpherson, J. *Ossian* 40–1
Macready, W. C. Reminiscences, 74–7, 83
Maginn, Dr. .. 83–4, 149, 247
Mahony, Francis. See *Prout*.
Maid Marian 84
Mallock, W. H. Characters from Life 247, 250
— *Memoirs* 343
Malone, E. The Ireland Forgeries 32
— *Introduction to Shakespeare* 74
Man of Feeling. The 14–15
Manning, Cardinal. On Biography 275
Marcion 205
Marmontel. Fraud on 55

PAGE

Marprelate Tracts 190
Martial 102, 113
Martineau, Harriet 60
— Dr. 241–2
Masque des Orateurs, Le 110, 337
Mathews, C. J. 80
Maximes (Rochefoucauld) .. 48
Medieval Forgers, etc. (T. F. Tout) 26
Memoirs of a Cavalier .. 144, 153
— *of Liston* 148
— Forged 33
— (of Psalmanazar) 32
Merchant of Venice—sequel .. 70
Mercurius Britannicus 223
— *Aulicus* 223
Meredith, Geo. Characters from Life 247–8
— Owen. See *Lytton, Lord*.
Merry Wives of Windsor. The .. 75
Message of Israel. The .. 38
Middleton, Bishop. *A Free Enquiry*, etc. 21–2, 31, 113, 262
— As Plagiarist 113
Milne, A. A. 17
Milton, John. *Areopagitica*, 93, 102, 174, 183, 223
— As Censor 174
— Censored 174
— Controversy 289
— Edited by Bentley ..207–8
— *History of Long Parliament, The* 174, 263
— *Paradise Lost* .. 64, 72, 160
— Trade in Sermons .. 93
Mirabeau. His "Ghost" .. 185
Molière 82, 108
Moll Flanders 209
Momus triumphans 111
Monk of Fife. The 156
Monopolies. See *Patents*.
Montague, Lady Mary W. Letters 146
— on Pope 112
Montaigne 48, 301
Montgomery, J. Hymns .. 239
More, Hannah 190
Moore, Sturge. Plagiarist ..128–9
— Tom „ .. 118
— Hoaxes 149
— *Diary* 281
Morley, Lord. On History ..267–8
— On Journalism 230
Mrs. Warren's Profession 69, 177
MS. Works in 73, 328
MSS. Multiplication of .. 47
Mordun 35
Municipal Censorship 180–1, 183
Muratori, *Canon of* 25
Murray, John 51, 53–4, 57, 64, 162, 210, 293
— C. Grenville (Newspaper) 227
My Diaries. W. S. Blunt .. 279

PAGE

N

Napier, Macvey. Editor .. 217
Nash, T. 105, 288, 301
Needham (Nedham) 223
New Republic. The 247
Newman Card. Denial of Authorship 195–6
— Hymns 238
— on Biography 270
Newspapers. See under *Editors.* Chapter XX.
Nicholas Nickleby 52
Niebuhr 266
Night Thoughts 334–5
North, Christopher 293
Notes and Queries .. .. 14 *etc.*
Notes 7
Novels. Plays from .. 82 *et seq.*

O

Official Plagiarism 339
Omar Khayydm 308–9
Original Sermons. See *Sermons.*
Oroonoko 83
Ossian 31, 34, 40–1
Otway, Thos. Plagiarist .. 108
Ouida. On Private Letters .. 283
— Plagiarised 339

P

Pace, R. Privilege 45
Pamela 68, 134
Paradise Lost .. 49, 64, 72, 160
Park, Mungo. *Travels* 210
Parnell. *Poems* 115
— *Life of* .. .. ..
Pascal. *Pensées* 110
PARODY AND BURLESQUE. Chapter X.
Protests Against 133
Classical 133
Examples of .. .. 133 *et seq.*
Rejected Addresses 134
Religious Parody 134–6
Defence of Parody 136–8
Parodying Oneself 138
Stage Burlesques 133–4, 138–9
Legal Aspect 139
Partridge's Almanack 144–5
Passionate Pilgrim. The 46
"Patents" for Printing 172
Patrons. See *Authors and Patrons.*
Pavier, T. *The Yorkshire Tragedy* 28
Peacock, T. L. Characters from Life .. 84, 245, 250
"Penguin" 38, 257

PAGE

Pensées (Pascal) 110
Percy, Bishop. *Reliques* .. 41–2
Perpetual Copyright 167–9
Petticoat. The 30
Phalaris. The Letters of 29, 40, 341
Phrenzy of John Dennis. The 145
Pickwick .. 55, 69, 226
Pigott. Censor 178
Pilgrim's Progress. The 46, 48 67, 210
Pinero, Sir A. W. 164
Pinkerton, John 41
Pipe of Tobacco. A 139
PIRACY, BOOKS (see also Copyright). Chapter IV.
Ethics and Law 45, 89, 129–30
"Privileges" 45
Stationers' Co. The 46–7, 161, 166–7, 171
Licences 46
Register of Presses 46
Piracy of MSS. 46–7
International Piracy 48
Copyright Act, 1709 48–50, 167, 175
Perpetual Copyright .. 48, 168–9
Rights of Author 48–49
Dublin Pirates 50–1
S. Richardson and Others .. 50–1
Dr. Johnson on Piracy .. 51–2
Dickens on Piracy 55–6
Mark Twain on Piracy .. 58
Piracy in France 53
— in America 56–61
Berne Convention 60
PIRACY—ABRIDGMENTS. Chapter V.
Examples 62
Protests of Authors .. 62, 64–5
Dr. Johnson on Abridgments 63
Legal View 52, 63, 66
Abridging Non-copyright works 63
Defence of Abridgments .. 65
PIRACY—SEQUELS. Chapter VI.
Written to Avoid Piracy .. 67–8
Protests 68
Examples .. .. 68 *et seq.*
PIRACY—THEATRICAL. Chapter VII.
Classical 71
Elizabethan Age 71
Restoration Age (Dryden, etc.) 71–5
Plays kept in MS. 73
Shakespeare. A Pirate .. 71
— Pirated 72–6
— (Macready) .. 74–7, 83
Legal Aspect .. 76–8, 81, 87
Dramatic Copyright Act, 1833 77
Piracy from Abroad 78–81
Protests 80–1
Critical Indifference .. 81–2

PAGE
PIRACY—THEATRICAL.—*Contd.*
International Copyright Act 81
American Piracy .. 87, 89
Modern Adaptations .. 88, 90
Adaptation of Novels ..82–87
Dickens' Protests 84–5
— in France 85–6
Little Lord Fauntleroy—Test Case 87
Modern Piracy 88–9
PIRACY—SERMONS. Chapter VIII.
Reading Sermons and Original Ones 91–3
Homilies. The 92
Trade in Sermons 93–99
Pirandello. Censored 180
PLAGIARISM (See also *Sermons, Hymnology, etc.*). Chapter IX.
Defined .. 102–3, 111, 116
Ancient Plagiarism 103–4
Elizabethan Attitude 104
Shakespearean 104–7
Protests Against 106–7
French Examples 104, 108, 111, 115, 119, 121
Richesource 110, 337–8
Defence of by Samuel Butler .. 109
— Dryden 108
— Lamb 119
— Voltaire 115–6
— Other Authors 128–9
Plagiarising Oneself 119
Pope on Plagiarism 111–2
Johnson on Plagiarism .. 114
Swift, a Plagiarist 112
Byron, a Plagiarist 118
Examples 112 *et seq.* Appendices A and B.
In America 122
Legal Aspect 122
Difficulty of avoiding ..123–7
Unwarranted Accusations of..123–4
Unconscious Plagiarism .. 125
Planché—*Recollections* .. 77, 79, 84
Playfair, Sir Nigel. Adaptations 88, 90
Plays. See *Drama* and Separate Plays.
Pleasures of the Imagination .. 14
Plutarch on Biography 273
Plymley, Peter. Letters .. 194
Poe. Life of 271
Poems by Thos. Gent 16
Poetical Miscellany. The .. 51
Poets Laureate. The 293
Poets and Puritans 21
Poisoning of Curll. The .. 30
Pollard, A. W. 45
Polly (Gay) 90, 175
Pope, Alex. Dunciad, see *Dunciad.*
— Edits Shakespeare .. 208
— Hoax on Dennis .. 145, 213–4
— Hoaxed Himself 146
PAGE
Pope Alex. Anonymous Writing 196
— Protest Against Mutilations 207
— As a Plagiarist 111–2
— Defines Plagiarism .. 111
— *Miscellanies* 30
— on Interviewers 234
— Correspondence .. 203, 281
— *Satires* 290
— Homer 303–4
— on Bentley's Milton .. 208
— on Patronage 319–20, 322
— *Life and Works* 274
"Pot-boilers" 331
Preaching of Peter. The .. 22
Prefaces, Misleading .. 153 *et seq.*
Present State of Wit. The .. 30
Press and its Story. The ..224–5
Printing Presses Registered 46, 171
Prior M. Dedications 317–8
Private Papers of Hy. Ryecroft. The 157
"Privileges" of Printing .. 45
Prolegomena ad censuram, etc. .. 20
Protocols. The Truth about the 37
Prout, Father .. 17, 149, 341
Prynne, Wm. .. 28, 29, 142, 173
Psalmanazar, G. 32
Pseudepigrapha 24
Pseudonyms. See *Anonymous.*
Public Libraries 181–2
Publisher and His Friends. A 51 *etc.*
PUBLISHERS. Chapter XIII.
As a Separate Trade .. 160
Control of Books 160–1
Misdeeds of "Stationers" 161 (see Stationers' Co. *S*)
Payment by Royalties .. 162
Alteration of Text 162–4
Protests Against 160–1, 163
Old Books under New Title 163
Titles 160, 163–4
Legal Points 163
Puritan and Papist 206
Putnam, G. H. .. 71 *etc.*
Puttenham, W. 301, 305

Q

Quain Lectures on Copyright .. 66
Quarrels of Authors (Disraeli) .. 223
Quarterly Review. The 192, 198, 216–9
— Criticisms 292–3
Queen's Messenger. The .. 227
Quérard. *Superchéries Littéraires* 189
Quincey, de, Thos. 29, 57, 136, 156, 206

R

Rabelais 303
Raleigh, Sir W. on History .. 263

PAGE
Ralph, James 51, 330
Ranké, on History 267
Rape of the Lock. The 146
Rasselas 52, 63
Reade, Chas. .. 63, 80, 86, 121
Recollections and Reflections (Planché) .. 77, 79, 84
Records and Reminiscences (Burnand) 77
Red Pottage. Theft of 16
Redemption 14
Redford, G. Censor 178
Rehearsal. The 133
Rejected Addresses 134
Religio Medici 47, 328
Reliques of Ancient English Poetry 40–1
Reminiscences (Macready) 74–6, 83
Return from Parnassus. The .. 107
Reviewers. See *Criticism.*
Richard III 75
Richardson, Samuel. Pirated .. 50–1
— *Clarissa* 65, 68
— *Pamela* 68, 134
— Letters 210
Richardson, J. B. Copyright .. 52
Richesource. Plagiarist .. 110, 337
Ridge, Pett. Legal Case .. 37
Ritson, Joseph .. 20, 41–2–3, 192
Road to Ruin. The 119
Rob Roy 153
Robertson, J. M. *The Jesus Problem* 21
Robin Hood Ballads 42
Robinson, Crabb. Diary .. 211
Robinson Crusoe .. 62, 68, 143, 153
Rochefoucauld. *Maximes* .. 48
Rock Me to Sleep, Mother .. 17
Rolt. Theft 14
Romans à clef .. .. 244 *etc.*
Romans et Contes Celèbres .. 64
Rosalynd 83
Rousseau. *Confessions* 286
Roxana 210
Royalties. Payment by 162

S

Saintsbury, G. On Abridgments 65
— on Biography 270, 275, 282
— on History 265
— on Private Letters .. 282
— *A Letter Book* 282
— *A Second Scrap Book* .. 65
Salad for the Social .. 94 *etc.*
Salmasius and Milton 289
Salome. Censored 178
Saltmarsh. Forger 29
Sand, Georges 75, 249
Satire 294
Satires. E. Young 325
— Juvenal 19
PAGE
Satiromastix 251
Scaliger, J. Hoaxed 141
Scenes of Clerical Life 16
Schollers' Purgatory. The 14, 47, 73, 160–2, 328
School for Scandal. The .. 74
— on the Film 314
Scott, Clement 81, 82
Scriptures. See *Bible.*
Scott, Sir Walter. Frauds on 35, 42
— Hoaxes on .. 147, 153
— Hoaxes by 148
— *Waverley Novels* .. 193–4 *etc.*
— Denial of Authorship .. 193–4
— Protest Against Alterations 163
— Inaccuracies 258
— Defence of Inaccuracies .. 259
— Characters from Life .. 244
— *Intimate Life of* 271
— *Border Minstrelsy* .. 43
Scudéry, Mlle. de 244
Seaman, Sir Owen .. 126, 137
Seasons, The. Thomson .. 324
Second Scrap Book. A 65
Secrets of our National Literature 30, 128 *etc.*
Seditious Books 54
Select Scottish Ballads 41
Sentimental Journey. A .. 69
Sermons. See *Piracy.* Chapter VIII.
Settle, E. Epithalamium .. 319
Shadwell, T. .. 72–3, 79, 289
Shakespeare, W. As a Pirate .. 71
— As a Plagiarist 106–7
— Fraud on 46–7
— Mutilation of Text 71–6, 209, 309
— *As You Like It,* etc. 75, 83, 105
— Bowdler's Edition .. 212
— Johnson's Edition .. 209
— Pope's Edition 208
— Variorum Edition .. 73 *etc.*
— in French 309
— Sequels to Plays .. 70
Shakespeare's Fight with the Pirates .. .. .. 45 *etc.*
Shakespeare Symphony, The .. 105
Shapira, M. W. Forger .. 36
Shaw, G. B. *Back to Methusalah* 136
— *Mrs. Warren's Profession* 177
— *Fanny's First Play* .. 253
Shelley, P. B. Hoax 341
— *The Real Shelley* 271
— Keats and *The Quarterly* 292–3
— Forged Letters of .. 35
Sheridan, R. B. Characters from Life 252
— *The Critic* 133
— *The School for Scandal* .. 74
Shortest Way with Dissenters. The 143, 190

PAGE
Shorter, C. K. On Barrie .. 158
— on Editing 232
Siddons, Mrs. 64
Simonides, A. Forger 37
Sims, G. R. *Ostler Joe* .. 60
Smiles, Dr. *A Publisher and his Friends* 51, 54
Smith, Horace and James 134
— Revd. Sydney 96, 150, 194, 216, 277
Smollett, T. 145, 244
Social History in Biography .. 343
Society of Authors. The 169 *etc.*
Southey, R. *Wat Tyler* .. 54
— *The Doctor* 196
— *Commonplace Book* .. 96
— on Preaching 95–6
— on Plagiarism 118
— on Deception .. 156, 196
— on Copyright 167
— on Mutilation of Articles 217–8
Spence, J. *Anecdotes* 304
— as Critic 304
Splendid Shilling. The 133
Sprat, Bishop 264, 281
Spurgeon, Revd. C. On Sermons 98
Stage, The. See *Drama.*
Stage Burlesques 138
Stanyhurst, R. 300
Staple of News. The 223
Star Chamber. The 166–7, 171–4
State of Innocence. The 47, 317
Stationers. See *Publishers.*
Stationers' Company. The 46, 166–7
— its Tyranny 47, 161, 171
Stead, J. A. Abridgments .. 64
Steele, Sir Richd. *The Tatler* 30–1, 144
— Drawing from Life .. 249
Steevens, Geo. 33
Stephen, Leslie. 222
Sterne, Laurence 69, 95, 115, 128, 185
Stevenson, R. L. Pirated .. 60
— Letters Bowdlerised .. 282
— on Writing for Money .. 331
Strachey, St. Loe 299
Students' Church History. The 92
Superchéries Littéraires (Delepierre) .. 20, 189 *etc.*
— *Devoilées* (Quérard) 189 *etc.*
Suppressed Gospels, etc. .. 22
— History 263
— Plays. See *Censor.*
Surtees, Robt. Forgery .. 43
Surveyor of the Press 223–4
Swift, Jonathan. *Battle of the Books. The* 29
— *Gulliver's Travels* 154, 206
— *Poisoning of Curll. The* .. 30
— *Miscellanies* 30
— A Plagiarist 112–3
— Partridge's Almanack ..144–5
— Anonymous Writings 146, 196
PAGE
Swift Jonathan, on Patronage ..321–2
— on Young's *Satires*, etc. 325
— Libels Himself 196
Swinburne, A. C. Parodies .. 138
— Protest against Mutilations 210–1
— Private Life 278

T

Tale of Triona. The .. 17, 342–3
Tales of My Landlord 35
Tallentyre, S. G. *Life of Voltaire* 53 *etc.*
Tarzan. Copyright Infringed .. 139
Tatler. The 30–1, 144
Tate, Nahum .. 68, 72–3, 76, 207
Taylor, Jeremy. Plagiarist .. 338
Tempest. The. Mutilated .. 73
Tennyson, Lord. On Plagiarism 123–4
— Criticised 293
— Conversation Reported .. 278
Tertullian 24
Testaments Politiques. Forged .. 33
Thackeray, W. M. Drawing from Life 247
— on Biography 269
Theobald, L. .. 31, 112, 208
Terrible Outcry, etc. A .. 28
Thomasius. *Dissertatio*, etc. .. 111
Thomson, J. *The Seasons* ..323–4
Times. The .. 225–6, 230–1
Titles. Alteration of 163
— Duplication of 164
— Copyright in 164–5
Tom Jones 68
Tom Thumb 134
Tout, T. F. *Medieval Forgers*, etc. 26
Trade in Sermons 93 *et seq.*, 100
TRANSLATIONS. Chapter XXVII.
Cicero and Horace on Translation 300
Goldsmith on Translation .. 300
Puttenham ,, .. 305
Dr. Johnson ,, ..304–5
Birrell ,, .. 299
Strachey ,, .. 299
Tudor and Stuart Translations 301–2, 305–6
Theories of .. 300–3, 307–8, 311
Bible Translations 299
Pope's Homer 303–4
Incompetent Translators ..305–6 309–11
Claiming Translations as Originals 306
Translating Plays 307
Difficulties of 205, 309
Legal Aspect 311
Modern Theory 311
Tonson, J. *Paradise Lost* .. 49
Treasure Island 60

PAGE

Tregenna, J. H. *Autobiography* 197
Trusler, Revd. Dr. .. 94, 185
Turner, Dr. Fraud on .. 28
Twain, Mark .. 17, 87, 142, 249
— on Copyright 58

U

Unconscious Plagiarism .. 127
Unlicensed Printing 171

V

Vallicella Bible 26
Vampire. The (Byron) 34
Vanity of Human Wishes. The 322
Vanity of Life (Bacon) .. 106
Vanity Fair. Newspaper .. 227
Vita Lontana. Theft of .. 16
Voltaire. Pirated 53
— *Dictionnaire Philosophique* .. 193
— *Honnêtetés Littéraires* .. 33
— Characters from Life .. 353
— and Congreve 329
— His "Ghosts" 342
— on Writing Anonymously 193
— on Plagiarism 116
— Attacks Himself 197
Vortigern 32
Voyages (Cook's) 63
Vrain-Lucas. Forgeries .. 35
Varillas. Forger 29
Vathek. Claimed by Henley 15, 146
Vella, Joseph. Forger 34
Venus and Adonis 46
Virgil. Translations of 300–303
Volpone 107

W

Walker, Henry. Forger .. 28
Walladmor. A Forgery 35
Walpole, Sir Robt. and Gay .. 252
— on History 267
— Forged *Testament* 33
Walpole, Horace. *A Parody* .. 134
— and Chatterton 156
— *Otranto* 155–6, 191
Walsh, W. S. *Handbook of Literary Curiosities* (quoted).
— on Plagiarism 128
Walter, John. (See *The Times* T) 225
Warburton, Bishop 49, 113, 168, 208–9
Warton, Thos. *History of Poetry* 41
Wat Tyler 54
Watts, Dr. Isaac. Hymns .. 236
Waverley 236
— Imitated 35
— Authorship Denied ..193–4
— *Novels* 35 *etc*, 64 *etc.*, 147, 193–4, 258 *etc.*

PAGE

Wedgwood, Julia. *Message of Israel* 38
Wells, H. G. 158
— A Parody 138
— Characters from Life .. 248
— on the Cinema 314
Werner 83
Wesley, J. and S. Hymns .. 240
Whibley, Chas. *Literary Studies* 300 *etc.*
Whistler, J. M. 230, 296
Whitgift, Archbishop .. 92, 172
Whole Duty of Man. The .. 49
Wilkes, John .. 134, 175, 225
Williams, Montague. *Later Leaves* 84, 227
Williams, J. B. *Speeches, etc. of Regicides* 29
Wills, W. G. (plays) 260
Wilson, Prof. See *North.*
Witenton, Robt. *Treatise on Grammar* 45
Wither, George. *The Scholler's Purgatory.*
— Bookseller's Crimes 14, 161
— Corporation of Stationers' Crimes 47, 161
— Stolen Plays 73
— on Writing for Money .. 328
— Hymn Book 236
— *Abuses Stript and Whipt* .. 172
Woman Who Did. The. On the Film 314
Wood, Anthony 28
Woodfall, H. S. 224
Wordsworth 277
— Pirated 55
— Parodied 134
— Plagiarised .. 118, 124
— on Private Letters .. 281
— As Critic 296
Writing for Money .. 47, 50, 77, 328–332
Wynne, John. Abridgment .. 63

X

Xenophon. On Biography .. 273

Y

Year Book. The (Hone) .. 134
Yellow Press. The 229
Yorke, Chas. Hoaxes .. 142, 341
Yorkshire Tragedy. The 28, 105
Young, Revd. Ed. .. 321, 324–5
Young Visiters. The 158

Z

Zangwill, I. 127

PN 154.P3
ledl,circ
Literary ethics
C.2
3 1862 003 758 816
University of Windsor Libraries

DATE DUE

RETURNED

APR 1 4 2000

OCT 3 1 2000
RETURNED

FEB 19 1970

282845

UNIVERSITY OF WINDSOR LIBRARY